

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 153 NUMBER 4

APRIL 1934

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS!

BY JAMES HILTON

WHEN you are getting on in years (but not ill, of course), you get very sleepy at times, and the hours seem to pass like lazy cattle moving across a landscape. It was like that for Chips as the autumn term progressed and the days shortened till it was actually dark enough to light the gas before call-over. For Chips, like some old sea captain, still measured time by the signals of the past; and well he might, for he lived at Mrs. Wickett's, just across the road from the School. He had been there more than a decade, ever since he finally gave up his mastership; and it was Brookfield far more than Greenwich time that both he and his landlady kept. 'Mrs. Wickett,' Chips would sing out, in that jerky, high-pitched voice that had still a good deal of sprightliness in it, 'you might bring me a cup of tea before prep, will you?'

When you are getting on in years it is nice to sit by the fire and drink a cup of tea and listen to the school bell sounding dinner, call-over, prep, and lights-out. Chips always wound up the

clock after that last bell; then he put the wire guard in front of the fire, turned out the gas, and carried a detective novel to bed. Rarely did he read more than a page of it before sleep came swiftly and peacefully, more like a mystic intensifying of perception than any changeful entrance into another world. For his days and nights were equally full of dreaming.

He was getting on in years (but not ill, of course); indeed, as Doctor Merivale said, there was really nothing the matter with him. 'My dear fellow, you're fitter than I am,' Merivale would say, sipping a glass of sherry when he called every fortnight or so. 'You're past the age when people get these horrible diseases; you're one of the few lucky ones who're going to die a really natural death. That is, of course, if you die at all. You're such a remarkable old boy that one never knows.' But when Chips had a cold or when east winds roared over the fenlands, Merivale would sometimes take Mrs. Wickett aside in the lobby and whisper: 'Look after him, you know.'

Copyright 1934, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

His chest . . . it puts a strain on his heart. Nothing really wrong with him — only *anno domini*, but that's the most fatal complaint of all, in the end.'

Anno domini . . . by Jove, yes. Born in 1848, and taken to the Great Exhibition as a toddling child — not many people still alive could boast a thing like that. Besides, Chips could even remember Brookfield in Wetherby's time. A phenomenon, that was. Wetherby had been an old man in those days — 1870 — easy to remember because of the Franco-Prussian War. Chips had put in for Brookfield after a year at Melbury, which he had n't liked, because he had been ragged there a good deal. But Brookfield he *had* liked, almost from the beginning. He remembered that day of his preliminary interview — sunny June, with the air full of flower scents and the plick-plock of cricket on the pitch. Brookfield was playing Barnhurst, and one of the Barnhurst boys, a chubby little fellow, made a brilliant century. Queer that a thing like that should stay in the memory so clearly. Wetherby himself was very fatherly and courteous; he must have been ill then, poor chap, for he died during the summer vacation, before Chips began his first term. But the two had seen and spoken to each other, anyway.

Chips often thought, as he sat by the fire at Mrs. Wickett's: I am probably the only man in the world who has a vivid recollection of old Wetherby. . . . Vivid, yes; it was a frequent picture in his mind, that summer day with the sunlight filtering through the dust in Wetherby's study. 'You are a young man, Mr. Chipping, and Brookfield is an old foundation. Youth and age often combine well. Give your enthusiasm to Brookfield, and Brookfield will give you something in return. And don't let anyone play tricks with

you. I — er — gather that discipline was not always your strong point at Melbury?'

'Well, no, perhaps not, sir.'

'Never mind; you're full young; it's largely a matter of experience. You have another chance here. Take up a firm attitude from the beginning — that's the secret of it.'

Perhaps it was. He remembered that first tremendous ordeal of taking prep; a September sunset more than half a century ago; Big Hall full of lusty barbarians ready to pounce on him as their legitimate prey. His youth, fresh-complexioned, high-collared, and side-whiskered (odd fashions people followed in those days), at the mercy of five hundred unprincipled ruffians to whom the baiting of new masters was a fine art, an exciting sport, and something of a tradition. Decent little beggars individually, but, as a mob, just pitiless and implacable. The sudden hush as he took his place at the desk on the dais; the scowl he assumed to cover his inward nervousness; the tall clock ticking behind him, and the smells of ink and varnish; the last blood-red rays slanting in slabs through the stained-glass windows. Someone dropped a desk lid. Quickly, he must take everyone by surprise; he must show that there was no nonsense about him. 'You there in the fifth row — you with the red hair — what's your name?' 'Colley, sir.' 'Very well, Colley, you have a hundred lines.' No trouble at all after that. He had won his first round.

And years later, when Colley was an alderman of the City of London and a baronet and various other things, he sent his son (also red-haired) to Brookfield, and Chips would say: 'Colley, your father was the first boy I ever punished when I came here twenty-five years ago. He deserved it then, and you deserve it now.' How they all

laughed; and how Sir Richard laughed when his son wrote home the story in next Sunday's letter!

And again, years after that, many years after that, there was an even better joke. For another Colley had just arrived — son of the Colley who was a son of the first Colley. And Chips would say, punctuating his remarks with that little 'umph-um' that had by then become a habit with him: 'Colley, you are — umph — a splendid example of — umph — inherited traditions. I remember your grandfather — umph — he could never grasp the Ablative Absolute. A stupid fellow, your grandfather. And your father, too — umph — I remember him — he used to sit at that far desk by the wall — he was n't much better, either. But I do believe — my dear Colley — that you are — umph — the biggest fool of the lot!' Roars of laughter.

A great joke, this growing old — but a sad joke, too, in a way. And as Chips sat by his fire with autumn gales rattling the windows, the waves of humor and sadness swept over him very often until tears fell, so that when Mrs. Wickett came in with his cup of tea she did not know whether he had been laughing or crying. And neither did Chips himself.

II

Across the road behind a rampart of ancient elms lay Brookfield, russet under its autumn mantle of creeper. A group of eighteenth-century buildings centred upon a quadrangle, and there were acres of playing fields beyond; then came the small dependent village and the open fen country. Brookfield, as Wetherby had said, was an old foundation; established in the reign of Elizabeth, as a grammar school, it might, with better luck, have become as famous as Harrow. Its luck, however, had been not so good; the School

went up and down, dwindling almost to nonexistence at one time, becoming almost illustrious at another. It was during one of these latter periods, in the reign of the first George, that the main structure had been rebuilt and large additions made. Later, after the Napoleonic Wars and until mid-Victorian days, the School declined again, both in numbers and in repute. Wetherby, who came in 1840, restored its fortunes somewhat; but its subsequent history never raised it to front-rank status. It was, nevertheless, a good school of the second rank. Several notable families supported it; it supplied fair samples of the history-making men of the age — judges, members of parliament, colonial administrators, a few peers and bishops. Mostly, however, it turned out merchants, manufacturers, and professional men, with a good sprinkling of country squires and parsons. It was the sort of school which, when mentioned, would sometimes make snobbish people confess that they rather thought they had heard of it.

But if it had not been this sort of school it would probably not have taken Chips. For Chips, in any social or academic sense, was just as respectable, but no more brilliant, than Brookfield itself.

It had taken him some time to realize this, at the beginning. Not that he was boastful or conceited, but he had been, in his early twenties, as ambitious as most other young men at such an age. His dream had been to get a headship eventually, or at any rate a senior mastership in a really first-class school; it was only gradually, after repeated trials and failures, that he realized the inadequacy of his qualifications. His degree, for instance, was not particularly good, and his discipline, though good enough and improving, was not absolutely reliable

under all conditions. He had no private means and no family connections of any importance. About 1880, after he had been at Brookfield a decade, he began to recognize that the odds were heavily against his being able to better himself by moving elsewhere; but about that time, also, the possibility of staying where he was began to fill a comfortable niche in his mind. At forty, he was rooted, settled, and quite happy. At fifty, he was the doyen of the staff. At sixty, under a new and youthful Head, he *was* Brookfield — the guest of honor at Old Brookfieldian dinners, the court of appeal in all matters affecting Brookfield history and traditions. And in 1913, when he turned sixty-five, he retired, was presented with a check and a writing desk and a clock, and went across the road to live at Mrs. Wickett's. A decent career, decently closed; three cheers for old Chips, they all shouted, at that uproarious end-of-term dinner.

Three cheers, indeed; but there was more to come, an unguessed epilogue, an encore played to a tragic audience.

III

It was a small but very comfortable and sunny room that Mrs. Wickett let to him. The house itself was ugly and pretentious; but that did n't matter. It was convenient — that was the main thing. For he liked, if the weather were mild enough, to stroll across to the playing fields in an afternoon and watch the games. He liked to smile and exchange a few words with the boys when they touched their caps to him. He made a special point of getting to know all the new boys and having them to tea with him during their first term. He always ordered a walnut cake with pink icing from Reddaway's, in the village, and during the winter term there were crumpets, too — a

little pile of them in front of the fire, soaked in butter so that the bottom one lay in a little shallow pool. His guests found it fun to watch him make tea — mixing careful spoonfuls from different caddies. And he would ask the new boys where they lived, and if they had family connections at Brookfield. He kept watch to see that their plates were never empty, and punctually at five, after the session had lasted an hour, he would glance at the clock and say: 'Well — umph — it's been very delightful — umph — meeting you like this — I'm sorry — umph — you can't stay. . . .' And he would smile and shake hands with them in the porch, leaving them to race across the road to the School with their comments. 'Decent old boy, Chips. Gives you a jolly good tea, anyhow, and you *do* know when he wants you to push off. . . .'

And Chips also would be making his comments — to Mrs. Wickett when she entered his room to clear away the remains of the party. 'A most — umph — interesting time, Mrs. Wickett. Young Branksome tells me — umph — that his uncle was Major Collingwood — the Collingwood we had here in — umph — nought-two, I think it was. Dear me, I remember Collingwood very well. I once thrashed him — umph — for climbing on to the gymnasium roof — to get a ball out of the gutter. Might have — umph — broken his neck, the young fool. Do you remember him, Mrs. Wickett? He must have been in your time.'

Mrs. Wickett, before she saved money, had been in charge of the linen room at the School.

'Yes, I knew 'im, sir. Cheeky, 'e was to me, gener'ly. But we never 'ad no bad words between us. Just cheeky-like. 'E never meant no harm. That kind never does, sir. Was n't it 'im that got the medal, sir?'

‘Yes, a D.S.O.’

‘Will you be wanting anything else, sir?’

‘Nothing more now — umph — till chapel time. He was killed — in Egypt, I think. . . . Yes — umph — you can bring my supper about then.’

‘Very good, sir.’

A pleasant, placid life, at Mrs. Wickett’s. He had no worries; his pension was adequate, and there was a little money saved up besides. He could afford everything and anything he wanted. His room was furnished simply and with schoolmasterly taste: a few bookshelves and sporting trophies; a mantelpiece crowded with fixture cards and signed photographs of boys and men; a worn Turkey carpet; big easy-chairs; pictures on the wall of the Acropolis and the Forum. Nearly everything had come out of his old housemaster’s room in School House. The books were chiefly classical, the classics having been his subject; there was, however, a seasoning of history and belles-lettres. There was also a bottom shelf piled up with cheap editions of detective novels. Chips enjoyed these. Sometimes he took down Vergil or Xenophon and read for a few moments, but he was soon back again with Doctor Thorndyke or Inspector French. He was not, despite his long years of assiduous teaching, a very profound classical scholar; indeed, he thought of Latin and Greek far more as dead languages from which English gentlemen ought to know a few quotations than as living tongues that had ever been spoken by living people. He liked those short leading articles in the *Times* that introduced a few tags that he recognized. To be among the dwindling number of people who understood such things was to him a kind of secret and valued freemasonry; it represented, he felt, one of the chief benefits to be derived from a classical education.

So there he lived, at Mrs. Wickett’s, with his quiet enjoyments of reading and talking and remembering; an old man, white-haired and only a little bald, still fairly active for his years, drinking tea, receiving callers, busying himself with corrections for the next edition of the Brookfeldian Directory, writing his occasional letters in thin, spidery, but very legible script. He had new masters to tea, as well as new boys. There were two of them that autumn term, and as they were leaving after their visit one of them commented: ‘Quite a character, the old boy, isn’t he? All that fuss about mixing the tea — a typical bachelor, if ever there was one.’

Which was oddly incorrect; because Chips was not a bachelor at all. He had married; though it was so long ago that none of the staff at Brookfield could remember his wife.

IV

There came to him, stirred by the warmth of the fire and the gentle aroma of tea, a thousand tangled recollections of old times. Spring — the spring of 1896. He was forty-eight — an age at which a permanence of habits begins to be predictable. He had just been appointed housemaster; with this and his classical forms, he had made for himself a warm and busy corner of life. During the summer vacation he went up to the Lake District with Rowden, a colleague; they walked and climbed for a week, until Rowden had to leave suddenly on some family business. Chips stayed on alone at Wasdale Head, where he boarded in a small farmhouse.

One day, climbing on Great Gable, he noticed a girl waving excitedly from a dangerous-looking ledge. Thinking she was in difficulties, he hastened toward her, but in doing so slipped him-

self and wrenched his ankle. As it turned out, she was not in difficulties at all, but was merely signaling to a friend farther down the mountain; she was an expert climber, better even than Chips, who was pretty good. Thus he found himself the rescued instead of the rescuer; and neither rôle was one for which he had much relish. For he did not, he would have said, care for women; he never felt at home or at ease with them; and that monstrous creature beginning to be talked about, the New Woman of the nineties, filled him with horror. He was a quiet, conventional person, and the world, viewed from the haven of Brookfield, seemed to him full of distasteful innovations; there was a fellow named Bernard Shaw who had the strangest and most reprehensible opinions; there was Ibsen, too, with his disturbing plays; and there was this new craze for bicycling which was being taken up by women equally with men. Chips did not hold with all this modern newness and freedom. He had a vague notion, if he ever formulated it, that nice women were weak, timid, and delicate, and that nice men treated them with a polite but rather distant chivalry. He had not, therefore, expected to find a woman on Great Gable; but, having encountered one who seemed to need masculine help, it was even more terrifying that she should turn the tables by helping him. For she did. She and her friend had to. He could scarcely walk, and it was a hard job getting him down the steep track to Wasdale.

Her name was Katherine Bridges; she was twenty-five — young enough to be Chips's daughter. She had blue, flashing eyes and freckled cheeks and smooth straw-colored hair. She too was staying at a farm, on holiday with a girl friend, and as she considered herself responsible for Chips's accident, she used to bicycle along the side of the

lake to the house in which the quiet, middle-aged, serious-looking man lay resting.

That was how she thought of him at first. And he, because she rode a bicycle and was unafraid to visit a man alone in a farmhouse sitting room, wondered vaguely what the world was coming to. His sprain put him at her mercy, and it was soon revealed to him how much he might need that mercy. She was a governess out of a job, with a little money saved up; she read and admired Ibsen; she believed that women ought to be admitted to the universities; she even thought they ought to have a vote. In politics she was a radical, with leanings toward the views of people like Bernard Shaw and William Morris. All her ideas and opinions she poured out to Chips during those summer afternoons at Wasdale Head; and he, because he was not very articulate, did not at first think it worth while to contradict them. Her friend went away, but she stayed; what *could* you do with such a person, Chips thought. He used to hobble with sticks along a footpath leading to the tiny church; there was a stone slab on the wall, and it was comfortable to sit down, facing the sunlight and the green-brown majesty of the Gable, and listening to the chatter of — well, yes, Chips had to admit it — a very beautiful girl.

He had never met anyone like her. He had always thought that the modern type, this 'new woman' business, would repel him; and here she was, making him positively look forward to the glimpse of her safety bicycle careering along the lakeside road. And she, too, had never met anyone like *him*. She had always thought that middle-aged men who read the *Times* and disapproved of modernity were terrible bores; yet here he was, claiming her interest and attention far more than

youths of her own age. She liked him, initially, because he was so hard to get to know, because he had gentle and quiet manners, because his opinions dated from those utterly impossible seventies and eighties and even earlier — yet were, for all that, so thoroughly honest; and because — because his eyes were brown and he looked charming when he smiled. ‘Of course, I shall call you Chips, too,’ she said, when she learned that that was his nickname at school.

Within a week they were head over heels in love; before Chips could walk without a stick, they considered themselves engaged; and they were married in London a week before the beginning of the autumn term.

V

When Chips, dreaming through the hours at Mrs. Wickett’s, recollected those days, he used to look down at his feet and wonder which one it was that had performed so signal a service. That, the trivial cause of so many momentous happenings, was the one thing of which details evaded him. But he resaw the glorious hump of the Gable (he had never visited the Lake District since), and the mouse-gray depths of Wastwater under the Screes; he could resmell the washed air after heavy rain, and refollow the ribbon of the pass across to Sty Head. So clearly it lingered, that time of dizzy happiness, those evening strolls by the water-side, her cool voice and her gay laughter. She had been a very happy person, always.

They had both been so eager, planning a future together; but he had been rather serious about it, even a little awed. It would be all right, of course, her coming to Brookfield; other housemasters were married. And she liked boys, she told him, and would

enjoy living among them. ‘Oh, Chips, I’m so glad you are what you are. I was afraid you were a solicitor or a stockbroker or a dentist or a man with a big cotton business in Manchester. When I first met you, I mean. School-mastering’s so different, so important, don’t you think? To be influencing those who are going to grow up and matter to the world . . .’

Chips said he had n’t thought of it like that — or, at least, not often. He did his best; that was all anyone could do in any job.

‘Yes, of course, Chips. I do love you for saying simple things like that.’

And one morning — another memory gem-clear when he turned to it — he had for some reason been afflicted with an acute desire to depreciate himself and all his attainments. He had told her of his only mediocre degree, of his occasional difficulties of discipline, of the certainty that he would never get a promotion, and of his complete ineligibility to marry a young and ambitious girl. And at the end of it all she had laughed in answer.

She had no parents and was married from the house of an aunt in Ealing. On the night before the wedding, when Chips left the house to return to his hotel, she said, with mock gravity: ‘This is an occasion, you know — this last farewell of ours. I feel rather like a new boy beginning his first term with you. Not scared, mind you — but just, for once, in a thoroughly respectful mood. Shall I call you “sir” — or would “Mr. Chips” be the right thing? “Mr. Chips,” I think. Good-bye, then — good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . .’

(A hansom clop-clopping in the roadway; green-pale gas lamps flickering on a wet pavement; newsboys shouting something about South Africa; Sherlock Holmes in Baker Street.)

‘Good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . .’

VI

There had followed then a time of such happiness that Chips, remembering it long afterward, hardly believed it could ever have happened before or since in the world. For his marriage was a triumphant success. Katherine conquered Brookfield as she had conquered Chips; she was immensely popular with boys and masters alike. Even the wives of the masters, tempted at first to be jealous of one so young and lovely, could not long resist her charms.

But most remarkable of all was the change she made in Chips. Till his marriage he had been a dry and rather neutral sort of person; liked and thought well of by Brookfield in general, but not of the stuff that makes for great popularity or that stirs great affection. He had been at Brookfield for over a quarter of a century, long enough to have established himself as a decent fellow and a hard worker; but just too long for anyone to believe him capable of ever being much more. He had, in fact, already begun to sink into that creeping dry rot of pedagogy which is the worst and ultimate pitfall of the profession; giving the same lessons year after year had formed a groove into which the other affairs of his life adjusted themselves with insidious ease. He worked well; he was conscientious; he was a fixture that gave service, satisfaction, confidence, everything except inspiration.

And then came this astonishing girl-wife whom nobody had expected — least of all Chips himself. She made him, to all appearances, a new man; though most of the newness was really a warming to life of things that were old, imprisoned, and unguessed. His eyes gained sparkle; his mind, which was adequately if not brilliantly equipped, began to move more adventurously. The one thing he had always

had, a sense of humor, blossomed into a sudden richness to which his years lent maturity. He began to feel a greater sureness; his discipline improved to a point at which it could become, in a sense, less rigid; he became more popular. When he had first come to Brookfield he had aimed to be loved, honored, and obeyed — but obeyed, at any rate. Obedience he had secured, and honor had been granted him; but only now came love, the sudden love of boys for a man who was kind without being soft, who understood them well enough, but not too much, and whose private happiness linked them with their own. He began to make little jokes, the sort that schoolboys like — mnemonics and puns that raised laughs and at the same time imprinted something in the mind. There was one that never failed to please, though it was only a sample of many others. Whenever his Roman History forms came to deal with the Lex Canuleia, the law that permitted patricians to marry plebeians, Chips used to add: ‘So that, you see, if Miss Plebs wanted Mr. Patrician to marry her, and he said he could n’t, she probably replied: “Oh yes, you can, you liar!”’ Roars of laughter.

And Kathie broadened his views and opinions, also, giving him an outlook far beyond the roofs and turrets of Brookfield, so that he saw his country as something deep and gracious to which Brookfield was but one of many feeding streams. She had a cleverer brain than his, and he could not confute her ideas even if and when he disagreed with them; he remained, for instance, a Conservative in politics, despite all her radical-socialist talk. But even where he did not accept, he absorbed; her young idealism worked upon his maturity to produce an amalgam very gentle and wise.

(Continued on page 496)

AUSTRIA, THE POWDER BARREL OF EUROPE

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

I

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago Napoleon III was called upon to make a momentous decision. Bismarck was then visibly preparing to launch that attack upon Austria which he had long been planning. Only if France intervened promptly and emphatically was there any chance of arresting a conflict the outcome of which seemed doubtful and the consequences obscure. But in that decisive moment of his life Napoleon characteristically hesitated and vacillated. As a result, Sadowa was won while France remained passive. Less than five years later, Napoleon III was a Prussian prisoner, his empire had fallen, Paris had surrendered, and Alsace-Lorraine was lost.

Strangely enough, the problem of Napoleon III in 1866 — the question of the fate of Austria — has to-day become the riddle of Gaston Doumergue, formerly President of the French Republic and recently summoned to head a cabinet of 'national salvation' as a consequence of the February riots in Paris. Like his imperial predecessor, Doumergue has to decide briefly whether France will again suffer a Prussia, now expanded into the German Reich, to crush Austria.

Again, as two generations ago, the question for the French Government is whether it is prepared to precipitate a war of prevention to save Austria, this

time not from military defeat but from political extinction, or whether Doumergue will yield to Hitler as Napoleon III did to Bismarck. But, while the problem is primarily for France to resolve, British and Italian statesmanship has also to reflect upon the lessons of history which is still recent. For, as France stood aside in 1866 only to be overwhelmed in 1870, Great Britain and Italy, similarly, remained neutral in 1870 only to be obliged, forty years later, to wage a life-and-death struggle against the new German Empire.

Actually the problem which now confronts not alone France, but also all of the larger and many of the smaller of the states of the Continent, was posed by the accession of Hitler to power. Briefly stated, it amounts to a choice between a war of prevention now and resignation to the creation of a colossal German Empire, against which they will almost inescapably have to fight for self-preservation a few years hence. And that, in turn, amounts to a statement that to-day Europe faces the alternative of a Franco-German war this year or a coalition conflict a few years hence.

If, moreover, the physical circumstances of the present crisis in Europe recall those of 1866, the recent progress of events has been ominously reminiscent of the years preceding 1914. For,

while the actual triumph of Hitler a year ago produced an acute tension which has lasted ever since, Europe has for several years been marching from crisis to crisis, precisely as it did in the period between the Affair of Tangier and the Assassination of Serajevo.

Thus in 1930 the Brüning Cabinet, in reopening the question of the Polish Corridor, shattered the Truce of Locarno by a gesture as brusque as the landing of the Kaiser in Tangier in 1905. Again, in 1931, the proposal of an Austro-German Tariff Union precipitated a crisis as acute as that of Bosnia in 1908. In 1932, Franco-German differences wrecked the Disarmament Conference at its inception and produced a state of mind recalling that provoked by the Agadir Affair in 1911. In 1933, the actual arrival of Hitler and the subsequent withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations brought about a situation as tense as that arising from the two Balkan Wars of 1912-1913. Finally, the current year has seen the development of the Austrian crisis out of which, it is evident, there may at any moment arise an incident as fatal to peace as the crime of Serajevo in 1914.

On this side of the Atlantic, however, the sure and steady march of Europe toward a new catastrophe has been viewed with the same incredulity and unconcern as were the events between 1905 and 1914. It was because of this state of mind, too, that pistol shots and bombs exploding in Serajevo, while they set the American editor to searching his files and the man in the street to snatching for his extra, carried no immediate alarm. For at that moment the crime in the remote Bosnian capital seemed to the people of the United States as devoid of sinister international implications as the murder of William McKinley in Buffalo a few years before.

As a consequence, when, a few weeks later, Vienna seized upon the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand as a pretext for an ultimatum to Belgrade, and that ultimatum in its turn set all Europe on fire, the American public was at once surprised and utterly bewildered. For the reality of the danger, which had long been taking form, had been completely ignored, and the frequent warnings, which the several preliminary crises had provided, had been thrust aside with irritable impatience. Nevertheless, within three years the United States was a belligerent in a European war, of the approach of which it was totally unaware.

In 1914 it was incomprehensible to the great majority of the American people how a question immediately concerning a state as small and weak as Serbia could precipitate a war which, from the start, was Continent-wide in its extent and presently embroiled the whole world. To-day it is evident that the storm centre has shifted from Belgrade to Vienna, and that Austria has replaced Serbia as the cockpit of Europe, as Serbia took the place of Belgium in the closing quarter of the last century. But again, as twenty years ago, American eyes remain blind to the larger issues hidden behind what seems only a minor quarrel.

Thus in recent weeks, as the Austrian crisis has become steadily more and more acute, the American public has continued to ask two questions. First, how can the existence of peace in Europe turn upon the control of a state as insignificant as that constituted by the Austrian fragment of the once mighty Hapsburg Monarchy? And, second, how can European peoples, unless they have collectively taken leave of their senses, even consider the possibility of engaging in a new war when they are still faced with the memories and ruins of the last?

Patently these questions must be answered if there is to be brought home to the American mind even the smallest realization of the extent of the present danger in Europe. Nor is it less evident that such explanation is made doubly difficult, first because of the existence in the United States of a conviction that those who forecast war are accessories before the fact, — a conviction evidently based upon the assumption that diagnosis is itself an unmistakable means of spreading disease, — and again because popular interest and attention are so completely concentrated upon the New Deal that it is almost impossible to arouse concern for the old danger, the danger which involved this country in its greatest war less than two decades ago.

If the American public is to grasp the contemporary fact that the peace of Europe to-day turns upon the fate of Austria, it is essential to recognize three vital aspects of the European problem itself — the historical, the contemporary, and the individual. Of these, the first concerns the general wars of the past; the second, the situation to-day as it fits into the traditional pattern; the third, the vital interests of the various European states, which make them prospective belligerents either immediately or eventually.

II

When one turns to the consideration of the general wars of the past in Europe, it is to encounter at once the doctrine of the balance of power. Anciently that doctrine enjoyed universal good standing. In fact it was recognized as constituting in some measure a Declaration of Independence for the Continent. In later years, however, and particularly since 1914, it has acquired evil implication. Thus in America and Britain, at least, it has

come to be identified as the pretext of old-fashioned diplomacy and unrepresentative statesmanship for launching unnecessary wars. Accordingly, when President Wilson undertook to create his League of Nations, it was with the very deliberate purpose to substitute a new and nobler device for ensuring peace for the older, which he regarded as discredited.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to see the doctrine of the balance of power as it actually was. In fact it was no more than a principle, in accordance with which the weaker powers of Europe combined to oppose any state which both possessed disproportionate strength and was controlled by a ruler whose ambitions threatened his neighbors. In reality it was the only discoverable method of providing police power to preserve or restore European order during the three centuries between the Thirty Years' War and the World War.

In that period, too, it was many times invoked. Thus on frequent occasions Britain, Austria, Holland, and various other Continental states united in coalitions to check the several attempts of Louis XIV to seize the provinces and cities of his neighbors and thus to establish a French state relatively so strong as to enable him to dominate the whole Continent. And the result of nearly half a century of struggle was to reestablish the freedom of the Continent momentarily compromised by the ambitions of the Grand Monarch.

Something less than a century later, Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, again supported by minor states, rallied to new coalitions in the face of an obvious peril for all — the purposes of Napoleon Bonaparte. And, as the threat was at once more deadly and more direct than before, European resistance was more general, and, in

1814, became a struggle of Europe as a whole against the French Empire.

In 1914, the World War promptly took on the same character. In the first years of the present century Germany had become stronger than any of her neighbors. In that time, too, these neighbors saw in the purposes of the rulers of the German Empire a threat to their own security and to the independence of Europe as well. As a consequence, even before the war, France, Russia, and Britain had framed the Triple Entente.

The war which broke out in August 1914 was, moreover, essentially a struggle to restore the balance of power. For, by its early military victories, Germany had created an empire which, if it were permitted to endure, would possess both the military forces and the economic resources requisite to acquire Continental hegemony. In addition, Germany was visibly in the hands of leaders who sought that end. Thus the immediate objective of the Allies was to restore that balance of power which had been fatally compromised when the German armies occupied, first Belgium and Northern France, then Russian Poland and the Baltic Provinces, and finally, in association with the Austrians and Bulgarians, established a *Mittel-europa* of vast proportions.

Once victory had been achieved, too, the major purpose of the Allies at Paris was to erect barriers to arrest German armies along all the routes of invasion they had followed during the World War. Thus the three vital undertakings of the victors of 1918 were the creation of a strong Poland, a powerful Czechoslovakia, and an independent Austria. In this respect the Conference of Paris only followed the example of the Congress of Vienna, which had transferred Belgium to Holland, established Prussia on the Rhine, and seated

Austria in the valley of the Po to bar the traditional ways of invasion to France.

In the light of European history it is thus plain that general wars have invariably been the consequence of two things: first, disproportionate power in the hands of one state; second, imperialistic ambitions in the minds of the rulers of such a state. Primarily, too, such wars have been struggles for national existence on the part of the nations which have united to resist the single state. Coalitions thus formed were only possible, however, as long as common danger extinguished all rivalries, and they disintegrated rapidly once the danger was past.

Once, therefore, the Allies of the World War had defeated Germany in battle and had in the peace treaties erected barriers to new German attack, they separated. For they were no longer equally menaced by future German policy. But the complete retirement of the United States from Europe, the partial withdrawal of Britain from the Continent, and the early break between France and Italy left only the French and their allies, Poland and the Little Entente, vitally concerned with the preservation of the barriers against German expansion created by the peace treaties. By contrast, despite all the territorial sacrifices exacted of Germany, she still remained potentially first among the Continental states, and her primacy was further assured by the disappearance of Russia as a factor in European affairs.

The European situation following the World War was thus similar to that of two centuries earlier. Then the defeat and death of Louis XIV had been followed by the break-up of the Grand Coalition which had defeated him. Nevertheless, disproportionate strength still remained to France. As a consequence, when Napoleon presently ar-

rived, he was able to renew the old struggle on a still grander scale and with even greater initial success, and Europe had presently to fight for its life again.

After 1918, too, the condition of Germany was identical with that of France after 1715. For a period of years it was condemned to quiescence. Eventually, however, it was sure to recover its freedom of action and regain the full use of its superior resources. After 1919, therefore, peace in Europe, in the longer view, was bound to turn upon the later course of Germany, on the one hand, and upon the post-war development of the Succession States on the other. Thus Germany might herself voluntarily renounce future expansion, or the Succession States might presently develop the strength necessary to defend themselves.

But if Germany should later fall into the hands of a master who cherished ambitions which could only be fulfilled by an attack upon her neighbors, and if the Succession States, on their part, failed to develop the strength necessary to defend themselves, then it was plain from the start that, sooner or later, the old problem of the balance of power would again be posed in its traditional form.

To-day it requires no detailed analysis to establish the fact that, with the triumph of Hitler last year, Germany passed to the control of a leader whose programme of national expansion constitutes as grave a peril for Europe as did the similar programmes of Napoleon or Louis XIV. Sufficient proof of that fact is discoverable by the smallest examination of Hitler's own book. Again, evidence of the failure of Austria to develop sufficient strength to defend her own independence is disclosed in her recent and despairing appeal to the League of Nations to protect it against German aggression.

III

We come, then, directly to the second question. How would the Anschluss — that is, the union of Austria with Germany — produce conditions which would fall in with the familiar pattern out of which general wars in Europe have arisen? In a word, how would such union directly affect the balance of power in Europe? That question has a threefold aspect, for it not only concerns Austria directly, but Czechoslovakia and Hungary as well, although so far only the Austrian detail has attracted general attention on this side of the Atlantic.

Actually the union of Austria with the Reich would add 7,000,000 people and 30,000 square miles to the present state. Germany, thus expanded, would contain more than 72,000,000 inhabit-



HITLER'S OBJECTIVES AS ANALYZED BY
MR. SIMONDS

- (1) Austria; (2) Western Czechoslovakia, to Germany; (3) Eastern Czechoslovakia, to Hungary; (4) Polish Corridor, as well as Danzig; (5) Upper Silesia; (6) Upper Adige; (7) Trieste

ants, and in size and population alike the Reich of Adolf Hitler would surpass the Empire of William Hohenzollern. This new Germany would possess a decisive numerical superiority over both France and Italy, since the population of each of these states barely exceeds 40,000,000.

As to Czechoslovakia, once the Anschluss had taken place, its western provinces — that is, Moravia, Bohemia, and Silesia — would be almost completely encircled by German territory. On the political map Czechoslovakia would thus have the appearance of another Cape Cod, projecting, not into the Atlantic, but into a German political sea. Since, moreover, of the 10,000,000 people inhabiting these provinces more than a third are German by race and therefore eager to substitute a Teutonic for a Slavic ruler, Hitler would find ready at hand instruments to repeat in Czechoslovakia those agitations which had destroyed Austria.

Practically, therefore, the union of Austria with Germany would ensure the eventual if not the immediate absorption of the western half of Czechoslovakia by Hitler's Third Reich. Once Germany had come to Vienna, Czechoslovakia would be strategically and economically at the mercy of its great neighbor, and either voluntarily or under coercion would be compelled to make terms with Berlin — terms which would inevitably destroy its independence. Thus there would be added another 30,000 square miles of territory and more than 10,000,000 people to the German bloc.

Again, as to Hungary: in taking for Germany the western half of Czechoslovakia, Hitler would also be in a position to restore the eastern half to Hungary. And that would mean giving back the Slovakian province which was not merely associated with the Crown of Saint Stephen for a thousand years,

but also contains more than three quarters of a million of Magyars. Hungary would thus recover a province both considerable in area and containing 4,000,000 people, which was taken from it by the Treaty of Trianon, against whose provisions the Magyars have never ceased to protest.

Such a territorial restoration would bind a Hungarian state of 13,000,000 inhabitants by ties of common interest to the new Reich. These several changes in the map would create for Germany a solid bloc of 95,000,000 people occupying the very heart of Europe. And beyond Hungary lies a Bulgaria with a population of 6,000,000, as determined as Hungary to abolish the frontiers of 1919 and as certain as its former ally of the World War to accept Germany as an ally, who could ensure the recovery of the lost province of Macedonia.

Nor is the union of Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia a mere fantastic dream. On the contrary, it would only restore a territorial association which existed in the form of the Holy Roman Empire for the thousand years between Charlemagne and Napoleon. In addition, it would but give reality to a Teutonic aspiration for unity which remounts in legend to the age of Barbarossa. Hitler has, in fact, made himself the symbol of this desire for unity which at bottom is common to more than 75,000,000 Germans dwelling in the very heart of Europe, for a unity already possessed by all other European peoples great and small and so far denied to the Germans only by two historic accidents, the Reformation and the Rise of Prussia, the first responsible for religious, the second for dynastic, separation between the North and South.

Nor is a German-Hungarian alliance an unfounded conception. On the contrary, such a partnership would only

renew the association originally arranged by Bismarck and Andrassy in the last century and continued by joint participation in the World War. No one could pretend that such an alliance would awaken enthusiasm in Budapest, for during their millennial history the Magyars have as frequently fought Germans as Slavs; but, as an alternative to their present mutilated and helpless situation, they would inevitably turn to Berlin and Hitler. And the arrival of Germany at Vienna would undoubtedly decide the debate.

Hitler's victory in Austria would, then, ensure an Austro-German union and foreshadow the partition of Czechoslovakia, the formation of Hungarian-German and Bulgarian-German alliances. Nor would it less certainly forecast the inescapable association of Rumania and Yugoslavia with this new combination. Thus there would be established a new Mitteleuropa, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea and from the Warthe to the Sarre, containing more than 130,000,000 inhabitants and dominated by a compact mass of 75,000,000 Germans closely allied to 10,000,000 Magyars and 6,000,000 Bulgarians. And that, in reality, would be the old Mitteleuropa created by German arms in the last war and dissolved only after four years of struggle and by the combined forces of a world in arms.

Such an empire would not only reproduce the magnificence of Napoleon's empire at the summit of his power, but even surpass it not only actually but relatively. And undeniably this new empire would be in the hands of a man whose ambitions are as unlimited and whose determination is as unmistakable as were those of the Great Emperor. Thus it must be apparent that the creation of that Third Reich, which is Hitler's design and in which the first stage is Austro-German

union, would accord with the pattern of the past out of which general wars have arisen.

IV

There remains the third question: Even assuming that Austria should pass to German control, either formally or by the arrival to power of a Nazi régime nominally independent but actually manipulated from Berlin, how would this development concern the other great powers? What peril, beyond the diminution of their prestige and influence, would follow the application of the other portions of the Hitler programme? Why need they individually fear attack from the new Germany, even though it would patently be able not only to crush them separately, if it chose to do so, but even to defy them collectively?

That question is clearly the most difficult to answer satisfactorily to an American audience, which can see no reason why war should follow the creation of a Mitteleuropa such as Hitler, himself, has forecast. Why should France, Italy, Poland, Soviet Russia, be concerned with preventing the creation of such a state, which would not deprive them of any of their own territories? The answer, of course, must be found in the individual circumstances of these four states.

To take the case of Poland first. Nothing is more certain than that Germany will never permanently accept an eastern frontier which deprives her of the possession of the Corridor, Upper Silesia, and Danzig. At the moment, to be sure, the American and British public has been mystified by the recent non-aggression pact signed between Poland and Germany. But such confusion only arises from turning a blind eye to the historical precedents. What Hitler is now attempting with Pilsudski, Bismarck successfully accomplished

with Napoleon III. Thus he beguiled the French Emperor with promises as dazzling as those Hitler has now held before the eyes of the Polish dictator, only to snatch them away once French quiescence had ensured Prussian triumph over Austria in 1866.

To-day Hitler has no desire to fight Poland, and he is well aware that the Corridor can only be recovered by arms. On the other hand, he has every incentive to try to keep Poland still during the decisive period of his Austrian campaign. Once Austria has been absorbed, and Germany rearmed, Poland will face the menace of a fresh partition, and, although this may not extend beyond the surrender of the Corridor and Upper Silesia, Poland will, nevertheless, be thenceforth bound economically and politically to Germany, for who holds the mouth of the Vistula must be master of the entire basin of that great river.

As for Soviet Russia, already Hitler's followers have put Moscow on notice that the new Germany that is to come will press its claim to the rich lands of the Ukraine as fields for future colonization. Moscow, too, has not concealed its suspicion that, on the one hand, Hitler has sought to purchase Polish support by the promise of a share in the Ukrainian booty, and, on the other, to engage Japanese interest by proposals of an eventual joint attack upon the Soviet Union.

For Italy, in turn, the arrival of Hitler in Vienna possesses a threefold menace. In the first place, it would automatically end all the cherished aspirations of Mussolini to create an economic and political sphere of interest in the Danubian basin. In the second place, by bringing the German frontier to the Brenner, it would instantly intensify the demands of the quarter of a million of German-speaking people in the Upper Adige for union

with the Reich. Finally, it would similarly ensure an eventual German endeavor to possess Trieste, long the port of the Hapsburg Monarchy on the Adriatic and naturally the outlet of Central Europe to the Mediterranean.

Italian anxiety for the retention of Trieste and the Upper Adige would be paralleled by French apprehension over Alsace and Lorraine—the first because of its large German-speaking population, the second because of its vast iron deposits, possession of which played such a part in the industrial development of Germany after 1870. It is true that on the Rhine, as along the Alps, Hitler continues to pledge eternal acceptance of the status quo. But the French and Italians who hear the speeches of the *Führer* have also read his book, in which all territory that was ever German, or to-day contains a German population, is claimed for the Germany of to-morrow.

All four of the great powers of the Continent are therefore faced with the fact that they hold territory which was once German and has been marked down in advance by the new master of the Reich as *terra irredenta* eventually to be recovered. They are similarly confronted by the inescapable truth that, once Hitler has realized his Central European programme, power to accomplish the remaining details will in full measure be within his hands. Nor is it less clear that at each step along his indicated pathway, which starts with Austria, the disproportion between German strength and that of the other Continental states, even if they are allied, will become more marked.

And what of Britain? On the surface, at least, it would seem that the extension of German rule to Vienna and Prague, the framing of alliances with Budapest and Sofia, even the acquisi-

tion of the Corridor, Trieste and the Upper Adige, Metz and Strasbourg, would leave Britain still secure behind her water barrier. In fact, all English history furnishes eloquent testimony to the fact that acquisition of political and military hegemony on the Continent by any single state has invariably been the prelude to a challenge to British naval supremacy and security.

It must, therefore, be evident that for individual reasons all five of the European great powers have a common interest in preventing the creation of Hitler's new *Mitteleuropa*. And the interest is discoverable in the facts of their own frontiers and border provinces, which they will plainly be called upon to defend if, after having carried out his Central European projects, Hitler proceeds, as his prospectus foreshadows, to the rounding out of his new empire. And what is true of the great powers is even more unmistakable in the case of the smaller states of the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, the first of which faces certain partition and extinction, the other two the loss of precious provinces and political independence as well.

V

The deeper significance of the Austrian crisis must then become unmistakable. In it are reproduced the essential circumstances out of which have arisen all the general wars of the past in Europe. To-day the masters of Germany have the will to conquer, and the programme which they have laid down would give them the power to dominate. By contrast, many European nations are faced with the fact that for each individually the German programme has a direct threat, while for all of them German hegemony must be similarly dangerous.

The campaign against Austria carried on by Hitler therefore marks his first considerable assault upon European independence. How then can this assault be met, and what are the consequences, both immediate and eventual, likely to be? So far as one can now see, there are but three possible outcomes of the present crisis, and of these only one — and that the most unlikely — can even conceivably be peaceful. These three possibilities are, first, a concerted action of all the great and interested lesser powers to guarantee Austrian independence; second, a war of prevention now; third, a war of balance of power eventually.

As to the first of these possibilities, the Austrian appeal to the League has provided the occasion. In response to it France, Italy, the Little Entente, and Poland, backed by Britain, can affirm their purpose to defend Austrian liberty and call upon Germany to desist from her present campaign for the overthrow of the Dollfuss régime. Such a decision, however, to be effective would have to be fortified by a clear purpose to use armies, fleets, and economic resources to coerce a recalcitrant Germany.

For it is plain that, at the point to which the European situation has now come, mere words could have no influence. Save in the face of irresistible force and the plain resolution to employ that force if necessary, Hitler, now on the very eve of victory in Austria, is certain not to yield. Another ultimatum like that issued by the League in the case of Manchuria could only ensure another response from Berlin like that of Tokyo. On the other hand, even such a show of force might not prove adequate, and thus the effort to use the Geneva machinery peacefully might lead to a war of prevention.

When, however, one comes to consider the likelihood of any joint

démarche by a new Concert of Europe, it must be evident that the prospects of such action are slight in the extreme. In Britain the government is weak and divided, the general public almost fanatically opposed to assuming any risks on the Continent, and in official circles the absorption of Austria by Germany is already viewed with fatalistic resignation.

Again, while Italy would follow if Britain moved, Rome is certainly in no mood to go along with Paris if Britain is absent. In addition, Mussolini is contemptuous of the League, disappointed by the collapse of his own four-power plan, and almost as jealous of France as he is apprehensive of Germany. Moreover, even if Britain and Italy were prepared to join France and the Little Entente in coercive action, such action might postpone but could not permanently arrest German progress unless all these powers were prepared to coöperate in a common programme for the economic rehabilitation of the Danubian area, and such co-operation is to-day even more unthinkable than common action on the political side.

If, however, Europe will not move and France does not march, then in no distant time Austria must pass to German control, for the Dollfuss régime is visibly *in extremis*. And thereafter the way to the realization of his other projects will be clear for Hitler. For the *Führer*, too, the Battle of Austria must be what the Battle of Austerlitz was¹ for Napoleon, alike at home and abroad. Once he is victorious in that battle, too, power and prestige will come to him in almost unimaginable measure, while confidence in his destiny must be reënforced by the spectacle of divided and supine Europe.

Nevertheless, if European history in the past three centuries has any relevance to the present age, somewhere

along his already clearly charted pathway of imperialistic adventure Hitler, like those who have preceded him on the same road, must encounter a Europe at last aroused to concerted action by complete if tardy perception of the common danger. That encounter may come when the issue of Czechoslovakia is raised, or later over the question of the Corridor. It may be postponed until the Italians see the shadow of the German eagle over Trieste or France is forced to a new defense of Metz and Strasbourg at the Sarre. It may even wait upon the moment when a fresh challenge to British naval supremacy brings England back to the Continent to renew her traditional support of the balance of power.

In proportion to the delay, however, the eventual conflict must be terrible. For if Hitler is permitted time to arm, to organize his Mitteleuropa with Prussian thoroughness, and to bind the Danubian states to his chariot, his situation will be relatively stronger than that of Napoleon, and his overthrow necessarily more difficult and costly. For all practical purposes, Europe has already reached the point where the single alternative is a war of prevention precipitated by France in the present year or a war of self-preservation waged against Germany by all of the great powers a few years hence. Finally, while actual conflict may be postponed, European peace must henceforth be as troubled as in the years between 1905 and 1914, when the World War was in the making.

As to a war of prevention, designed to overthrow the Hitler régime and once for all end its menace to France and her allies, that was always out of the question while France was governed by a Left Ministry, itself the captive of the Socialist bloc. But the revolution which took place in Paris in

February and resulted in the creation of a Doumergue Cabinet has totally changed the aspect of things. With Tardieu, Barthou, and Herriot acting as a directorate of foreign affairs and backed by the Prime Minister of this new 'Government of National Salvation,' a war of prevention can no longer be excluded from present possibilities, unless Hitler, in the face of a direct and unmistakable threat of invasion, voluntarily yields.

To-day, for a war of prevention, France has the military means, the necessary statesmen, and the willing allies. What alone is problematical is the state of mind of the masses of the French people. Thus, until the new government is certain of the domestic effect of mobilization, nothing will be done. And, in turn, the popular state of mind depends perhaps on the future manifestations of German policy.

To be successful, however, a French war of prevention must come soon — in fact, it must come within the present year. For the superiority of French military resources, which is to-day overwhelming, is daily declining and will briefly disappear. Again, while French allies are to-day ready to

march, to-morrow they may turn to Rome, if action is postponed, or, failing there, follow Poland to Berlin and make such terms as they can. And that would be to condemn France henceforth to mount guard alone upon her own frontiers against an attack that would then seem to most Frenchmen inevitable.

As I close this paper the newspapers are filled with dispatches describing struggle between the Dollfuss Government and the Socialist population of Vienna. These riots must inevitably introduce a new complication, but they cannot modify the basic conditions. Thus, in accordance with plans long prepared, Italian troops may occupy Innsbruck, Yugoslav forces seize Klagenfurt, and a Czech army march upon Vienna itself. But military occupation cannot be permanent, and while it lasts it is sure to arouse Austrian resentment. Actually German progress can be permanently arrested only if the Nazi régime in Germany is overthrown by war, or Hitler himself is compelled to yield to the *force majeure* of a united Europe. And mere occupation of Austrian territory by Italian and Little Entente troops will not bring about either of these results.

THE GHOSTS OF PITCAIRN

From MED to MUM. II

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

HAVING repaired a broken bobstay and replenished our water, we left Manga Reva late in the afternoon, after a three days' sojourn. I shall long remember that departure — the peace, the beauty of it. The great lagoon was a mirror for clouds, and the small islands scattered over it were places of pure enchantment in the mellow golden light. Stevenson said that one's first South Sea island landfall touches a virginity of sense. So it does, and, fortunately, the tenth, the fiftieth, the one-hundred-and-fiftieth. The purity of perception is not lost by repetition of the experience. There is a magic about these islands that is time-defying, that loses nothing of its efficacy however intimate and long-continued one's association with them may be. Landfalls and departures, by day or by night — each one seems to be the first and the most memorable. I recall, in this connection, Conrad's Heyst, and his occasional quiet remark, apropos of nothing: 'I am enchanted with these islands.' And his were the islands of the western Pacific, small continents, some of them, steaming in moist heat, under a cruel sun, their lowlands clothed with all-but-impenetrable jungle, their lofty mountains concealed in mist, the rivers infested with alligators, and the air loud of an evening with the humming of the wings of myriads of insects unfriendly to man. What would have

been the strength of the enchantment had he known the islands of Polynesia: Tahiti, Moorea, Bora Bora, the Marquesas, the Australs, the Gambiers! Or the Tuamotus, that vast Cloud of Islands, scattered over

. . . the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean.

'The Dangerous Archipelago,' these last are often called, and so they are, all, atolls and high islands alike — dangerous indeed to the man who enters the circle of their enchantment, hoping to escape again.

Ever since boyhood, the very name 'island' has had a deep fascination for me. An inland birth was, doubtless, partly responsible for that. Islands were far to seek on the prairies of Iowa, and yet they could be found, of a sort. A mud bar, three feet by four, in the sluggish midstream of a prairie slough, was enough; and if, at the season of the spring rains, I found one larger, with an old tree, its roots undermined by the current, leaning across it, I asked nothing better than to spend the rest of the day there, with an ancient, leaky, flat-bottomed skiff anchored to the roots of the lone tree. Try as I would, though, I could not imagine the sea — any sea. The fact that the earth's surface was three-fourths water was not a fact to me. Neither the evidence furnished by

maps nor the assurance of my elders convinced me; or, if I believed, it was only with the surface of my mind. Within was a solid core of doubt.

Until one wintry afternoon — it must have been somewhere around my tenth or eleventh year. A memorable day, which stands out with the entrancing clearness of objects in pictures viewed through the old stereopticon glasses our parents used to keep with the knick-knacks on the parlor table. I remember the very weather of it, and the light dry snow that was falling, filling the wagon tracks in the frozen mud, sifting lightly along the board sidewalks, piling in little drifts against the fronts of houses, adding little by little to the grayness of a gray world. I was on my way to Mrs. Sigafos's store.

She kept a little stationery and notions shop on the one business street of Prairie Hills, not far from the railway station, and there she sat by the window, day after day, a shawl pinned over her shoulders, talking to herself, keeping her rocker going when there was nothing to be seen out of doors, stopping it abruptly and peering over her spectacles when someone passed. On winter afternoons she had few of these pleasant distractions. The street was often empty for an hour at a time.

Her shop had a little back room, concealed by a flowered calico curtain, where she kept her surplus stock of 'notions,' and delightful notions they were to a small boy: boxes of marbles, and valentines, and firecrackers left over from last Fourth of July; chocolate creams, cone-shaped, and with a flavor that has since been lost by makers of confectionery — at least I have never been able to find it again; colored crayons, card games, tracing slates with pictures to go with them — the place was heaven to a ten-year-old, and I had the run of it, being Mrs. Sigafos's newspaper-delivery boy, upon the un-

derstanding that I would put everything back just as I found it. And back everything went, except an occasional misplaced chocolate cream.

I must not forget the music box. It played three tunes — I can hear them at this moment, and the taste and smell and dyed-in-the-wool color of boyhood thoughts and feelings come back with them. What a pity that music boxes ever went out of fashion! Their modesty, their lack of vulgar self-assertiveness, which should have been considered points in their favor, seem to have been the very qualities which led to their banishment.

I must have played Mrs. Sigafos's music box as long on that afternoon as on former occasions before turning to the shelf of books. These were, chiefly, padded-leather editions of the poets: Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, for school-graduation gifts. There were, also, several copies of Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, illustrated. I wonder whether anyone beside myself remembers them? The same flavor of life permeates the *Farm Ballads* that one tastes in reading Edward Eggleston's *Roxy*, or *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. I could taste it then, without knowing that it was a flavor peculiar to a certain section of the United States and only for the period of two or three decades. Edward Eggleston, Will Carleton, and Mark Twain have preserved it for us, and it is well that they did; otherwise it would be as lost to the world as the flavor of Mrs. Sigafos's chocolate creams.

There was yet another book on the shelf: *Typee*, by Herman Melville. It was a strange companion for the *Farm Ballads*, and I have often wondered, since, how it came to be there. On this memorable afternoon I was moved to take it down and open it.

Six months at sea! Yes, Reader, as I live, six months out of sight of land; cruising

after the sperm whale beneath the scorching sun of the Line, and tossed on the billows of the wide-rolling Pacific — the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else!

Who does not recall some day of boyhood, such as this one of mine, preserved forever between the covers of a book? *Typee* has my day safely captured. There was a quality approaching the ideal in my experience. It was my first authentic entrance, in literature, to the world of islands, and what better vantage point or vantage time could I have had for viewing them than that offered by Mrs. Sigafos's little shop in a farming town on the prairies, on a winter afternoon? I was soon convinced of the reality of the sea — emotionally, I mean. Yes, even of Melville's six months of sea. Indeed, that opening paragraph spread it out before me as something unquestionable, like the sea of land rolling away to the horizons that bounded Prairie Hills. But as I followed Melville over it to Nuku Hiva and sojourned with him in Typee Valley, I little realized that the first gossamer-like thread of Chance was being woven which was to unite with that one spun in Paris, in 1916, and draw me aboard the *Pro Patria*, in 1933, bound hand and foot, as passive, almost, as the MED to MUM volume in my suitcase.

II

The *Pro Patria* was nothing like as long as I have been here in crossing the Manga Reva lagoon. In fact, in less than an hour she was well beyond the southwest pass and had settled quietly down to her sea-shouldering work. We were at the austral extremity of the tropics, in latitude 23:30, and the season of the equinoctial gales was at hand. This may have had something to do with the wall of slate-colored sky and sea that we saw ahead before night fell. It seemed to be solid, stationary, wait-

ing for rather than approaching us, as though it were an outer rampart to Pitcairn Island, gathered from the gloom of Fletcher Christian's thoughts as he had entered that loneliest expanse of the Pacific, or from his need for concealment.

Gloomy enough his thoughts must have been as he neared his refuge. He did not know that it would prove to be a refuge. Pitcairn might be an inhabited island where the disastrous Tubuai experience would be repeated. There had been ample time, during the long voyage from Tahiti, for all the uncertainties of their situation to be brought home to him, as well as an appalling sense of his responsibility in the affair of the mutiny. No doubt he cared little what might happen to Bligh; he had suffered too much at his hands to be concerned about his fate. But that of the eighteen loyal men who had been cast adrift with Bligh was another matter. Christian must have considered every man of them as good as dead. They were in a small open boat, thousands of leagues from the nearest European settlement, on an ocean all but unknown, and without means of defense against the savage inhabitants of the islands scattered over it. What chance had they between the probability of death by thirst or starvation and that of death at the hands of the savages on the first island where they might venture to land? And it was he, Fletcher Christian, who had doomed them.

As he tried to drive this bitter realization from his mind by considering the situation of those with him on the *Bounty*, what did he see? They too were doomed. Pitcairn, he knew, was a tiny island. Granted that they succeeded in establishing themselves, there every man of them must live until his last day. Once the ship was destroyed, as she must be, their seagirt refuge

would be a prison as well. Endurable, even pleasant, the prison might prove at first, and there would be work and to spare in the beginning to occupy their thoughts. But what after a year, five years, ten years? They were an ill-assorted company: nine white men, six native men, twelve native women. As for the whites, it might have been expected that the hardest characters would follow him, and the Tubuai experience had taught him how difficult it would be to govern them. Of the nine whites, there was but one to whom he could look for companionship and support: Midshipman Young.

And what of the barriers to understanding between English seamen and Polynesians? Even with the language difficulty overcome, there would still remain the gulf due to different customs, different methods of thought. How was that to be bridged? And what disasters might occur in the process?

And above all hung the hornets' nest of sex. Fifteen men and twelve women cut off for life on an island of two square miles. How long would the three men unprovided for rest in that condition?

I doubt whether the history of colonization has a stranger situation to show, or one more spiked over with dangers. Christian must have been fully aware of them. It speaks well for his firmness of character that he did not slip overboard some dark night and thus free himself from both memories and responsibilities.

III

We sighted Pitcairn shortly before dawn, on our third day from Manga Reva and our twenty-third from Tahiti. We saw it first by the dim light of the waning moon filtered through heavy masses of low-hanging cloud. A rock indeed it looked, and, at the same time, the mere wraith of an island that

vanished almost at once. We again caught sight of it at about five miles' distance, with the canopy of cloud hanging just over the high western ridge. Dawn was only a tentative withdrawal of the deeper shades of gray, but the light was of a more revealing quality than that of bright sunshine. While waiting for it to increase, we lay in the lee of the land, within a quarter of a mile of the shore. Above us was the long ridge connecting the two highest peaks, and from there the land fell away in steep ravines and gullies to the rock-bound shore.

This was the uninhabited, north-western side of the island, as lonely in appearance, as unchanged by the hand of man, as it was when the *Bounty's* people first saw it. Slender cascades, the result of recent heavy rains, streamed down the rocky walls, arching away from them in places as they fell into the sea. Small as the island is, the aspect from that side has in it a quality of savage grandeur heightened by one's sense of its remoteness and of the loneliness of the lives of those who live there. The thousand-foot peak where the two main ridges unite appears to be much higher, viewed from the deck of a small schooner close inshore; and the green thickets in the ravines and on the lower slopes of the mountains add to the solemnity of the bare precipices that hang above them. I had long had an ideal conception of what Pitcairn should be in view of its tragic history; but neither this conception nor any imagined island that I have met with in literature can be compared, as a setting for tragic events, with this huge rock, streaming with rain, as though it had but recently risen from the depths of Father Neptune's loneliest ocean.

Presently the engines were started and we proceeded to the northern coast, skirting Young's Rock, all but hidden in the surf beating over it. Every-

where were the same high cliffs, foam-fringed at their bases, but they were less lofty and precipitous after we had skirted the Goat-House peak. The main valley now came into view, with the houses of Adamstown scattered along the seaward slopes. We saw groups of tiny figures gathered in the open spaces above the steep foreshore, gazing out at us, and others running toward the landing place in Bounty Bay.

A longboat put out through the surf — one of the splendid seagoing boats the Pitcairners themselves build for their voyages to Oeno or to Henderson Island, both uninhabited, and also for boarding passing vessels. They have half a dozen such craft, open boats, peaked at the ends, thirty-seven feet long, and with a beam of seven, eight, or nine feet. The one coming off to us rowed twelve oars, and I counted thirty-six men in her. A fine sight it was to see the precision of their rowing despite the heavy seas that all but hid them at moments. They came alongside with the speed and skill of oarsmen in a man-of-war's boat, and they boarded us like a swarm of pirates. Pirate-like they looked, with their brown, lean, weather-beaten faces, in their miscellaneous costumes, most of them articles of clothing bartered for with the seamen of passing vessels. Some were bareheaded and all barefooted. Their speech still has in it something of the quaint Biblical flavor first acquired by their forefathers at John Adams's knee; but when talking among themselves they speak a jargon in which scarcely a word is, at first, distinguishable by a stranger. The inflection of their voices, too, is one peculiar to themselves; it reminded me a little of the singsong speech of the Swedes.

There was no doubt of the heartiness of their welcome. Their faces beamed and they shook our hands till our arms ached. Whatever may be said of the

back blocks and backwaters of the world, one finds among the people inhabiting them genuine hospitality, unfeigned warmth and kindness of heart. In their lonely lives they have time to cultivate the old simple virtues. Every time I meet such people I become increasingly convinced that mankind should breed less prolifically and gather in less antlike heaps. Human sympathy is, certainly, warmer, and the milk of human kindness richer, when the calls upon both are kept within reasonable bounds.

I made no attempt to sort out the Christians and Youngs and McCoys I met in that boatload of men, nor the urgent invitations to stop ashore at one house and another. It seemed best to leave the matter of lodging to chance; therefore, grabbing up my toilet articles and a spare shirt, I waited my opportunity to drop into the boat among the others.

IV

The landing in Bounty Bay has been notorious among visitors to Pitcairn since Captain Folger's day. The slight indentation might better be called a cove; it is, in fact, little more than an open roadstead exposed to northerly and easterly weather. The foreshore is strewn with great boulders, but midway in the cove is a strip of beach where a landing can be made. There was a heavy easterly swell running, and a surf on shore that any but Pitcairners would have considered dangerous. They made nothing of it, and we swept behind the rocks and slid up the beach as gently as though we had been in a landlocked harbor.

Many a time had I imagined myself on that tiny beach, a viewless spectator of the *Bounty's* arrival. I had gone with Christian on his first tour of exploration, returned with him to the vessel, and had listened to the conference then

held when the decision was made to remain on Pitcairn. I had watched the busy scenes that followed: the carrying ashore of supplies, the making of the trail up the steep slope to the level land two or three hundred feet above, the partial dismantling of the ship and the burning of the hulk, on January 23, 1790.

The cove has altered little in all these years. There is, of course, a better accommodation for boats under the steep foreshore, and the trail to the settlement has been widened a little. Otherwise, the sketch made by Captain Beechey, in 1825, shows the place as it is to-day. A little to the left, as one faces the land, is the lofty crag, Ship-Landing Point, under which the *Bounty* was beached and burned, and I was told that one of her anchors might still be seen there in calm weather.

Scarcely had we set foot on shore when the rain set in again, a blinding downpour that drenched us through in thirty seconds. We had our work cut out for us in mounting the trail. It was liquid mud of red volcanic soil — the greasiest of all the greasy kinds of mud.

When we had reached the comparatively level ground above, I found that arrangements for my accommodation had already been made. I was to stop at Uncle Ben Young's house. Andrew Young, his grandson, took me there.

No arrangement could have been more to my wishes. Uncle Ben Young is one of the patriarchs of Pitcairn, and of the fourth generation from Midshipman Ned Young. He is in his eighty-third year and as spry as a cricket. Many a man thirty years his junior might envy Uncle Ben Young his rugged health, and his hearty laugh has in it the tonic virtue of the sea winds that sweep the island. He and his family made me feel at once that I was one of them, that their home was mine as well.

While I talked with them and dried my clothes in the 'out-back' kitchen, Parkins Christian came in. He is a man in his early forties, I should say, the island magistrate, and head of the board of six governors. Fletcher Christian might well have been proud of this representative of his line, with his stalwart frame, his quiet, dignified bearing. He stands out among the Pitcairners; in the midst of a crowd of them the eye turns toward him at once.

Presently the rain slackened to a drizzle, but the island was completely hidden under a white fog. I had to make the most of my time, for I knew that we were to have but two days here; so, refusing all offers of companionship, I set out alone to explore the island. Interested though I was in present-day Pitcairn, it was not that I had come, primarily, to see, but the Pitcairn of 1790-1808. I wanted none but ghosts for my companions on this first excursion.

V

I set out along the trail leading up the side of a narrow valley to the ridge connecting the Goat-House peak with the one to the south'ard — the ridge I had first seen from the schooner. This, I imagine, was the first path marked out by the mutineers, after the one from the cove, for it goes past Brown's Well, a small spring-fed stream which has rarely failed in its supply since *Bounty* days. After a short climb I came out on a kind of plateau jutting out from the higher land beyond. Crossing that and mounting again, I was soon at the summit of the western ridge, no more than arms' breadth wide at that point, and falling steeply to the ravines on the western side.

I could see nothing save the narrow vantage ground under my feet; the entire island was hidden under billowing clouds of mist, of that deep grayness

which shows what layers beyond layers of it lie between earth and sun. I perched on a rock that seemed but-tressed on nothing but mist, and gave myself up to reflections as gloomy as the day.

Is it possible, I thought, that I am not to see this island I have wandered over so often in fancy, which I have come so far to see *avec mes propres yeux*? The wind blew 'shrill, chill, with flakes of foam,' billowing the heavy clouds of mist but not dispersing them. It was such a mist as concealed the dolorous Land of Lyonesse on the day when King Arthur lay deeply smitten through the helm, and Sir Bedivere stood on the beach, with Excalibur in his hand, listening to

the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

And here, as there, did the mists seem to be filled with ghostly presences, passing and repassing, with ghostly voices. As ghostly as they, in the mists, I waited and listened; yes, and saw the better for it across the years, to a day of bright sunshine in January 1790. Of a sudden there came into view from below me Smith, Mills, Martin, and McCoy. They were well blown after their stiff climb through the thickets, and flung themselves down on the ridge to rest. No sound was heard at first save their labored breathing and the thunder of the surf far below. Mills was the first to speak.

'And this is what Christian's brought us to!' he said. 'There's what we can see from here and no more.'

'There's room enough,' said McCoy.

'Room! You're easy pleased,' Martin put in, gloomily. 'A bloody rock, I call it!'

'Aye, Marty, Tahiti's the place,' Smith said, scornfully. 'Ye'd have us all go back there to be took by the first ship that comes from England. You're

perishin' to be choked off at a rope's end. None o' that for me!'

McCoy nodded. 'It's no such a grand place for size, this Pitcairn's Island. But Christian's right: it's safe. We'll never be found.'

'And here we'll bide to our last day!' said Mills. 'Have 'ee thought o' that, shipmates?' He smote his horny palms together. 'God's curse on the pack of us! What fools we've been to break up the ship!'

McCoy sat up abruptly. 'Hearken to me, John! Ye and Marty had your chance to stay at Tahiti, but I mind me weel ye was all for comin' awa' wi' the rest of us to a safer place. And now we've found it ye'll nae ha'e it. And what would ye ha' done with the ship? Hoist her three hunnerd feet up the rocks? Where could we keep her?'

'It's as Christian says,' Smith added. 'We're not free to go where we like.'

'And whose fault is that?' said Mills. 'If he'd minded his own bloody business . . .'

'Aye,' said Martin, 'we'd a been home by now, or near it. We've a deal to be thankful for to Mister Fletcher Christian!'

'I'd like weel to hear ye tell him that!' said McCoy. 'Ye'll be sayin' next he drove us into the mutiny. There was no man more willin' than yersel', Isaac Martin, to seize the ship.'

'That's plain truth,' said Smith. 'Give Christian his due. We was none of us drove into it.'

Of a sudden I lost them, and my sense of the bright day when they must have had some such conversation as this. The mists of September 1933 were billowing around me again, but as I gazed anxiously overhead I saw the sun like a golden sovereign shimmering in the depths of milky water; and before I should have had time to say 'His Majesty's armed transport, *Bounty*,' the clouds rolled back from the ridge,

and within five minutes the whole of the island lay in view beneath me.

Such a view, so suddenly revealed, was well worth thrice a voyage of twelve hundred miles. I found that I had, in fact, been sitting on the brink of a mountain wall that made a sheer drop into the valley below. The sea lay almost directly underneath, but eastward was the great bowl of the main valley, sloping down toward the north and traversed by half a dozen small valleys within a valley. This larger part of Pitcairn has more the appearance of a plateau lying at an angle, its high side extending to the southern ridge, the lower side propped up on cliffs still high above the sea. South of that main ridge are the broad slopes of the Auté Valley, so called because in the *Bounty* days the *auté* plant, from which tapa cloth was made, was cultivated there. I saw at once that the contours, as given on the only existing chart of Pitcairn, — at least, the only one I have been able to find, — are wrong. The western ridge should be much closer to the sea and the southern one much farther from it. The Auté Valley lies above the southern cliffs, and one viewing the island from the sea would not suspect its existence.

I walked slowly along the narrow western ridge, following a path which the *Bounty* folk must have trod times without number. The slopes on my left hand were covered with the natural forests of the island: *rata* and *tapou* trees, some of which must be as old as the human history of the island; groves of pandanus, with their globed clusters of sweet-smelling nuts, and candlenut trees whose fruit gave John Adams light to read the Scriptures by when he was left alone with his memories of ten years of horror.

Having looked about me for half an hour from the highest peak of the island, I turned eastward, following a

path that crossed the middle of the Auté Valley. Here were plantations of yams, taro, beans, and sweet potatoes, and, in small valleys, groves of guavas and bananas, and orange trees laden with fruit. The gardens were small, for no great amount of land is needed to provide food for Pitcairn's 208 inhabitants; and the soil is so rich, Uncle Ben Young informed me, that the same crops can be planted in the same plots, year after year, without impoverishing it greatly. In all the valleys, large tracts are left for Mother Nature to plant as she will. I have never seen an island more fertile. Christian might have searched the Pacific over without finding a refuge so perfectly suited to his purposes, whether for concealment or for sustenance.

He must have had his happy moments here. There must have been days, particularly after the children began to come, which were thrown into clear relief against a succession of brooding, sombre ones. He would have learned to accept the irrevocability of his fate, and to put out of mind, for brief periods at least, his thoughts of home and friends. A man exiled for life to a lonely island, or one confined by hopeless invalidism to the small world of a single room, is not wholly to be pitied, granted that he has resources within himself. The consciousness of a shut door behind him, and the clear view he has of the material boundaries of his world to the end of his life, must bring a kind of peace denied to the rest of us. He can let fall so much that we must carry. He comes to no crossroads pointing him in every direction save that behind him. The decisions he has to make are simple and few and clear-cut. It seems impossible that he should go astray in making them.

But I am presupposing that the exile is alone. Some of Christian's problems were anything but simple ones, and

there was the added difficulty that his decisions must be acceptable to fourteen other men, to say nothing of the women involved. He must have regretted bitterly the lack of an adequate number of women. Trouble was bound to flow into that vacuum. But why, I have often wondered, did he permit a needless problem, concerning a division of land, to be admitted among the authentic ones? John Adams told Captain Beechey, in 1825, that a decision was made to divide the island into nine shares, one for each of the white men. It seems likely that two or perhaps three of the native men were not of the class of Polynesian serfs — landless men; and no more gratuitous insult could have been offered them than to exclude them from proprietorship in land. They would be certain to resent it. Christian was greatly to blame if he allowed this matter of a land division to be raised. Perhaps it was brought forward and decided against his wishes. It must have been so. Both he and Young were too intelligent to have had anything to do with so needless and dangerous a proceeding.

VI

Rain was again falling; the bit of blue sky I had seen was soon clouded over, and there was no second glimpse of the sun during the time we remained on Pitcairn. I was again wet through and returned to Uncle Ben's house, having made the full circuit of the island.

The younger generation of Pitcairners know little or nothing of the *Bounty* history, and the same is true of most of the older folk. I found that I had a better knowledge of it than they themselves, so in the future I directed all my questions at Uncle Ben.

He went with me to the site of John Adams's house, close by the great

banyan tree that appears in Captain Beechey's sketch of the place. The tree appears to be as hale now as it was then, but Adams's house has long since disappeared. A little below it, and within full view of the Goat-House peak, is the spot where Christian lived, and it was from the rocks below that McCoy threw himself into the sea in his fit of delirium tremens. High up on the eastern face of the Goat-House peak is Christian's cave. Its triangular-shaped opening can be plainly seen from below, but Uncle Ben told me that it would be impossible to climb to it on account of the rains. I wanted to try, nevertheless, but I still had much to see, and delayed making the attempt, hoping that the sun might come out and dry the rocks. Christian kept a supply of muskets and ammunition there. It was to be his last refuge, in case Pitcairn was discovered, and, as Captain Beechey wrote, he could have defended himself there against a thousand, as long as his ammunition held out. Then he would have had only to leap. They could never have taken him alive.

We trudged along the muddy paths of the settlement, Uncle Ben in the lead. He bubbled over with high spirits and good humor, and seemed to welcome, rather than otherwise, the steady stream of questions I fired at him over his shoulder. Of a sudden he halted and turned toward me, his head cocked up in a funny way he has.

'You ain't a stretcher, are you?'

'I don't know. What's that?'

He went on to say that some years before a passenger on a passing vessel had spent a few hours ashore, and had asked him many questions about the *Bounty* folk.

'He wanted to know this and that and the other, so I told him as much as he'd time to listen to. Well, a good while after, he sent me a story he'd printed about the *Bounty*, and before

I'd read three pages I knew he was a fine stretcher!'

'Uncle Ben,' I replied, 'the best of stretchers could n't stretch the *Bounty* story half so well as it stretches itself.'

'There! That's what I've always said!' he exclaimed. 'There's nothing left to stretch. It's a better story as it stands than any of these writers could get out of their heads.'

It was late afternoon when we waded back through the mud and rain, halting for a moment at a shed used as a blacksmith shop. Here I saw one of the few relics left from the *Bounty*: a small vise still in daily use. I seized the iron bar, knobbed at the ends, half hoping that there might be some virtue in an object which so many *Bounty* hands had touched, but the only result was a clearer realization of the immortality of tools compared with the hands that make and use them. Such honest materials and workmanship had gone into the making of the *Bounty's* vise that, more than likely, it will still be in use when Uncle Ben Young's great-grandchildren are as old as he is now.

Returning to the kitchen to dry out for the third time that day, we found the women of the household busy preparing supper. Half a dozen kettles, bubbling and burrumbly, hung on a long crane above the fire, and more than half a dozen barefooted men sat on the well-worn wooden benches, looking on. I listened with interest to the speech used among themselves, and began to get the hang of it, a little, and it was always with a shock of surprise that I heard the sudden change into English when they spoke to me.

I greatly regretted the briefness of my Pitcairn sojourn, for this curious island speech, sprung from the parent stems of Biblical English and ancient Tahitian, would make a fascinating subject for study. Here is a small field

for research which no one, I believe, has yet explored.

In Adamstown it is easy to imagine that one is in some settlement far back in the mountains of Virginia or Tennessee. The same primitive conditions prevail, and the same clannishness among the people, whose faces bear the same stamp placed there by isolation and a crude, hard manner of life. Pitcairners till a more generous soil, but the sea at their doors, with its dangers to be met and its hardships to be endured, offsets this advantage and gives them the sinewy bodies and the lean, weather-beaten faces of the mountaineers. Their houses, too, look lean and weather-beaten. They are mere shelters from the elements, unpainted for the most part, clapboarded with thin planking sawn out by hand from native timber. Furniture is, most of it, handmade, and, as in Uncle Ben Young's house, there is just what is needed and no more. Walls and floors are bare, and the latter are scrubbed to the whiteness of the deal tables.

When supper was ready, one of the boys went out to fetch Aunt Ann McCoy. She was a little old lady, barefoot like all of the others, but wearing a shawl and a bonnet which gave her the appearance, from the waist up, of the vicar's wife in some English village of the sixties. She came very slowly along the path, clinging to Andrew Young's arm, and before they had reached the door I realized that she was blind.

When grace had been said, we fell to upon rice gruel sweetened with sugar, fried chicken, boiled taro and sweet potatoes, and 'quick-bread' with raisins in it. It was a homely meal, but the sauce of courtesy and kind-heartedness that went with it made it seem a feast.

Some of our Tahitian sailors had come ashore for the evening, bringing their guitars and ukuleles with them.

After supper the village gathered at the schoolhouse to listen to a concert. I remained at Uncle Ben's house, with Aunt Ann McCoy, who knew more Pitcairn history than all the rest of them together. The night was as windy and rainy as the day had been, and Pitcairn houses are drafty ones. I had n't been so chilly since the summer of 1922, which I spent in Iceland, but Aunt Ann McCoy seemed not to mind it. She was glad to have someone from the outside world to talk with, and her memory was a storehouse of information on Pitcairn affairs. She seemed to have remembered everything that had happened there during her lifetime, even the smallest events, and all had been packed away with such care that she could lay hand, so to speak, on any item that she wanted at the moment it was wanted.

I spoke of the family relationships and the difficulty I had in trying to untangle them.

'They are puzzling,' she replied, gravely. 'It worries me to think that many of our people don't know how they are related. It's dangerous. I wish that someone would prepare a genealogy, going straight back to the *Bounty*.'

'A Professor Shapiro did prepare one,' I replied. 'He was sent out by the Bishop Museum, of Honolulu, and went to Norfolk Island for his information.'

'Oh, why could n't he have come here!' she exclaimed. 'The work should have been done thoroughly if it was to be done at all. There is much information that he could have gotten only on Pitcairn. I might have helped him. I believe that I could trace most of the relationships all the way back.'

'Could n't you yourself do this work, Miss McCoy?' I asked.

She shook her head. 'I am an old woman,' she replied; 'the task would be too much for me, working alone. I suppose it will never be done now. There are only a few of us who know, and we shall soon be gone.'

She was about to give me an idea of how mixed some of the relationships are when we were interrupted by the return of the Youngs from the concert. Before Miss McCoy was led back to her own house, Uncle Ben brought out the Bible for evening prayers. The family gathered about the table, lighted by a kitchen lamp, and listened with grave attention while a chapter was read from the Psalms. Then all got down on their knees while Uncle Ben led them in prayer. It was like the Cotter's Saturday Night — which is the Pitcairn cotters' Sunday night, for they are devout Seventh-Day Adventists. That primitive faith seems to suit the Pitcairners of these days, or perhaps it is they who suit the doctrines of the sect. At any rate, it searched them out. There seems to be an affinity between such communities in the far hinterlands and waters of the earth and Seventh-Day Adventism.

I was glad indeed to crawl into bed, and grateful for the blankets laid over the snowy sheets. Thawed out once more, I lay awake for a long time, listening to the rain beating against the window and the faint thunder of the surf against the cliffs, far below. Then I had a curious experience — a psychic experience, it might be called. I shall not go into the details of it. It is enough to say that an attempt to roll back the years and to imagine myself in Fletcher Christian's place succeeded so well that I had to get up, put on my clothes, and go out into the rain for five minutes in order to fit myself into my own skin once more.

(To be continued)

MY WINTER IN THE WOODS

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

I

THERE are ten thousand lakes in Minnesota, and at each of them in the winter of 1932-1933 was an author, driven from his usual job by the depression, but determined, now that he could not earn any money respectably, to see what he could do with his pen. I was one of these authors and my lake was Burntside, near Ely and the Border.

At first I supposed I was unique, living alone in a cedar cabin in that lonesome country, and intending to write. But presently I learned that at Crab Lake, the next one to the west, there was an author who was going to write a book. Later I saw something of this author. He was a young fellow of considerable egotism, who never reread what he wrote, but just sent it in, and so it would be published. This made me very envious, for as a rule I am the only person who ever reads what I write.

Shortly after, I learned of another author, at Lake Shagawa, which was the next lake to the east. I never met this author. An occasion was arranged when we were supposed to meet, but just before it, startled by a rap on her cabin door, she backed into her stove while drying after a bath in the wash-tub: this made it impossible for her to sit down, and so she could not think of going to a party. However, I got a note from her in a handwriting so bold and sweeping that I realized at once that she must certainly be a real author.

After learning, thus, that each of the nearer lakes boasted its own author, I saw that I was not unique at all, but merely a symptom of a great general movement which somehow had escaped notice in the papers. This was discouraging. It was only too easy to imagine how ten thousand manuscripts would be sent simultaneously to the *Atlantic* in the spring, all entitled 'My Winter in the Woods,' and each from a different lake. I thought some of organizing a Ten Thousand Authors of Minnesota League, so that the financial return on the one essay that was accepted could be distributed justly among us all. But the Crab Lake member was not interested, for he got everything published anyhow; and the Lake Shagawa member was too busy applying Unguentine to her blisters to think about committees or by-laws. Thus the scheme fell through.

The astonishing thing to consider, however, is that many months have elapsed and still no essay entitled 'My Winter in the Woods' has been published in the *Atlantic*! Can it be that all of the ten thousand authors grew as lazy as I did, and never wrote their essays? For the comfort of their several souls I hope they were sidetracked as I was, thanks to being too busy enjoying their winter in the woods to write about it. Love poems, so I rationalized, are not composed while the lovers are in the rapture of an embrace, but when

they are parted. The literary expression of their rapture would seem a tasteless impertinence at the time; and for a like reason, or so I rationalized, my essay did not get written.

Besides, to reënforce my excuse with more practical considerations, there was so much else to do.

II

Authors are notoriously a soft lot. When the faucets in their apartments for some reason yield no water, or the lights do not turn on, they are likely to lose faith in providence, and to take to a desperate kind of writing to express the trouble that haunts their lives. But I had not been at Burntside ten minutes before I knew that I was destined to be the sole creator of my own comfort.

For water I had either to walk a quarter of a mile to a spring, or to chop a hole in the lake ice, or to melt snow on the stove. Anybody who has tried melting snow for water knows that many many bushels of the former are required to produce a very very few pints of the latter, and it takes all day. I tried it once. Chopping a hole in the ice sounds easy, but actually it is a labor, especially when the wind is blowing and the temperature is twenty below. But to climb drifts to get to a spring is really not a bad chore, and the water you bring back a quarter of a mile over hill and dale takes on a value and deliciousness unknown to that which flows at a touch glibly from a faucet.

The light of a kerosene lamp, too, has a value that mere electricity cannot equal. It is more elemental. The oil for which you have already paid is, before your very eyes, turned into the radiance that makes night cheerful. There is a pleasure in this not to be found in turning switches and paying

a bill at the end of the month to some impersonal corporation.

My warmth, too, I owed to my own efforts. I was not only fireman, but wood sawyer. And the wood was cut down across the bay, and hauled back over the ice by this same person, all of which made me value very highly the warmth my fire gave me. Radiators, moreover, are certainly deficient in soul, whereas a good air-tight stove that you can open up and pop corn in, and that provides space on top for a broad-bottomed teakettle, is a friend and a companion.

As for food, I had to cook it or go hungry. There was nobody to do the washing but me, nor the mending, nor the sweeping, nor the dishwashing, nor the bed making. And all of these things, as I soon learned, require to be done very often. It was all good experience for an author, though it kept him from his writing.

Then there was a great deal of talking to do. You will perhaps wonder at this, when I lived in such a lonesome country. But I hope you will not think the romantic isolation of my winter in the woods spoiled entirely when I tell you how many friends I had. The Crab Lake author was not one of them. He was too successful for me to enjoy very much, and after two or three visits he saw his welcome was not very hearty, and so he stopped coming.

Of course I had a dog all the time, named Terry, who was a great comfort. But my chief friend was the Captain, who came after a while and lived with me. Though he was not an author, he did not mind sharing a cabin with one, and we certainly got along very well together. The Crab Lake author he cared for no more than I did, and when this visitor said our dog looked like 'an overgrown wildcat' he threatened to brain him with the pancake griddle. I have sometimes thought that this was

perhaps why the Crab Lake author never came back. No, the Captain was not an author and did not intend to try to be one, but the depression was making life tiresome for him in what he called the Mazda Canyons, and so he came to live with me in the woods. We certainly got along very well together, and there was always a great deal to talk about. And then we spent a good deal of time laughing at things and at one another. In the woods you can lead a very regular life and be very healthy, and never have a cold, and this was how we lived, and so we were very healthy and never had colds, and this led naturally to our doing a great deal of laughing.

Then next door lived a timber cruiser who was very picturesque and handsome, and with him lived his wife, and both of them were great talkers. They did not care for cards, and between housework and talking they always chose the latter. Thus their cabin was a maze of newspapers, jelly glasses not put away, and laundry bundles burst open, but they always had plenty of time for talking. Even if Mrs. Harris was upstairs she would join in the talk, and through the ceiling would come 'Not five miles, Van, *nearly seven*,' or 'His father was an alderman,' like a voice from heaven. With these people lived a nephew who went to school and a mother-in-law who was very old and pretty and wore little lace caps, but, though they were pleasant, they did not talk much.

III

The timber cruiser, our landlord, was a grand man, and he had a certain chair in our cabin where he would sit and talk for hours at a stretch. This was hard on an author who itched to do some writing, but since he never repeated his stories, except by request, we gradually learned a great deal.

We learned from him the character of the moose and the brush wolf, and the tracks the fisher made, and the scandals of the lumbering business. Then he was very eloquent talking about the geology of that lonesome country, and would tell us that the hills about us were the oldest mountains in America and that they were already old and mossy when the Apalachians were young and jagged and the Rockies were still under water. He was very proud of this. Then he would talk about the glaciers, and tell how the shores of Lake Superior were tipping, the north shore tipping up, which makes it precipitous and full of waterfalls, and the south shore tipping down, which makes it a series of estuaries where the lake water is gradually creeping back into the river valleys. This was all very interesting. Then he told many stories of the early days.

One of the stories he told was about the jamboree to which the Hudson Bay fur traders used to treat the Indians on a certain island in the lake. It was an annual event, and came in blueberry time. A large cask was filled with blueberries, and over the blueberries whiskey was poured until the cask was too full to hold a drop more, when the refreshments were ready. The squaws, when they saw these preparations being made, as a measure of prudence would steal their braves' guns and hide them in the woods, for by the time the braves came to after the jamboree, and realized at what prices they had sold their furs to the traders, the traders were gone. At such a time it is a salve to outraged vanity to shoot some neighbor or kinsman as if he were to blame, and until the danger of this was over the squaws did not return the guns. The island on which the traders entertained the braves is known as Blueberry Island to this day.

Then he had many stories about the

early days on the Range to the south of us. One of these stories was about One-eyed Pete, who exchanged a piece of hill property he had for a cedar swamp, for he saw a good chance to make some money selling ties to the railroad, which was surveyed to come that way. And he did make some money at it, but on the hill property iron ore was discovered in great abundance, — in fact, one of the great Eveleth mines was dug there, — and so he missed having a fortune. The rest of his life he spent in the saloons, telling his story, and crying out of his one eye.

Then our timber cruiser had a very good story about opening the mine at Biwabik. Biwabik was in the woods, and there was no road to it; it was just a tract of ground being stripped by hand labor to open up a mine. There were plenty of men there, however, who had come through the woods looking for work. And there was work for them, all right, and they were paid for it and were ready to spend their money, and still the road builders were nowhere near Biwabik. So some enterprising merchant sent up a carload of barrel beer to a bridge on the Ely line, and there the beer was unloaded and rolled into the river; and a crew of log drivers floated it down to Wynne Lake, which is very large, and rafted it across, and down the river to Biwabik. And so it got to the mining camp before the road did and sold at a glorious profit, for the men were ready to spend their money and thought beer a first-class investment at any price.

These are some of the stories of the early days that our timber cruiser told us, sitting behind our stove with his hat on and snapping his suspenders.

He was also the good friend of Chief Boshay, who lived on an island in the lake and was a great medicine man and prophet. From this noble Chippewa he brought us translated prophecies which

gave our life a kind of Old Testament splendor. A warning came from him one day to prepare for a plague of eagles. It was an unusual problem to know how to prepare for a thing of this kind, but we kept Terry in, for he seemed the likeliest victim among us. However, no eagles came, though we heard tales of the Lac la Croix papooses being carried off; we saw no birds larger than the ruffed grouse that flocked nightly in the birch boughs over our cabin, or the Arctic golden-eyed ducks that swam all winter in the open rapids of the Kawishiwi River.

The old chief's wife fell sick one day, and powerful Indian medicine was tried to keep the evil spirits off the island. For one thing, a gun was shot off every ten minutes; I heard these shots at night, standing in the dark on a hill that looked toward the island, and it was very sad and awful. Nor was this medicine successful, for his wife died soon after. She was a very old Chippewa woman, and, having lived long enough to see her people ruined, probably did not much mind dying. Though I met their daughter, Mrs. Columbus, and another daughter and some grandchildren, I never saw the old chief, who was an inaccessible demigod strangely left behind by a grander age; but our timber cruiser told us a good deal about him, for he much admired him. Indeed, they had this in common, that they both had that large and durable character that makes men isolated, memorable, and mythological even while they are still alive.

You see there was a great deal to talk about without ever stirring from camp.

IV

As if this were not enough to keep us busy talking, there was a farm a half mile away where lived a family of Finns named Knuutti. The younger

generation had dropped one *u* from this odd-looking name, and I told them that by and by they would get it down to plain 'Nuttty,' which struck them as very droll. Indeed, I early got among them the reputation of being witty, and, as everybody knows, it is very easy to be witty when the reputation has once been established. So there was a great deal of talking and laughing at the Knuuttis'.

Either the Captain or I would go there every night for the milk, and the Knuutti milk was most unusually rich and good, for the Finns are the one people who know how to farm the narrow, marshy, winding valleys of that cold, rocky, lonesome country; somehow they convert muskeg into milk. But of course the country north of the Range is much like Finland, so they have ages of experience behind them to help them to live in comfort and prosperity in it, though most farmers would starve there.

The walk over for the milk was always a treat, through the deep pine woods where there was no wind. And for a destination there was the Knuutti kitchen, unmercifully scrubbed, with the butcher knives and popcorn ears hung on the wall, and a great cookstove with three teakettles steaming on it, and a line overhead of wool socks drying. Sometimes this brightly lit room was empty and quiet; even if it was full of people it was sometimes still, when the soft breathy voices of two of the grandchildren could be heard singing 'Jingle Bells' while they wiped the dishes. There was always a box of books in the corner from the state loan library, and the *National Geographic*, which was a favorite, and several tattered detective-story magazines; and these were a contributing factor in the quiet. But more often the room was full of talk and laughter, for everybody was good-humored, and natural polite-

ness and sociability were the law of that household.

Though it was in the woods, the farm was a kind of crossroads in the life of a large family. The old mother, who was very strong and quiet, wore a red bandanna tied over her hair, and when the weather was coldest she put her feet in the oven to show her authority. The sons and daughters, if they lived elsewhere, came home often, and several of them were married. There were a great many grandchildren, who lived on skis outdoors, and indoors committed poetry to memory for the Christmas programme.

You will not believe me when I tell you that instead of being 'buffaloed,' wheedled, or lambasted into taking part in a Christmas programme, as children are in the best society, the young Finns and Indians of that lonesome country got up the programme themselves, with some help from their elders. I felt that the world had rolled absolutely upside down when I heard them energetically but peacefully choosing among themselves what poetry they'd learn, and which part each would play. Young Reino, as blond as a snowdrift, would be a red-skin chief, and so on. And when somebody asked what part should be given *me*, the whole crowd, as if touched off by a button, shrilled, 'Santy Claus!' — and I nearly suffocated with surprise, pride, and pleasure.

Among those children everybody was good-humored and polite, and thus in the Knuutti kitchen there was always plenty of talking and laughing.

V

The great occasion was bath night, on Saturday of each week, when the whole family assembled, together with many of their friends. The bathhouse was new and fine, tightly built of logs,

and in it the boys bathed first; then some friends who came several miles and had the privileges of the place; and then the women got their bath. Afterward everybody went back to the kitchen to 'play whist and the fiddle,' when sometimes hot lemonade or even something stronger would be served, with glasses for the guests and preserve bottles with screw tops for the relatives, especially the younger ones. This was never a quiet time in that kitchen; there was always a great deal of talking and laughing, all mixed up together in one big jovial family noise, until the whist game got really serious, when things would be quieter.

As for the bath itself, it deserves a description.

Architecturally the Knuuttis' log bathhouse had very little in common with the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, but what went on inside the two of them had a good deal in common. In both of them a bath was treated as a social affair, and not as some shameful thing calling for solitary confinement. The bathhouse was divided in two. The first room was a dressing room, and there we stripped and hung our clothes on pegs on the log walls, and then we went into the hot room. In the hot room was a furnace which had been stoked with pitchy pine for several hours, over which, and between two low brick walls, were piled a great many stones of egg size. On the level top of this pile of hot stones were laid wet white-cedar switches, to heat, made of twigs chosen for their softness. Connected with the furnace was a tank, and, since the water in it was boiling, it emitted ominous banging noises. Beside the tank was a tub of icy well water. Along the wall was an ascending rack of three tiers, each tier a plank wide enough to sit or lie on. Now you have a description of a Finnish bathhouse.

We climbed on the rack to the topmost tier, for there the heat was greatest, and somebody would begin to pour boiling water by dippersful slowly on the hot stones. The room was already at a temperature too high to allow the steam which then rose from the stones to condense enough to be seen, but we could feel it coming. If, for a prank, somebody flung a dipperful of water at the base of the chimney, where the rocks were hottest, the effect was indescribable, and drove all but the toughest from the top tier down to one less scalding. During such an ordeal you seem to melt into water. It is hard to believe that the yellow moisture which drains away from your fingertips is your own sweat, or that you will live to tell the tale.

Then commenced the switching, with cedar switches plunged into buckets of hot water, when the room filled with a spicy evergreen perfume. Each man switched himself roundly from head to toe, for this seems to drive the heat in, which the Finns think very healthful. They live in a cold, lonesome country, and believe in getting together and heating themselves through and through.

The weaker members of the party then would retire awhile to the dressing room, sitting silently on the benches till their heads whirled back to stability on their shoulders. Then back to the hot room for a soaping, which was generally coöperative: You soap me and I'll soap you. Then a rinsing in warm water mixed from the hot and the cold. And then, if you could stand it, a bucketful of ice water poured over your head.

After such a bath, and even if the cold water was poured over you breath-takingly at last, there was need of cooling down many degrees before you could dress. But it was easy to manage this: we ran out naked into the night,

when January and forty below felt like balmy June; and under the hot weight of our bodies the soft snow in which we rolled grew hard and granular.

Then there came a very peaceful time in the dressing room, everybody with all his joints softened and relaxed; smoking, and talking, and laughing, and feeling very peaceful together. And presently the fresh long-legged underwear would be unfolded, and legs thrust into it lazily, and so to the wool socks, the pacs, and all the comfortable catalogue of clothes proper to winter in the woods; and this is the end of my description of a Finnish bath. It makes a man very limber, and God knows he is clean after it.

VI

I was very regular in my Saturday baths with the Knuutti boys, and grateful to them for taking me in, who was no Finn at all, for I deeply enjoyed the talking and laughing, and the soaping and the rinsing and rolling in the snow and the peaceful loose-in-the-joints feeling afterward. But the Captain, who is careful of his health, never would go, for he said such changes in temperature were fatal, and he could not understand at all why they did not kill me. So, in spite of a great deal of talking about it, he never went, but took his bath alone in a washtub, over the rim of which his long legs folded comically. He enjoyed his baths well enough, however, and would sing songs while he drew the washcloth across his chest so as not to splash too much; and Terry the dog, who kept him company, would look on with a solemn expression.

His first bath, by the way, he did not enjoy as much as the others, because after he had heated his water and poured it in the tub, and undressed, the water was too hot and he had no cold in the house with which to temper it. It did not make him feel any better

to notice that he had smoked up the dishpans and buckets, heating all this fine bath water. But the question was: Should he dress again and go to the spring for cold water, or should he wait for the hot water to cool of itself? He decided to wait, and he was still waiting, wandering around with not a stitch on like a lost spirit, when I got home from my bath at the Knuuttis'. So I got him his cold water, and then went skiing in the moonlight, for the cabin was full of steam, and one steam bath in an evening was enough for me. After that he was more careful, for it had been a legitimate, not to say perfectly splendid, occasion for laughter at his expense, and we avoid this if we can.

Just the same, we did a great deal of laughing at one another all the time, and there were always things that demanded talking to be done about them, so there was always a great deal of laughing and talking. For instance, there was a cabin to be talked about that we were planning to build on an island the timber cruiser owned and would sell us for two hundred dollars. Now of course we could n't buy the island, and we never bought it. Still, two hundred dollars is a very reasonable price for an island, and, since the bargain was so great, our dreams for a cabin we should like to build on our island were very vivid. We lay awake nights quarreling over what sort of mattress we should use in our bunks; and then we would start to laugh, and cuff one another, and then we would feel very affectionate and not care what kind of mattress we'd have, and go to sleep. In such ways as this we got plenty of talking and laughing done without my ever doing any writing.

Then there was always the housework. Even with the two of us to divide the duties, they took a great

deal of time. Neither of us ever, I think, will take for granted the housework that goes on about us, for we have learned that it takes both thought and time.

We cooked alternately, the Captain one day and I the next. He was fond of eating, but was not much interested in cooking; thus at noon or six o'clock on his days he would start up with a jerk and fry something. On the other hand, I liked both eating and cooking, and had learned early that frying is an elementary part of the art, and that most of the fun and triumph lies beyond. So I baked things, with cheese. Even on his days I would find myself making custards or Scotch oatcake. This was fun, but took a great deal of time.

Dishwashing was easy. We put on our hats and did it in the little glazed porch our cabin had, and the steam from the hot water made frost flowers a half inch deep on the windows, till the porch looked like a greenhouse of colorless plants. Still, it took some time, though it was easy enough.

The mending was more of a problem. The Captain had a sailmaker's needle which he used for all purposes, and the sight of the two of us bent up over our mending never failed to amuse our visitors.

Wash day was the week's chief tussle, for there were always a suit of woolen underwear and a heavy flannel shirt apiece, not to mention other problems, such as fetching the water from the spring and heating it in dishpans, and wringing out our clothes without a wringer, and then living in their moist company while they dried. And after the washing, which invariably took a full morning, came the sweeping and the mopping and cleaning the stove. It was a strenuous day.

And while speaking of household

problems let me mention one that was uncommon: the Captain's sweetheart was a grocer's daughter, and since she was very fond of him, and could not believe that he lived anything but a life of hardship in that lonesome country, she very often sent very large boxes full of things to eat. In many ways this was an excellent arrangement, and when I spend another winter in the woods I shall certainly have a sweetheart who is a grocer's daughter, or take along a friend who has one. However, her rich boxes kept us very busy eating things up, which, together with the laughing and the talking and all the housework, kept me from writing my essay.

VII

You will say that a winter in the woods would be a perfect time for reading, and this was my thought, too, so I took with me Taine's *History of English Literature*, which would be proper meat for an author to chew on, and a great many other good things such as Shakespeare, Xenophon, *The Oregon Trail*, Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and as many of the Chinese poets as I could get in one suitcase. And indeed I did get some of these read. But an old battered schoolbook that the Captain brought was our chief cultural prop, for it contained all the dear old poems that you never really get sick of. The Captain would snatch it out of my hand and glue his eyes rapturously on the much-loved pages, and read out 'Wee sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie' or 'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan,' in a happy loud voice. But Taine, in four very bulky volumes crammed full of thought suitable to the inspiration of an author, never did get finished.

And then, most important distraction of all, there were the woods them-

selves. Obviously, it would be as foolish to spend a winter in the woods without really enjoying them as to spend a winter in the city without going to any concerts or prize fights, and since we saw this truth plainly we went hiking very often.

It was a rugged, rocky country of ups and downs, raggedly grown up in birch and pine, with cedar or spruce swamps or cranberry bogs in the hollows, and all very lonesome. The lake was large and sprawled out, with a hundred islands in it richly wooded, including the island we were going to buy for two hundred dollars, and the famous Blueberry Island, and the one on which Chief Boshay lived, as well as a great many that were beautiful in spite of being nameless or unhistoric. With skis, travel over the snowy ice was easy for me; I am short-legged. The Captain, who has long legs, preferred snowshoes. Since we had only one pair of each, these dissimilar preferences were very fortunate. We went many miles on our skis and snowshoes, while sun-dogs and bewilderingly complicated haloes followed the sun across the sky; and looked at our two-hundred-dollar island, and ate our lunch in corners out of the wind. Then there were trips to Ely, six and a half miles away, for the provisions the Captain's sweetheart had not thought to send. All this was great fun and very healthful, and we learned a great deal. For one thing, we learned to love that big, rough, lonesome country very deeply, and on moonlight nights, when we would stop and look about us, it seemed that our hearts must break with the deep joy that came pouring into them.

However, all these fine excursions, together with the poetry we read, and the eating we had to do to keep up with the generosity of the Captain's sweetheart, and the cooking and dish-washing and mending and laundry work, and the Finnish baths, not to mention some hunting (even a little poaching) and fishing through the ice, and chopping wood, and feeding the chickadees, and taking pictures, and packing greens for Christmas presents, and repairing the snowshoes, and thanking the grocer's daughter in many letters for the many boxes she sent, and especially all the talking and laughing we did, filled up the time from morning to night, and for this reason the Burnt-side member of the Ten Thousand Authors of Minnesota League never got around to writing his essay on 'My Winter in the Woods.'

But things are better now. I have a job, which is a blessing. I work as many hours a day as the code will let me, at somebody else's business. I am in a world again where faucets and electric switches make providence seem near and real. My baths I take privately in a bathtub. I scan the papers avidly for the details of the latest cure for colds. And often when I am called away from the table for a long time by some kind friend on the telephone, or listen silently while Ed Wynn on the radio does both my talking and laughing for me when I am out to call, I think how wonderful it is that we are on the road of recovery, and leaving the depression behind. And one of the minor delights of the new day is that now I have time again to do a little writing.

THREE POEMS

SAINT OF THE LOST

WALKING Elysian fields the saints forget
The salt of human tears. What went before
Grows faint and far; the most importunate
Cry of the heart falls cold; they heed no more.
Only Saint Anthony can never rest,
Searching the depths for what has slipped or gone.

So long as men pray he must be oppressed,
So long as men lose he must labor on,
His face forever turned from Paradise
Lest he should miss that single sparrow's fall;
He finds the strayed sheep with his faithful eyes;
He holds in sight the lonely prodigal:
Saint of the lost who cannot sleep nor stand
While one child wanders from his mother's hand.

HOSTAGE

HE who has given	He falls forgotten
A hostage knows	In a pit.
All ways of dying	Slowly he starves;
Terror shows:	Swiftly a wave
He feels the cord	Carries his body
About his throat,	To the grave.
The knife blade striking	All this is naught
Through his coat.	To waking when
Against his breast	He dreams the hostage
Bright bullets spit;	Safe again.

ASPHODEL

WE saw it first together,	We saw it first together,
Pale plume against the sky,	And haply could not tell
Flowering on fallen temples	How next in heavenly gardens
Where asphodel grows high.	You would see asphodel.

ELIZABETH MORROW

HOMESICK AMERICA

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

WHOEVER looks at the advertising panorama with the detached eye of a social philosopher instead of that of an interested consumer must have noticed that advertising is subject to the whims of fashion, as much as sports clothes or drinking habits. The advertisements you see in magazines and newspapers get whatever individuality they have from the urge to sell, the effort to make merchandise as tempting as possible to purchasers, and also to the competitive spirit — the endeavor to make the announcement stand out and attract attention. This tendency is corrected to some extent by a species of emulation or imitation which impels advertisers to copy each other's methods and styles, and these different conflicting forces give variety and interest to the display. But over and above that, advertising is susceptible to some of the same broad influences, ideas in the back of the public mind, which condition the flare of a hat, the length of a coat, or the draping of a window. And thus there are definite trends common to all advertising whereby the character of the whole body of it at one period differs from that of another.

There has been a succession of styles — advertising fashions which strutted their brief day on the publicity stage, only to be succeeded by the next novelty. Every time a copy-writing Columbus discovers a new stunt, there

is a stampede like a flock of hens after a chicken that has caught a bug, and the complexion of advertising changes at regular intervals as the new technique spreads. Silhouette illustration was an early fashion. The craze for jingles reached large proportions, and we had 'Spotless Town,' 'Sunny Jim,' 'Phoebe Snow,' 'The Smile That Won't Come Off,' 'See That Hump,' and many others less famous.

Another fad or trend was *dramatis personæ*, characters to stand as symbols — the Gold Dust Twins, the Cream of Wheat chef, the little Dutch Boy advertising White Lead, Old Dutch Cleanser chasing dirt, Aunt Jemima. There was an age of 'reason why' copy, strong, earnest, argumentative stuff, research, large space (the double-page spread period), mysterious protagonists like 'B. O.' and 'halitosis,' narrative story-telling copy, comic-strip art; and finally, on the rising tide of the gilded twenties, modernism in art and copy came in with a blare of trumpets and held the centre of the stage for several dizzy years. I've seen them all come and all go. None was the elixir vitæ or the philosopher's stone, but all helped, and advertising marches on.

And now we are having a touch of nostalgia, a wistful reaching back to the old forms and techniques, and advertising pages are taking on a reminiscent physiognomy. Advertisers are going through their files and digging

up pre-war stuff. Force is staging a revival of Sunny Jim; Sapolio is dusting off Kenneth Fraser's amusing puppets, the inhabitants of Spotless Town. Hartford Fire Insurance Company has abandoned its Fire Demon and restored the noble stag that marked its earliest advertising. Quaker Oats not only has exhumed that old Claude Hopkins stopper, 'Food Shot from Guns,' but is weighing the selling power that may yet remain in the slogan, 'The Smile That Won't Come Off.'

These are merely straws in the wind, for there is a marked change in advertising psychology — a feeling that we are down to realities, that people have no patience with subtle suggestion, with atmosphere, with delicacy, with what might be called the 'fourth dimension' of merchandising. The hard realism of the 1930's has taken the place of the rosy romanticism of the 1920's.

The camera is more frequently employed, not merely because its products cost less than those of the artist, but because it is still trusted as an exponent of things as they are. And it is no longer used to photograph handfuls of matches or lumps of sugar scattered over a plane surface in a strong light to produce modernistic patterns. It is used to reproduce commonplace people in conventional attitudes carrying on dull and obvious conversations, their prosy words lettered in balloons coming from their mouths as in old caricatures of Stephen Douglas and Horace Greeley, old-fashioned stuff that can be depended on. Type that has been for three years performing unprinterlike antics off its feet, in the air, oblique and curved, is settling down to horizontal lines again, and is solid, heavy, and black. There is a fondness for the old sans-serif faces which in the old-time country news-

paper office we called 'stud-horse' type. Other old-fashioned faces are being resurrected — Egyptian, Caledonian, Ionic, reminiscent of my prentice days in the printing office. There are pages of advertisements in the most costly mediums that might have been set in the 1880's.

All this means, among other things, that advertisers are anxiously searching for the surest devices to reach the buying public; that they have lost faith in the more sophisticated extensions of advertising technique, and are turning hopefully back to the old fundamentalism, the simple, primitive, obvious A B C advertising of the past which was successful in its day, and may be again. But more than that, there is a mighty wave of homesickness behind it all, a sort of instinctive turning back to happier, more easily understood times, and all the habits, fashions, furniture, mental and physical, that were its familiar scenery.

II

Nor is it only in the advertising pages that you detect this backward glance toward the moods and modes of a happier era. In this particular phase of its many permutations, advertising is not so much setting a fashion, or even following one, as it is reflecting something stirring deep in the public mind which is affecting styles in other departments of human interest and expression in the same retroactive way. Woman's clothes, — so sensitive to the nuances of popular opinion, — furniture and the decoration of houses, books, plays, our eating and drinking habits, are all turning reminiscently to the manner of bygone days.

What we vaguely call fashion is not so much progress or development as violent reaction from the last vogue after that has been pressed beyond

endurance. The course of fashion is apparently a zigzag like the tacks of a sailing ship beating against the wind. Thus it was natural that long skirts should succeed short, large hats should follow small; that hair which had been stylishly bobbed should be allowed to grow again; but instead of developing these phases along new lines, as in the past, there is here and there more than a hint of revivals. 'Back to Bangs,' says an advertisement of Best and Company; 'that's the fashion from Mayfair to Hollywood. A famous English beauty, many of our smartest débutantes and young matrons, glamorous stars of the stage and screen, have adopted this piquant revival of the Victorian fringe.'

Veils are appearing sporadically. The corset, though now called a foundation, is creeping back. Patou puts a bunch of chiffon at the base of the spine which he boldly calls 'the airplane bustle.' The hair that is beginning to grow again on the heads of women is done up in coiffures that seem oddly familiar, like the old-time fashion plates. Best has designed a line of 'Little Women dresses,' inspired by Amy's quaint picturesque frocks in the film of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal story which millions are seeing. And Macy's headlines one of its advertisements, 'It's smart to be old-fashioned.'

'Smart' is hardly the word. Say rather it is human, inevitable, even pathetic, that we should turn back to times that by contrast seem so peaceful and happy, and try to invoke them by the same rites and incantations that prevailed when they were with us. At least we can set the scenery in the hope that the setting will change our point of view if not economic facts.

Some day some social philosopher will analyze fashion and explore the psychology behind changing styles, for they are undoubtedly indexes of pre-

vailing moods of the public consciousness. Here in the midst of a rampant, forward-looking modernism, with all the ingredients of exciting progress, stream-lined trains and raindrop motor cars, dymaxion houses and television, planned production and artificial climate, we find ourselves turning wistfully back to styles and habits, relics and heirlooms of earlier days — 'old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, old friends to love.'

Many portents, some of them ridiculous, testify to this Lot's-wife complex. Have you noticed the ubiquity of Venetian blinds? They checker the façades of tall business buildings. They form the back drop of every other window display on Fifth Avenue. You see them in homes in city and country. They are a distinctive feature in many of the interior decoration groupings that illustrate the magazines dedicated to the adornment of the domicile. One would think some indefatigable Bernays was behind them pulling the strings of propaganda. But no, these convenient shutters are just another symbol snatched from the past to help us shut out the vista of the present.

There is the matter of Mae West's curves. They occupy seemingly inexhaustible space in the newsprints. Why? Because they suggest the plumpness of other days before the female population starved itself down to fit the fashion and burned its skin to match its hosiery.

And the popularity of Walt Disney's *Three Little Pigs*. If the Mickey Mouse sequences are the fairy tales of the machine age, as Dr. Henry Seidel Canby so ingeniously suggests, *Three Little Pigs* is the old pre-everything stuff that those of us who are in our sixth decade heard at our mother's knee. Nor is it without significance that the song, 'Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?' has had such a run. This

air may contribute to recovery the marching song to lead us out of our troubles as 'Over There' and 'Tipperrary' pepped up the boys in the trenches. Stranger things have happened. Songs have often given armies the will to conquer. Who was it said that if he could write a nation's songs he need not care who made its laws? And that may go for economic laws, too. It is no use disregarding sentiment in these psychological times. The reprinting in many newspapers of the *Sun's* famous editorial, 'Is There a Santa Claus?' was greeted by a wave of approval.

The film version of *Little Women*, put on for a week's run at Radio City, now in its seventh week as I write, and still packing the house, is creating new-old styles in clothes and hairdressing as well as in sentiment. Around me people of my age were weeping, not at the pathos of the story, but at the pathos of life, the remembrance of things far away and long ago.

(Parenthetically, it is fifty-five years since I last looked into those two little brown books — they were n't Little, Brown books then — and it startled me to realize how vividly I remember them. Not an incident, not a bit of dialogue in the play that I could not recall, often the exact words. Is this age, with its strange grotesque physiognomy, making such indelible records on ten-year-old minds to-day? The thought makes one shudder.)

The film revival of *Little Women* now being shown simultaneously in four hundred picture theatres has stepped up the sales of the book, always in steady demand, to figures few current novels can boast, and is contributing its quota to a state of mind best expressed perhaps by the line Alfred Lord Tennyson filched from Dante, that 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.' And not only Tennyson, but another thoroughgoing

old Victorian, Thomas Babington Macaulay, has received kind words recently from hard-boiled modern literary critics.

The 'yesterday' books, those amusing scrapbooks which go through files of old newspapers and tell us what we were doing, wearing, singing, and drinking ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, *Our Times, Only Yesterday, The American Procession*, are perhaps another symptom not merely of our interest in the past, but of our consciousness of the contrast between then and now, and our longing for the easier terms on which life was then lived. Lewis Gannett, in one reader's opinion the best all-round book reviewer now working by the day, observes in his New Year's review: —

Books about our own past are coming to the fore. There was Gladys Hasty Carroll's cycle of the seasons in Maine, *As the Earth Turns*, and *South Moon Under* and *Lamb in His Bosom* in a similar mood in the Southland. Louis Bromfield's *The Farm* reflected the same puzzled turning back to the American past.

The career of *Anthony Adverse* is something of a miracle. Here is a three-dollar book, twelve hundred pages, a best seller, now in its three-hundredth thousand. How can you explain it? Is it escape, or is it a familiar landmark, a reversion to an earlier literary form? For what is it after all but the old three-decker historical novel in the tradition of Scott and Dumas, with a dash of Freud and Jung, it is true, to season it to our modern literary palates, but essentially a form that modern writers, abetted by modern critics, thought they had effectually stamped out?

III

Another department of human interest which shows a decided tendency to reinstate the styles of the past is

that somewhat clumsily known as 'interior decoration,' of which the revival of the Venetian blind is an index. Even more significant is the mounting interest in Americana, Duncan Phyfe furniture, Stiegel glass, Currier and Ives lithographs, Godey fashion plates, hooked rugs, convex mirrors. On every main-traveled road the familiar sign 'Antiques' is as inevitable and frequent as the filling station or the hot-dog stand. Even during the depression, authentic old American pieces commanded good prices. People buy them and furnish their homes with them, and everywhere our newly acquired modernism wars with the old Lares and Penates.

Sloane's, the genteel New York furniture house, has built inside one of its spacious storerooms a full-sized two-story house and furnished it from top to bottom. The architectural style is that of the Regency, and the furnishings are of various contemporary periods. Only the convenient accessories of a house — kitchen, pantry, bathroom, lighting and heating fixtures — are styled in the modern manner, and it should be noted how surprisingly well the two harmonize. But the charm of the house lies in the old things. It was this breath of the past, of the familiar, which drew the crowds that visited it in a steady and unending stream for a week.

Further, there has been a determined effort to restore the stodgy and stuffy interior of the Victorian era, with its antimacassars, cozy corners, drapes, and tufted furniture with frilled skirts, under the ægis of one with the appalling name of Biedermeier. Interiors in this genre were suggested in good faith by the decoration and furnishing journals, and many of them no doubt incorporated into homes.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has just opened its exhibition of 'New

York State Furniture' — Dutch Colonial, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, Empire; winding up with a convincing reproduction of a mid-Victorian parlor such as distinguished those old houses which Edith Wharton so deftly christened 'Hudson River Bracketed.' This parlor is æsthetically the most atrocious thing in the exhibition, but it is the hit of the show. People of my generation, with white hair, linger in front of it fascinated, spell-bound, unable to tear themselves away. It is the American parlor that flourished from the sixties until it yielded to the onslaughts of Edward Bok, who eliminated not only the furnishings, but the parlor itself, from American life. It endured almost up to the Great War, and it is to all but the last generation a symbol of 'America the blest.'

It must be significant of something that Henry Ford, our chief human exponent of the machine age, finds his escape from the modern world he has helped so much to create in collecting old stagecoaches, restoring the Wayside Inn, and preserving the vestiges of our industrial past in his Edison Museum at Dearborn. Or that our modern Mæcenas, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., should be engaged simultaneously in two stupendous projects, — one the creation of a group of ultra-modern skyscrapers, and the other the restoration of an old Colonial city to its authentic pristine state, — and that Williamsburg should be apparently more successful from several human points of view than Radio City.

In the heartiness with which we voted to restore the old drinking habits we have perhaps the most striking evidence of our determination to bring back as large a section of our past as possible. For this particular pursuit of happiness — to be permitted, if not guaranteed, under the Constitution — may not have made the old days better,

but it was at least a part of them. Nor have we yet brought back all the old scenery. There are some who think the saloon, with its brass rail, bock-beer poster, and family entrance, should have been included. Instead, liquor is dispensed in hastily equipped stores with unpainted counters and shelves, reminding one of a boom town; but the windows are dressed with the old shapes and labels, though at least one generation never saw any but artistic reproductions; and the clubs have refurbished their lounges and set plates of cheese on the sideboards, and many seem to think we have given a new hostage to fortune.

Such symptoms reveal the nation's homesickness, some of them curious and amusing; too much significance should not be attached to them. They undoubtedly represent an instinctive reaction from difficulties and discomforts of the present times, but it should

be remembered that creators of styles are quick to discern a trend, to capitalize and make the most of it; and there are also many who realize there is only one way out, and that is forward.

'We look before and after and pine for what is not,' and what is 'not' is more apt to be ahead than behind us. History does her own repeating, and you cannot force her to retrace her steps by dressing the part and giving an old-time costume party. More than that, we have a President who is experimenting on a large scale with a new industrial pattern, one without precedent in the years behind us, which will make greater changes in our social and economic lives than the depression has; and whether the people understand all that his programme implies or not, the President still seems to have the nation massed solidly behind him. We may be homesick, but we are going on.

PERSONAL LETTERS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

To Professor Garland Greever

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.
November 14, 1918

DEAR GREEVER: —

Well, peace is here. But it is too big to say anything about, like apples that cannot be bitten. We shall grow accustomed quickly, no doubt, and as oblivious of war as we were ten years ago, almost. You know I quite agree with you about Roosevelt and militarism. About Wilson I am not so sure. I cannot make him out at all. I do not like his face, as seen in the papers. It repels me and so do many of his actions. But I repeat, I cannot make him out. I should want a lot of material before attempting a psychograph of him. Indeed, I fear that the elements in my temperament which, I hope, make me an excellent psychographer make me an abominable citizen. For I never can act for fear of repenting, nor am I very ready to trust others to act for me. I am reluctant to trust where I do not understand, and I never understand. This is now my trouble with Wilson. It has always been my trouble with God.

I am wretched beyond my usual wretchedness, but I should not say anything about it. My abominable vertigo has hounded me practically on to my bed and I do not know when I shall quit it. You will laugh, but one of my greatest consolations is the correspondence of Voltaire. He was a mean,

petty, spiteful, malignant creature. But he had the most magnificent courage in fighting the ills of life, which I admire and envy and try to learn from. His fire and enthusiasm and vivid energy carried him through fifty years of the shadow of death, full of zest for work, accomplishing incredible things under incredible difficulties.

January 26, 1919

DEAR GREEVER: —

This portrait work is fascinating beyond belief. But I do not know anything about Frances Willard and I do not suppose I shall make anyone else know anything about her really. Only I may make them think I do and they do. Yet she has left material enough — an enormous autobiography of seven hundred pages, exposing every corner of her soul, and a great many that she never meant to expose, and those are just the ones I shall pry into, to the huge disgust of the W.C.T.U. people, no doubt. Not that she was not a noble woman and an admirable woman. She was. But she was just a human woman, after all, full of herself and her own pursuits and her own ambitions, just like you and me, and I mean to show it in her remorselessly.

But what creatures of prejudice we are, or I am. I certainly try to write these portraits fairly; I do not believe many could write them more fairly. I endeavor to adopt a judicial attitude — or, no, I hate a judicial attitude — but

a really sympathetic attitude toward everybody. But some I like and some I don't like, and there's the truth, and it shows, I know, do the best I can; and after all, perhaps the portraits are all the better on that account. I love Mrs. Ripley and Emily Dickinson, and Mary Lyon moderately. I do not love Mrs. Stowe, or Frances Willard, or Miss Alcott.

May 23, 1919

DEAR GREEVER: —

I have a suspicion that I wrote last, but I am apt to write when I feel like it, and need I repeat that in this busiest season of the year you are not to feel the slightest burden of reply or even of acknowledgment?

Greenslet [Bradford's publisher] is rather noncommittal about 'A Prophet of Joy,' which is perhaps all I could expect from Greenslet. He seems to think decidedly that there is no objection to using the Don Juan stanza and I gather that he personally finds the poem interesting — that is, so far as the first book goes. But he quite declines to commit himself as to publishing until he has seen the whole, and rightly, of course. So my business is to go ahead and write the whole, only — equally of course — to find that he will then not be noncommittal at all. But it is such fun to write it, such fun. I do love to write poetry. The slow, sober working out of psychographs is all very well, and I suppose it means more solid success in the end. But to write poetry is such fun. Rhyme, how I do love rhyme! It gives such a glitter and sparkle to life. A senseless and idiotic stringing of glass beads, I know some men think it. Why are men's minds made so differently, and how delightful it is that they are!

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But to me rhyme is so much more than a yellow primrose. Why, it builds thoughts for you, makes fancies for you. And I am not ashamed to say that, because in plain prose I am not wholly destitute of fancies and thoughts of my own. But rhyme breeds them in such charming ways, such odd ways, strings such dainty, fairy ornaments on the simple sequence of your logic. You hunt the rhyme, and the ideas come trooping after like quaint satyrs and nymphs after the pipe of Pan. And especially this rhyme of the octave, with its delightful, triple, alternate recurrence. I have never taken to the stanza of Spenser — that is, to write, I mean. It is fascinating as Spenser uses it, and again as Shelley uses it, with its slow, reiterated interweaving. But it absolutely kills narrative, whereas the octave just seems to fill the story out and give it color and body. That is, it ought to do these things. Will it for me? Who can tell? And particularly, writing as I do now, half alive and half dead, with a head so muddled and shaken that sometimes I seem to be plucking my thoughts and my characters out of chaos. For, although I have been a little better in some ways lately, — that is, my actual attacks have not been so severe, — my general condition does not improve much and I begin to fear it never will.

Ever read Swift's letters during the last twenty years of his life? He was constantly tormented by this same evil that afflicts me, and the perpetual recurrence of it in the letters is to me a curious and sympathetic study. Otherwise I cannot love Swift. What a writer he was, what a writer! 'For life is a trifle, and reputation is supplied by innocence, but the ruin of a man's fortune makes him a slave, which is infinitely worse than loss of life or credit, when a man hath not deserved either.'

I do not know that even Voltaire could make words snap and sting and flash and lash as Swift could. Yet Swift's correspondence can never be to me what Voltaire's is, and, though I confess that Swift at bottom was probably much nobler, yet Voltaire attracts me more. With all his vile and petty faults, he was simple and winning as a child, and, oh, what variety, what vivacity, what grace!

And I am now pondering, among a thousand other points, on the resemblances and differences between Mark Twain and Voltaire. Mark certainly was infinitely nobler, had none of the meanness or pettiness. But in their popularity and their immense influence they were alike, and I am not sure that they were unlike in the character of their influence. For I am much impressed with the undesirableness of a great deal of Mark's work for a crude and growing democracy. His admirers boast that he exploded shams. So he did. But he exploded pretty much all reverence at the same time. He destroyed God and left mighty little of man, and what did Voltaire do more?

By the way, I should like it if you would ascertain for me, so far as it conveniently comes in your way, how far the young Westerners read Mark, and what of him they read. I am immensely curious to know whether the people do read him. My theory is that he is read mainly by men, and by men who perhaps do not read much else, but who are nevertheless fairly educated. I question whether the shopgirl and the servant who read and weep over Harold Bell Wright ever read Mark, except *The Prince and the Pauper*. What do you think?

May 26, 1919

DEAR GREEVER: —

First to answer your question, as you did n't mine — but don't feel obliged

to; that's no excuse for writing. The biography of Harry Lee is by Robert, *my* Robert, if I may say so. I quoted from it once or twice in my first chapter. But, although the highest compliment I ever received was from a lady who thought my character must resemble General Lee's (I hope I may never meet that lady), one of the thousand differences between us is that, as you justly point out, every page of my writing tells everything about me, while no page of his ever tells anything about him. Therefore said biography is not of remarkable interest, as regards the son, nor even as regards the father.

Although I know that you don't mean it so, but rather as a compliment, the impression conveyed by your letter is that I am the most monstrous egotist that ever lived. I am afraid I am. In Lemaître's *Rousseau*, which I am now reading, Lemaître suggests that one mark of Rousseau's growing madness was that he came more and more to write portraits and sketches and analyses of himself. It cannot be said, however, that I grow more and more to do so, as I have always done it, — always, I confess, taken a colossal interest in this strange, erring combination of sin and hope and ambition and weariness and folly, — and I suppose I always shall. Perhaps others do the same, after all. Only they have not the same mania for putting the results on paper. Indeed, here is the excuse that I have always alleged to myself, perhaps speciously, that I am interested in myself first of all because I am human and my poor self is the nearest and incomparably the most clearly, or least obscurely, revealed specimen in my acquaintance. From very early childhood, analysis of everything has been my passion, picking flowers and toys and pleasures and souls to pieces, and incidentally I have picked at my own

till there is nothing left of it whatever.

All which may do as prelude to the second volume of the Autobiography, which I send herewith, with some mechanical trepidation, as it is my only copy and I have not immense confidence in the express companies. However, no one will wish to steal it, that is certain. I think it will interest you. It may distress you. You may conclude that it is the record of a completely unhinged and unbalanced spirit. I like to tell myself that it is the record of such a spirit made by a remarkably sane and lucid one. So we compliment ourselves and thus force others to do it for us.

To Mr. George Jean Nathan

January 13, 1920

DEAR MR. NATHAN: —

How rash to ask a poet for verses! As another poet once exclaimed, in response to a similar request: —

Ask winter skies for stars, ask May for buds,

Ask some September storm, when it disperses
Its mighty amplitude of swelling floods.

All my lyrics — and I have too many of them — meet at any rate your negative requirements. They are not long. I could not write over a dozen lines, I think, unless it were a thousand or so. And they are not in *vers libre* — and never will be, not so long as the lovely old English metres continue to sing themselves in infinite variety through my weary brain.

Whether I have anything that you want in other respects is a different question. My verses are mostly personal and mostly dismal. I deliberately make them the former and they make themselves the latter, rather against my inclination. But I pick out a handful, as varied as anything I can find, and trust one may suit your purpose.

To Professor Marshall L. Perrin

June 30, 1920

DEAR MARSHALL: —

It astonishes me somehow that you should read what I write in Nanking. I don't know that it is worth sending way out there. Still, it is perhaps as much so as some other things in the *Atlantic*. You have forgotten probably that you taught me to write, at least all I ever was taught. I do not think to this day I ever use a colon without a vague image of you teaching me the value of it. Also, you told me that I was too inclined to 'however.' I have been too inclined to it all my life, and all my character is in the inclination. But when the 'howevers' grow too thick, I always think of you, and expunge them.

You were the first person who ever encouraged me about writing verses, also. What oceans of them I have written since, and to what little purpose! I have just been getting ready a book of them and I have made out a dedication to you, 'who first read my verses forty years ago and has had the deep wisdom never to read them since.' But do not worry. It is extremely unlikely that anyone will ever print the volume.

Yesterday I strolled up on the hill and down by your house. I never go by it without a flood of old memories. But indeed my life is made up of old memories altogether, which is a very foolish kind of life to lead. Now if I could wander off as you do among a pack of saffron-hued, sulphur-hued, bias-eyed, jaundiced-skinned pagans, I might appreciate what it is really to be at home. As it is, I can only drag my wretched old rag of a body — it has always been a wretched rag, old or young — along the same old streets and see the same old faces and wish to see older ones still, faces that I have

loved and that have gone from me, never to return.

It just occurs to me that after all perhaps one might build a desirable heaven out of the past. What always bothers me about heaven is that I cannot imagine any that I want. After all, I do not in the least need a new heaven and a new earth, but simply a new apparatus for enjoying the abundant and inexhaustible richness that is about me here, if I only could enjoy it. And it seems as if a pleasant heaven would be to go back to when the apparatus was fairly decent and renew selected moments of exquisite delight, or what appears so in the past. If renewed, no doubt it would not appear exquisite at all, and its main charm is due wholly to the imagination; and probably the best conception of heaven is an imagination that should be thoroughly trained to supply only the exquisite things on demand perpetually. All which speculation is singularly inappropriate to your saffron-hued pagans, though perhaps rather in accord with the delicate subtlety of the Oriental mind — if said mind is what it is cracked up to be.

To Professor Greever

December 16, 1920

DEAR GREEVER: —

My life drags on in the same monotonous routine which I have so often described to you before. I read a little, write a little, hope a little, sleep a little, a very little, and wait for death with as much decency as I can and as much curiosity as I can cherish, which I confess is not overpowering. It is odd, is it not, to picture all these millions of human beings, sweating, swearing, fighting, cheating, loving, and all waiting for death — if they only stopped to think of it. And if they did, all the fighting and loving would stop, or would go on very half-heart-

edly, so it is just as well they do not.

My idiotically low state of spirits is owing mainly to the evident utter failure of my two books of verse, a failure which I foresaw perfectly well, but it cuts just the same. I have heard nothing directly from the *Prophet*; but nothing is done to advertise it and there is no indication that anybody whatever is buying it or reading it. The *Shadow Verses* I have heard from, and after a month they had sold exactly 126 copies, of which I myself bought twelve. It could not well have done worse, I should think, though Lewis of the Press is kind enough to be encouraging and to say that no poetry sells, and even to hold out the hope of considering another book, all of which makes little impression upon me, as I know that Frost's and Sarah Teasdale's books sell by the thousand, and Masters's. And as I say, and as I have told you, I expected nothing different; but one does, just the same, and it does cut, no matter how impervious one is. But you know how it is, all the hope and the disappointment, for you have been through it with the Lee, and I wish I could help you, if I cannot help myself. What fools we are, or I am, to set our hearts on such things. How much better it would be to plant cabbages, as Anatole France says, though I notice he has kept on writing books, just the same — to be sure, with more encouragement than we get.

I have been reading Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence*, and Alice Brown's *Wind Between the Worlds*, and Wendell's *Traditions of European Literature*, and Masters's *Domesday Book*, and there are bushels of books by those whom I cannot but esteem my competitors that I should like to read and never shall. Then why should they read mine? I find all this contemporary reading such a fierce, violent atmos-

phere, just for that very reason, because I am forever comparing and contrasting with my own work. How utterly mean and petty, you will say. Well, so it is. And I am mean and petty. And I hope others are different. As the heroine of my play says: —

I think the hope that others may be different
Is all that helps us to bear life at all.

Have you read the Masters *Domesday*? Read it and tell me whether you had rather have written that or the *Prophet*. Or, of course, politeness will dictate your answer; so it is a useless question. But they are as different as heaven and hell, and yet curiously alike. They are both contemporary, both American, both deal with the thoughts and problems of the present day. But one is cold and dreary and gloomy and forlorn — and true? The other is gay, merry, sunny, glittering — and false? And the Edith Wharton? I could n't seem to find much in it, not even power. The characters did not seem to be much more real than mine, and of loveliness I could not see a trace. And Wendell's book was the greatest disappointment of all. I had so hoped to enjoy it and to be able to write him an enthusiastic letter, after the extreme sympathy and cordiality of his treatment of me. Well, I could n't.

This is a dull, dark letter, and all about myself. Write me something of what you are doing to the anthropophagi and then I shall have matter to write about you.

To Mr. H. L. Mencken

December 20, 1920

DEAR MR. MENCKEN: —

When I got your note returning my little story 'The Meteor' and suggesting that I should send you some other prose, I did what I confess with humiliation I have never done before — made acquaintance with the *Smart Set*.

Could I write for you, is now what I ask myself, and you will at once remark that it is quite superfluous that I should put the question to you. But the magazine somehow made a great impression on me. It seemed to be full of present America and to be, oh, such a long way off from me. What is the trouble with me? Am I dead?

I live in an eddy quite outside of the great current of the world, in a constant whirlwind of great, strange thoughts of my own. Yet I somehow felt too that I had an instinct, a prescience of what was going on about me, could perhaps even understand and seize it better precisely from standing outside and watching, instead of being snatched breathless into the thick of it. But the world you deal with puzzles me, the great rush of short skirts and silk stockings and automobiles and old ideas dressed — or undressed — as new, and especially the luxury of affirmations. Heavens, how can your people deal so splendidly in affirmations? I don't dare affirm anything, God, or heaven, or hell, or my own soul, or the salvation of it, or the charm of vice, or the insalubrity of malt liquors, or the epic perfection of *Domesday Book*, or the folly of Woodrow Wilson. But you all affirm anything with a gorgeous, careless assurance that fills me with awe and admiration.

You make such a joyous and exuberant business of words. What is there behind them? I too have trifled with words all my life, have teased them and bullied them and above all things enjoyed them. But as I get well past fifty I begin to suspect they have fooled me. I lose all sight or thought or sense of the things behind them, if there are any such things, and grow more and more content to play with words in senile indolence, as if there were nothing else of any importance in the world.

Which all seems as if it might lead to my furnishing you with that other prose that you request. Only I don't know how to do it. I can't depict the silk stockings and automobiles. I can't rival you and Mr. Nathan bandying joyous syllables about the comparative charm of female brains and female hips; because the intelligence eludes me and the hips dazzle me. I can't compete with your attacks on the Vice Societies, because I rather sympathize with them. I have such a vast consciousness of all possible vices myself that I admire helplessly even misdirected efforts to eliminate them.

When I have forgotten my impression of the *Smart Set* sufficiently to get over the sense of inferiority arising from it, perhaps I will endeavor to do something that may be in your line and not wholly out of mine. Meantime I am sending you a Christmas copy of a little book of mine in which I thought that perhaps I had caught a faint reflection of certain sides of American life, until the *Smart Set* revealed to me my utter delusion. If you glance it over, I think the technical side of it will appeal to you. But the substance I fear you will consider the merest milk and water. Only some day, damn it, I will do something that will be real and solid and violent and human, if I *am* over fifty.

To Mr. Marvin Sprague

May 21, 1921

DEAR MARVE: —

I was charmed to get your letter and should like nothing so well as to go scurrying over the Cape with you, and sailing and swimming, and all the rest of it. That is, I should have liked it forty years ago, and what I should like now would be to be forty years younger and do all of it. Alas, alas! *Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume, labuntur anni*. Your Latin will serve

you for that, and if it won't your English will. Or, in German: —

*Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele,
Und alles rollt vorbei,
Die Welt und das Geld und der Kaffee,
Und Glaube und Liebe und Treu'.*

Which may take you back to the days of Washburn and Denfeld, since everything serves to take us back somewhere, or does me. It is unhealthy and undesirable to live so much in the past, and yet, God forgive me, how I do it. And one cannot bring it back, and one would probably not like it if one could. One afternoon this winter I saw the movie translation of Merrick's *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*. It was poor, as all movie translations are. But it was a vivid picture, all the same. A company of men and women who were boys and girls, and used to camp in the country together, go back to the old farm and try to live over the old life. For the first few hours they are all enthusiasm. But the fire smokes, the roof leaks, the old bread and milk is — just bread and milk. They look at each other in despair, and in two days go back to their stale and wrinkled antiquity, sick, tired, disgusted, and having lost the only illusion that made life respectable.

You say we shall have the greatest chance we have had since we were boys. But I ask myself desperately, what shall we do? You don't seem to be equal to much, and I am nothing but a mass of rheumatic decrepitude. I have n't a weak heart, like you, or any one point that I can lay my finger on and say, decay is here. But, as the poet says, I all over am a trouble to myself. When I am up, I cannot get down, and when I am down, I cannot get up, and how is such a mass of senile imperfection to indulge in the outdoor gamesomeness which made so much of our lives forty years ago? I could not skate, I could not ride, I am not

sure that I could even paddle. I am sure that I could not play tennis, and I do not think I could play golf enough to make the Country Club at all worth while. I suppose I could ride in a car; but then the devil of it is that I don't want to.

Indeed, that is the worst loss of all, the only loss in all the mad defoliation of the agitating years that really counts: that even if one could do the things, one does not care much about doing them. The only thing that holds with me inexhaustibly, that even increases with the years until it becomes a passion almost of the nature of a vice, is reading, and I suppose I may attribute to reading all the physical wretchedness which I so heavily complain of. But it almost repays for all. Only reading is a solitary pleasure, and shuts one up, and hedges one off, and has not the sweet unending charm of human companionship which is what really gives all games and sports their enduring hold on men.

But the games and sports seem to be gone now, and I do not see what there is left for us to do together but to sit in a cemetery and hold hands and gaze upon the shadows of the departed, which is not an exhilarating occupation. Still there is cribbage, which served us mightily in the past, and piquet is not so bad, and I suppose I could learn to play bridge, only not well, I fear. And there is billiards. But we are too old to learn billiards, and then there are these confounded cramps and stitches in my back.

Well, we will resort to the cemeteries, if necessary. But, ah, think what it would be, this fresh, breezy afternoon, to get out that boat and make our way to Morse's and tack about and about for two or three hours in that wind and sunlight. And yet there was Conrad, who went in search of his youth too. I tell you what we'll do: we'll go to the

movies regularly Saturday afternoons, in Babson's Hall. What a diversion we should have thought it forty years ago! They are vile movies, and it is a vile hall. And the cheapness and the vulgarity of the things are beyond human belief. And yet there is something about them that fascinates you, and I am going right down there now, with the thermometer nearly ninety in the shade.

'Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness,'

says Cleopatra. You see, I cannot even say that.

To Professor George Herbert Clarke

July 3, 1922

DEAR DR. CLARKE: —

Thank you for sending me your Conrad paper. I have read it with interest, and should have read it with even more if I knew more about Conrad, for, though I have lately reviewed one of his books, my ignorance of him is lamentable.

By the way, can you tell me of any remedy for this terrible malady of ignorance? Old Ben Jonson says, 'I know no disease of the soul but ignorance; not of the arts and sciences, but of itself; yet relating to those it is a pernicious evil, the darkener of man's life, the disturber of his reason, and common confounder of truth.' Which is a superb statement of the disease, but does not help one much toward the remedy. 'The darkener of man's life'! Isn't that grand? And every day I at least feel the cloud descend about me more and more. I am drenched in it, suffocated in it, smothered with it. Conrad is one of a score of writers whom I ought to know well and whose names almost are strange to me. As for Jonson's 'arts and sciences,' I see them piling up about me daily, cloud-like, mountain-like, and my fee-

ble, puny, hopeless effort can never ascend them, or pierce them, or get around them. It is all very well to revel in the infinite possibilities of knowledge, in the assurance that life upon life can never exhaust them. But when one feels that that terrible ignorance is 'the darkener of man's life, the disturber of his reason, and common confounder of truth,' and when one is obliged to admit oneself utterly vanquished by it, one cannot avoid a sense of restless distress — if one allows oneself to entertain it. To be sure, there is the lovely sentence of the great Jefferson, who himself made a certain struggle for omniscience and tried to scatter ignorance in others: 'I let my mind repose upon ignorance as upon a pillow of down.' Which is all very well, if you do it.

Which is not much about Conrad, is it? But two things in your paper were generally within my benighted grasp. There was your discussion of Conrad's general view of life, which seemed to me fertile and fruitful. But yet it seemed strange to me that we are so ready to accept utter pessimism and skepticism in our great writers, who should perhaps be our teachers. Matthew Arnold says, 'The best are silent now.' But to-day it appears they speak, and say dreadful things, and no man regardeth them. After all, what have they to give us but a vast questioning, when it does not degenerate into a truculent or querulous despair? And again we are thrown back upon that pitiful disease of ignorance, 'the darkener of man's life.' There is so much that nobody knows, and so much that everybody knows — apparently — except me.

And again I delighted in your analysis of Conrad's style, your close and careful probing of his diction, his verbal effects, those delicious privative *ims*, like the alpha-privatives that so

charmed the Greek and Elizabethan dramatists. For I confess that the best remedy for the above-mentioned terrible malady is words. How magical, how subtle, bewitching, how inexhaustible they are! And they act directly upon the disease; since there is no means by which men so powerfully elude their ignorance, disguise it from themselves and from others, as by words. The splendid, gorgeous floods of verbiage that some persons pour out and actually mistake for thought, and even accomplish the still greater miracle of imposing the mistake upon others! But the enchantment and witchery of words are far greater and more exquisite than this. What else is there that can so delightfully beguile the enthralling hours, while we make a pretense of understanding them? Not that we do really understand them; for the mere mystery of their utterance, with all the subtle secrets it conveys, is one of the most delicate and difficult problems in the world and one we have made so little progress toward solving. As for their tangled, perplexed, ravishing interchange with thought, who shall attempt to get to the bottom of it? But words, I think, are the one great, exhaustless charm and resource of life; and to think how people fling them about, and strike, and sting and stab and poison, and go their way and forget!

To Dr. Charles W. Eliot

August 30, 1923

DEAR MR. ELIOT: —

I am glad if you found anything to interest you in my *Transcript* article, which, by the way, I did not venture to call 'The Clue to the Labyrinth,' but only 'A Clue,' one among many imperfect and incomplete.

I have long been convinced that the greatest need of American civilization to-day is the need of God. And the kernel of the matter lies precisely in

what you allude to, the utter lack of religious education. Strange that we do not stop to think that never before, in the history of civilized man, has there been a people that did not make God the first principle and basic stay of all its elementary education, or, if not God in the more abstract spiritual sense, those moral habits and methods with which God is chiefly identified. And to this has the logical and in itself reasonable theory of absolute political nonsectarianism, or polysectarianism, brought us. And the worst is that it is so extremely difficult to see the logical way out.

Personally I am in no position to make any effort in the matter, because, while I feel that the whole universe

crumbles without God, I am myself utterly unable to find Him. I am only deploring what I am sure is an imperative need, without being able to suggest any means of meeting it. I trust someone, with a more positive faith, will be able to do better.

No doubt you have quite forgotten, what I shall always remember, that I spent a week with you and Mrs. Eliot and the boys at your camp on one of the Bar Harbor islands. It was forty-five years ago, and I was a shy, awkward, unresponsive boy, and the memory of my presence, as I was then, is much better obliterated. But your kindness and your talk made a deep impression upon me, and I did enjoy the sails upon that black sloop yacht.

(*To be continued*)

ODYSSEY OF A SIXTY-PER-CENTER ¹

BY MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART

CANOE cruising has occupied my summers for the past four years. The sport gives me a range of some 8000 miles — from Lübeck in the north to Les Saintes-Maries on the Mediterranean, and from Budapest in the east to Nantes; and even within that area there must be at least another 4000 miles of worth-while waterways, to say nothing of Poland and Jugoslavia and Scandinavia and Finland, that canoeist's paradise.

¹ I am what the French call an *invalide*, — in English slang, a 'crock,' — that is, a partially disabled person, but not a sick man. My disability is 40 per cent. — AUTHOR

Let me state a case: suppose you had been mixed up in the mass idiocy of 1914-1918 and, as a result, found yourself with impaired health, precious little money, and a wish to see something of Europe, especially the less touristy parts. Steam yachts and motor caravans and even touring automobiles are excluded by the state of your purse; walking and cycling by the state of your health ('Nothing strenuous, of course,' warned the doctor. 'And you must n't get out of breath if you can avoid it'), since in both cases a definite amount of fatigue is inevitable in covering even short distances,

particularly if a camping kit is carried. One possibility would be a lightweight motorcycle, which in many European countries needs no license or driver's certificate; but at once you think of the roads to-day, full of 'temperamental' drivers and dust and petrol stinks. Yet another possibility, worth considering for certain areas, chiefly in Germany, is the postal automobiles which carry a few passengers and touch places that the tourist never reaches.

I

I had got to the stage of considering these, though neither of them offered me the gentle bodily exercise I desired, when one autumn afternoon as I sat in my garden at Herblay, on the Seine, the gate flew open and exploded an excited little twelve-year-old pal of mine into my boredom. '*Viens voir!*' he twittered, oscillating between my deck chair and the gate like a puppy asking to be taken for a walk. 'Some people have come with a . . . a *machin* on the train . . . and wheeled it down to the bank, and they're going to make it into a boat. . . . *Mais viens donc!*'

It sounded mad enough to be worth investigating, and proved to be quite true. They — two obvious Germans, in shorts and little else, aged perhaps twenty-eight and nineteen, respectively — had wheeled a contraption from the station, on two little wheels like a toy perambulator, and were undoing bags and bundles and taking out pieces of wood and canvas and rubber. As we watched they laid out a sort of rubber and canvas envelope, vaguely boat-shaped, but flabby, pushed built-up wooden frameworks into it, locked them into place with other wooden struts so that the cover became taut, and within fifteen minutes or so had produced a canoe. It was not like a 'canadian' in shape, being longer

and narrower and partly decked, with an open cockpit large enough for two people. They had ignored us till then, busy with accustomed tasks, but when I heard one tell the other that it was n't worth while packing all the other stuff into the boat yet (it did n't look possible anyhow), but that they would leave it 'somewhere' till they came back from a short trial trip, I drew upon my scanty German to offer my house as a dump.

When they had duly deposited the gear (a tent, and cooking outfit, and provender, and spare clothes, and various unidentified bundles, and a spare paddle, and a mast and sail — they kept the sleeping bags to sit on), they carried the boat to the water's edge, with one hand each, and, scorning our offers of help, put her into the water, stepped in without the tight-rope gestures I had expected, and set off, using double-ended paddles and not the single paddle that I knew from the canadian. Julien slid a small hand into mine and remarked, '*Ça ne me dit rien, tu sais!*' Incidentally, canoeing has since 'said' so much to him that he did an eight-day trip with me last season and looks forward to coming into Germany for a fortnight this year.

The Germans returned in forty minutes or so, and accepted a bed and the shelter of a shed for the boat, so as to be able to stay with me later that evening than if they were camping. My efforts to get information were at first complicated by the fact that Hans, the elder, found *Kampf um Odilienberg* open on my table and wanted to talk about it, while Martin wandered around my bookshelves like a kitten in a strange room.

Where were they going? Oh, Rouen, about 120 miles. . . . Is n't Ilja delightful? *Au, du dumpfes Rindschwein!* . . . And then Flaps, later on.

How long would it take? Oh, about

four days, or a week, or ten days if we feel like it. . . . Yes, here, dictating to Erhard: '*Mensch, da wär'n Se jut bedient.*'

Do we camp? But *natürlich!* One always finds camping sites by a river, much easier than on a road. . . . Do you believe in the Olaf-Bernard episode?

At this point Martin broke in, from among the German books: '*Aber, sag' mal! Du, he's got Alf!*' At this point also I struck, and, in one of the verbless sentences that are my stand-by in German, pronounced the ultimatum: 'Till supper, Boat; after supper, Books!' It then became possible to make progress.

Yes, they camped — in Germany and Austria not so much, because of the Canoe Stations. . . .

Oh, riverside inns that give you cheap food, half what you pay in France, and free garage for the boat, and you can sleep there for twenty pfennigs or so, on camp beds or in haylofts, so it really is n't worth while camping.

Well, about three marks a day for us both, or perhaps five in Germany if we don't camp and cook.

No, rain makes no difference. You see, we can close up the cockpit with a detachable deck that fits close to our waists, and then we put on waterproof capes with sleeves outside this deck and it can rain all Saint Peter wants it to.

Safe? Well, we *can* capsize her if we both want to, but it is n't easy. If you do capsize, that extra deck comes off automatically, by the way!

Lord, no, not our first tour. Last year we went down the Danube from Ulm to the Black Sea, and the year before we were in Finland, and this year we have been doing short tours all over Germany.

But *selbstverständlich* there are guide-

books and maps for all the best rivers, for France and Germany and Austria and Czechoslovakia and so on, anyhow — you can get them all from the German Canoe Union. Yes, quite large, about 50,000 members. (I mentally queried this, but it is true, and gives an idea of what canoe cruising means to Germany.)

After supper we talked books, as promised, but long after I had seen them settled down for the night — in my huge 'emergency' bed that has at a pinch held four people — I sat thinking of questions I ought to have asked. I began to realize, in fact . . .

Next morning gave me little opportunity, however. First they had to pack the boat — and all that gear *did* go in, to my amazement. And then Hans offered me a short trip with him, while Martin and Julien watched from the bank. It proved very comfortable, sitting on and leaning against air cushions (which, as Martin unkindly pointed out, would serve as emergency life buoys), and the technique very easy, although I must admit I was incredulous until Julien confirmed it when they said I had brought her back solo upstream.

II

The more I thought it over, the more I liked it, though it was too late that season to do anything except to get catalogues and choose a boat, and spend long evenings with river guides and maps planning tours. The next spring, however, it really started, and I made, of course, all the standard mistakes of a beginner that season.

For example, I bought the boat in France instead of direct from the makers, and so paid an unnecessary agent's profit, and customs duties far heavier than had I imported it as 'used.' (By the way, there are no

duties to be paid when merely visiting a country; the worst that can happen is having to deposit the duty and get it refunded on leaving.) Again, I bought lightweight — and therefore more expensive — sleeping bags and tent and equipment, not realizing that the storage room available is almost incredibly large, and that extra weight matters very little except at portages — and a proper choice of route will cut these down to a vanishing point. For example, there are 500 miles on the Moselle and the Rhine without a single carry, and 1500 miles on the Danube with one only. Even so, the complete outfit, boat and accessories and camping gear and all, cost me little over 2500 francs (\$100, as it then was); and of course, had I been lucky enough to have a permanent canoe friend, we should have only had half this to pay each.

Most stupid of all beginner's mistakes, I had the old wooden-boat *idée fixe* of going by water all the way. For instance, from Compiègne, where I now lived, to Rotterdam I took the Aisne and then canals, with one lock on top of another to get to the Meuse, whereas the transport of a collapsible is so easy and costless that one not only avoids canals except in quite unusual circumstances, but even 'skips' dull sections of a river by using the rail, so as to have more time for the better parts. Never again, for example, would I do by boat that part of the Danube from Regensburg to Passau.

It ought to be emphasized, to save others from error, that 'costless' is not an empty word: a collapsible packs so small that it is practically always possible to take it into the railway carriage with one as hand luggage, free of charge; and since it weighs, with all accessories, only some seventy pounds, it can easily be carried, either built or packed, by the two occupants. This,

of course, if properly realized, makes the planning of a trip very easy, since there is no need to hunt for canals to link river to river or to bring one home at the end of a tour.

This first season, too, I did things that I should be scared to do now, such as starting off down a fastish unknown river with no guidebook, or taking a novice down the Rhone, myself being little more experienced. It was on this Rhone trip that I met real current for the first time, and found how difficult it was not to get through too soon. Even on a lake, twenty miles a day is easy, far less tiring than ten on foot, but on the Rhone it jumped to fifty and sixty. My records are ninety, on the Danube, and two, against a storm on the Lake of Constance — and the latter was far the more tiring. All this, be it noted, without breaking doctor's orders and being 'strenuous' or 'getting out of breath.'

On the Rhone trip also I realized what an advantage canoeing has over walking or cycling in hot weather — and a Provence summer is certainly that. First, there is no dust, and it is always cooler on the water than on land. Then, not only does one of course strip to the waist, but even shorts or bathing drawers are superfluous, since from the banks no one can see into the boat. The sun can, however, so that one gets a good bronze all over without a disfiguring white area. The only trouble is that one grows so used to being naked that one forgets it: witness a German boy who could n't make out why passengers on a Rhine steamer grinned at him, or an English companion who stepped out at a portage before he remembered his shorts.

Other trips that first year were down the Oise (Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*), and then on down the lower Seine to Rouen, like my initiators. And a most

amusing trip this is, with perpetual lost and forgotten side arms where no traffic can pass to disturb the kingfishers, and unspoiled villages where our arrival was the sensation of the year. At one such we nearly wrecked the patronal procession, I regret to say, because the acolytes had no eyes except for us. Afterward, too, they could n't even wait to unvest, but dashed out, in lace cottas and red cassocks and all, to see the boat; and the *curé* himself arrived soon after them, and blessed her for me when he learned that this had never been done.

Another was on the Loire, where we could do only some fifteen miles a day, so much was there to see — not only the famous châteaux, but also towns like the unknown Beaugency and the oppressively dead Chinon (which ought to be the place in Blackwood's 'Sleep and Cats' story, if it is n't), and churches like that gem at Cunault where no one ever seems to come; and where the navigation is a continual guessing as to which arm to take past a sand bank, error entailing half-carrying, half-floating the canoe over the shallows that end the false channels.

III

It was a good season. The next I broke new ground, and had all my planning to learn anew, since as soon as I got into Germany it was obvious that camping was a mistake except in emergencies. Half the fun was the unknown food, 'whirlpool soup,' and 'mouth pockets,' and mutton with caraway seeds, and salad with sweet whipped cream, and 'cannon balls,' and 'peasant's breakfast,' and 'blind hen.' This is no cookery book, nor do I myself know how most of these dishes are made. One fact remains, that when they arrived they looked like portions for six, but rarely proved too much

for two after long days in the sun and air; and once, when we cleaned up *all* the plates, the hostess promised us fine weather for the next day — so the local saying had it. And then the little unknown wines, made by the owner of the inn from his own vineyards on the Moselle and Main; or the *Heuriger*, wine of that year, on the Danube. And the inns themselves, in Austria with frescoed walls and vaulted stone ceilings under which the monks once ate; or a riverside wine booth in Hungary where we ate under a trellis, visited by hens and dogs and a pet lamb, and at moments a too friendly cow; or on the Saale, a combined Canoe Station and Youth Hostel where some hundred schoolboy guests swarmed over us all the evening and gathered on the terrace to sing us farewell next morning, till I felt like a visiting monarch; or, near Berlin, full of fellow canoers and with guest books with rhymes and drawings going back to before the war. Nor did the use of these Canoe Stations, instead of camping and cooking, overload my budget too heavily. The average cost, for a huge supper, quarters on camp beds or in the hayloft, and an egg-reinforced breakfast, was around four marks for the two of us.

That year I also learned not to worry about companions, till then, in France, the cause of elaborate searches and letter writing and changing of dates and disappointment. In Germany I found that I merely needed to walk into the nearest Youth Hostel or similar shelter and offer a trip of two or three days, then picking the nicest-looking of the volunteers and, if he proved amenable, keeping him on for as long as it suited both of us. The technique of the double paddle is so easy that by the second or third day he was doing his full share. One of these chance companions came with me that year on the

Main, that most German of all rivers, with its rococo saints on every bridge, — especially Saint Nepomuk, who often takes a Janus form with two faces and four arms so as to protect simultaneously the travelers by road and by river, — and with witches'-hat towers and half-timbered houses peering over the same city walls that Dürer passed on *his* boat trip, from Nürnberg to the Netherlands; and I took him on with me to the Neckar, with its heron forests, and with Heidelberg to crown the trip. And another was with me on the Lake of Constance (the storm included), another on the upper Rhine down to Coblenz, — a vastly overrated river, — and another on the Lahn, which would be ideal were there not so many locks.

Once only did I hit on a 'dud,' and he left me after one day. All the others were jolly, simple, friendly working lads, and first-class companions in every way. Some, indeed, proved far more than casual companions. One such did the placid Moselle, the best of all rivers for the beginner, and then the lower Rhine down into Holland with me that year, and later cycled to Paris to visit me. And again in 1932 he did the Spreewald with me, that quite unbelievable forest where there are no roads and the baker and butcher and postman all come by boat, and where you can paddle for hours under a green tunnel of oaks and alders without seeing a soul. And then, this last season, we did the Trave together, a far too shallow little stream where an unseen rock in a rapid knocked two holes in the outer cover and broke a stay (repairs effected in ten minutes on the bank — another advantage of the collapsible).

Another lad was with me on the Weser in 1931, a harmless river with happy towns — Hamelin of the Rat Catcher above all; and the following

year on the Unstrut and Saale; and last season on the Oertze, where fallen trees often blocked the passage, and it was too narrow to turn the boat and often so shallow that we had to wade with her, but where the forests amply recompensed us. He also inherited my first boat, after some 7500 miles of service, and will probably use her for two or three years more on easy waters.

IV

Better, however, than a catalogue of river trips may be the more detailed description of one, from Innsbruck to Meissen, by Inn and Danube and Vltava and Elbe. I did it in 1932, and with variants in 1931 and 1933 — and, all being well, shall do it again in 1934. I choose it for description for two reasons: one is that I consider it the best long-distance tour in Europe, and the other is that I have not only my own log, but also a copy of that kept by my companion, an English boy of fifteen. I ought, however, to add that there are dozens of other long trips that are far easier than this one, and nearly as fine, in order that mentions of rapids and whirlpools may not put off the beginner.

We built the boat and launched at Innsbruck, after sleeping at the Canoe Station there, and the strong current took us down thirty miles that day to Rattenberg, despite the fact that 'we bathed five times, and it was so lonely we never needed to dress to bathe,' which puts it rather nicely. Most of these stops were on the quiet, currentless backwaters, sand banks below dense willows, with 'kingfishers and herons and ravens.' Several baby rapids amused Peter vastly: 'They were quite small, but we had the deck on and one just got up to my stomach. It is funny to feel the little waves patting at your feet through the skin of the

boat.' The navigation was so amusing that we had little time to watch the scenery, though the flattish banks here give wonderful distant views of snow-clad peaks at every instant. The only really tricky part was just above Ratzenberg, where a sizable whirlpool occupies the right half of the river, and one has to edge by on the left bank, feeling the current enticing one away from safety all the time. Peter, being a beginner, never noticed anything, nor did I tell him till we had landed and garaged the boat — free, as always — at the Canoe Station; then 'we walked up and looked at the wirlpool [*sic*], and went back and had supper,' as he puts it. The Canoe Station inn here was a joy, with a life-sized crucifix in the eating room and the recent funeral cards² pinned to it, and century-old metal guild insignia — hammer, or meat axe, or last — hanging from the ceiling to mark the tables of the crafts. This room had a huge bay window overlooking the main street, which, as in all towns that are market centres, is full of other inns, each with its wrought-iron and gilded sign. We slept on camp beds here, costing us, say, five cents each. I do hope it is clear that these Canoe Stations are *inns*, and nothing to do with the overrated and much more expensive Youth Hostels, so that one can smoke and drink and go to bed and get up when one pleases.

Next day was Corpus Christi, and the town was decorated with flags and greenery, and the women had brought out their inherited costumes, with silk aprons that would have stopped a bullet and impossible hats like the miniature child's sailor hat or 'boater' a clown wears, but decorated with gold lace and gold tassels and perched in-

securely on a bun of hair at the back of the head. We waited till nearly noon to watch the procession, but still managed thirty miles quite easily, to the German frontier near Erl. Again there were little rapids, and also a vicious double whirlpool where the river makes a very sharp S-curve; again we crept by in the dead water near the bank, almost whispering lest 'it' should notice us. Erl has a Passion play, senior to that at Oberammergau. We did not know this, so that it came as a surprise to find everyone with flowing hair and well-tended beards, our waiter at the Canoe Station included — he was Saint Luke, he told us proudly.

Peter writes: 'We had a wonderful tea, with coffee and milk and rye bread and butter and jam and a sort of home-made cake in the shape of a ring. For supper we had scrambled eggs and fried potatoes. We slept on straw mattresses on the floor of a big room they use for concerts sometimes. It all cost, with eggs for breakfast, eleven schillings for us both' (then about \$1.20). Incidentally, his preoccupation with food is not at all to be attributed to his age; after a canoeing trip I too find that meals are often remembered when landscapes are forgotten.

But I must abbreviate. Three more days finished the Inn, an average of forty miles a day, although we bathed, and visited towns (Wasserburg, with its gayly painted town gates and step-gabled houses with balconies over the river; and Mühldorf, with one of the curiously Italian arcaded market places typical of the region; and Braunau and Schärding, with their walls still protecting them from river raiders), and ran aground twice on sand banks (getting off is 'like starting a motor bicycle when you run beside' — he means that if you board too soon the stern re-grounds, and if you leave it too late you find yourself swimming), and made the

² Black-edged cards announcing death, date, and time of funeral, and asking for prayers — which last is, of course, why the inn keeps them on view for some months. — AUTHOR

one portage of the trip (with apologies to those who know what *real* portages are — here on the more canoed rivers one finds floats to land at and reëmbark from, and often a boat car on rails to connect them), and photographed, and ate our lunches on sand banks (bread and butter and cheese and fruit and chocolate), and generally lazed, letting the river do the work.

We spent half a day in Passau, and then had two days and a half on the Danube, averaging about fifty miles a day. Peter fell in love with this part of the river as thoroughly as I had previously. First of all there is a 'romantic' section, *allegro appassionato*, — but not so much so that you cannot look at the view, — the sort of thing you expect on the Rhine and don't get, with castles and ruins perched on incredible sites halfway up steep hills so covered with forests that they look strokable, and where you feel sure the beauty cannot last. But it does, for forty miles or so. And then come about fifty miles of a *minore* movement, melancholy, with dead arms between willows in every direction, so extensive that the local clubs play hare and hounds in them in their canoes. And then another change, to forty miles of *andante semplice* country, rich pastures and happy orchards set with rococo villages and churches, and with rolling hills behind cut up into crazy-quilt patterns by hedges. Add to this that the navigation is only tricky enough to be interesting; that the Canoe Stations are excellent and simple and cheap, with nice people and good food and wine; that tourists are few, the rail seldom touching the banks and only about one steamer a day plying; and that every village has something to offer, be it a castle, or a ruin like that at Dürnstein, where Blondel found Richard, or a legend-soaked church like St. Johann, or a monastery palace like

Melk, baroque at its most grandiose, or merely a name like 'Crooked Nut-Tree Town.' But, as Peter sadly records, 'The Danube is n't blue — it is a sort of pea-soup color.'

At Krems we unbuilt and took the train into Czechoslovakia, the boat traveling in the rack above our heads — free, of course. Three days on the Vltava brought us to Prague. It was a superb trip. The river is what we in Europe imagine a Canadian river to be like — steep pine-clad slopes above still black water, varied by mile-long rapids. 'We had to have our waterproof capes on as well as the deck, and one wave went right over my head,' says Peter, and his yell of glee was worth having made the trip to hear. Language was a trouble. At one Canoe Station, Spanish, of all things, saved us. Our bill here came to under a dollar for both of us, I see from my log, for supper and real beds and breakfast.

Below Prague the Vltava is far duller; I should take train to the Elbe if I did it again. Still, it was only one day, and then we spent four on the Elbe to Dresden, of which two, however, were spent on foot in the 'Saxon Switzerland,' glorious country despite extreme 'touristification' — with booths for souvenirs everywhere, and cascades that are turned on to order only. The river here is superb again, gray cliff bastions rising sheer from the water, or from the woods and meadows that line the banks. We camped considerably here, chiefly because Peter wanted to, but continued to eat at the Canoe Stations; they nearly all have their own camping grounds to just this end.

Finally, after two days at Dresden (sleeping here, as at Prague, on bunks in the canoe clubhouse for about seven cents a night), another day brought us to Meissen, where we unbuilt, after about 500 miles of rivers, and took the train — Peter to join his parents, holi-

day making in Berlin, and I to pick up the Mulde and a casual companion at Eilenburg.

V

But I despair of conveying in cold print the charm of the sport: sun and air on one's naked body, baths five and six times a day, the scenery changing at every turn of the river, the comradeship of one's companion and of other canoeists (since one is a fellow sportsman and not a mere tourist), people unspoilt by *Fremdenverkehr*, the huge meals and the appetite one brings to them, long evenings in the Canoe Station inns, lazily chatting with other canoeists or local worthies, or the host, on everything but politics, and then nights in the hay, with the scrunching of cattle below promising cow-warm milk for breakfast. . . .

To take one point only, the enormous variety that the sport offers: from real danger, as much as you can want, on rivers like the Lech and upper Garonne, to 'armchair' rivers like most of those I know, safer than the average road to-day. Again, from popular rivers like the Moselle — where there are so many canoeists that the railway station at Trier has a special exit for them and the municipality at Berncastel induces them to visit the town by providing a landing stage with free changing rooms and guardian, and where one can be sure of jolly companionship all the way — to unknown streams like the Drage, where even the German canoeist rarely comes, and the local paper sent a reporter to interview us. Or again, from the Main and the Werra, which were trade routes before roads and where there is a village every few miles, so that one is sure of supper and bed, to areas like East Prussia and Finland and the Landes, where one has to camp and cook. And again, from the Seine through Paris or the Spree through

Berlin, where all is movement and bustle and you have to keep a sharp lookout for motor boats and passenger steamers, to solitude, as on the Oertze or the lower Danube, where you hardly dare paddle or speak, so still it is; and the herons and kingfishers and buzzards wait to watch you; and the deer come to look at your camp fire.

Again, you can go right across Europe, Turin to Hamburg, or Denmark to the Mediterranean if you wish — or you can fix a central camp in an area like the Mecklenburg Lakes, marvelously deserted, though so near Berlin, and tour from there week after week. I personally am lazy, letting the river do the work — but the enthusiast for exercise has merely to choose a slow river or a lake and set himself, say, forty miles a day.

Finally, to come to 'debts.' Once only have we had a serious personal accident, a badly cut foot. One should, of course, always put on shoes before stepping out, and one of course always forgets. Once only have we sprung a leak, though minor scratches have been frequent — as easily and quickly repaired as a bicycle tire, and in the same way. Once only have I been held up by the river police — near Dresden, for not having the name of the boat painted large enough; but they accepted my membership of the French Canoe Club as having equal rights with their own registered clubs, members of which are exempt from this rule. Incidentally, the boat's name is *croïde dilish*, in Erse characters; as I pointed out to them, it could be in letters a meter high and they not be able to read it. And once only in the four years have I had a capsizing, and that through sheer stupidity — not on a difficult river, but on a backwater of the Rhine, and caused by getting too close to a low bridge and being driven athwart it.

THE KEPT STUDENT

BY HENRIETTA RIPPERGER

I

THE wide oak door with the inscription 'Office of the Dean' opens, and a young man comes out. He has been to talk with the Dean because, like hundreds of other undergraduates to-day, he must borrow money if he is to complete his college course.

There is nothing unusual about the boy. He is an ordinary-looking chap in a sack suit. The Dean sees in him a fairly commonplace undergraduate without, perhaps, much cultural color or distinction. He does not wear a Highland plaidie or the boots of a mountaineer, or the smock and beard of a Russian peasant. Yet the fact is that this lad, entering into a business relationship, brings with him an equipment of habits and prejudices derived from his home people which, to the experienced eye of the loan expert, mark him as definitely as the golden fingernail shield marks the mandarin. As a borrower, he now becomes one figure in an index to the financial reliability of races and types — an index of considerable interest.

This index is the report of a foundation which has had outstanding loan contracts involving almost \$1,000,000 — contracts made with students in more than a hundred colleges. The experience of this foundation covers the last eleven years, a period of sharp ups and downs in the financial world. It cannot be said, therefore, that its findings are explained by the depression

any more than by the boom. Its client has been youth, coming from widely different backgrounds.

The foundation exists, not primarily to make loans, but rather to study, through its case histories, the whole question of student loans. Its programme, then, is experimental, and involves the test of student character and group responsibility as a basis of student credit. Once it accepts a student as a borrower, it is bound to be interested in him as an individual. Basically, however, he is an ingredient in an experiment, in which the action and reaction of the college are as important and interesting as his own.

The method of selection places the responsibility for the choice of the student on the college. No one ever walks directly into the office of the foundation and borrows money. All negotiations are carried on through college student loan committees on the basis of a careful examination of character, home background, need, scholarship, industry, and health, the questions being furnished in printed form by the foundation.

Its clients are students recommended by the college authorities and presumably selected with great care as good risks. Their credentials are those of group credit. They are required to sign agreements to repay the borrowed money in fixed sums at stated times. No collateral is given or asked.

II

In the foundation records racial groups show marked traits. Low on the list, where one might expect to find a retarded race, are the Negro students. A number of influences combine to make them difficult problems financially.

The first is the fact that the Negro cannot compete economically with the white man, or at any rate not on equal ground. He is denied admission to many labor unions. From some he is barred by provisions in the constitution of the brotherhood, from others by custom. As a rule he receives lower pay than the white laborer. The educated Negro comes out of school to find most white-collar jobs closed to him. He is generally excluded from merchandising, clerking in retail shops, and from clerical and stenographic work. These things combine to hold the Negro back economically.

In addition to the disadvantages under which he stands in the labor market there is another unfavorable influence at work. Many Negro students have grown accustomed to receiving charitable aid, and, like most wards of paternalism, they sometimes tend to feel that the world owes them a living. Negro leaders realize how difficult it is to get members of their race out of their attitude of dependence and to teach them to stand on their own feet. These facts help to explain the Negro's position on the list. And, in justice, it must be added that encouraging payments have recently come in from Negroes.

Heading the list in prompt payments, in the latest analysis, are the German exchange students. These men and women, older than the college undergraduates here, correspond in age to our postgraduate students; but to offset the advantage of maturer years

they have had to contend against a rate of exchange unfavorable to them, and the German bank failure of 1931. 'In view of the great distress among the intellectuals in that country because of low wages and serious unemployment,' reads a report, 'this is considered quite a remarkable record and is indicative of the very high standard of financial performance to which the German university graduate holds himself. With many of our young American borrowers, good business is the motive behind prompt payment; with the German group, personal honor and a feeling of individual responsibility for their country's reputation at all cost have characteristically been the outstanding influences.' This statement was made before the present German Government came into power. What effect Hitlerism will have it is too early to say, but there is no doubt that some decided effect will be noticed, for the barometer of youth is extremely sensitive.

Sympathetic liberals might hope to find that borrowers of Jewish descent, noted for their racial solidarity, would be governed by a pride for their good name which would make them excellent risks. In certain groups this is indeed the case. Where the family background is good, the sense of responsibility is strong; Jewish families, for example, who have lived in cities where there was little social discrimination against them provide a background favorable to integrity.

Very often, however, there seems to be a lack of training for social responsibility among the Jews. A behaviorist would no doubt inform us that this lack is not due to any inherent racial defect, but to the unfavorable conditions under which the families involved have all too often had to live. Notably philanthropic, when well-to-do, as borrowers they nevertheless exhibit, in

certain instances, the characteristics of an oppressed people. They tend to evade collections, and to carry into an obligation contracted on the basis of personal honor and credit the methods of sharp business. This lack of social responsibility and coöperation is the inevitable sequel where there is a history of persecution, social ostracism, or exclusion from civil rights.

III

The average 'American' undergraduate makes a fairly good showing as to character. He exhibits very little deliberate dishonesty. Norman Douglas, in his satirical novel, *South Wind*, creates a Russian order which he calls the 'Little White Cows.' If, he says, they fail to pay their bills, they do so not out of natural dishonesty, but because they have no money! Perhaps it is even more true that they have no plan; and this is the weakness of the average college graduate. Less than one per cent of the borrowers in this group have attempted to evade their responsibilities by moving without notifying their creditors of their whereabouts, changing names, or using some device to escape detection. Bad debts seem to be due to inefficiency, to lack of sturdiness in certain social and professional groups, and to defects in education.

In certain parts of the country economic disasters have undermined morale. Some are recent, others, like the Civil War, occurred long ago. It seems to be true that the attitude of the borrower toward his debt is dependent to a considerable degree upon the economic condition of his section. In parts of the South, for example, where people have for years struggled against debt, payments are poor even after the debtors have secured good positions. Among people who have,

perhaps with some justification, looked on themselves as aristocrats, the rising young business or professional man often finds it hard to make money. He may get the 'best trade' only to discover that the best trade is very slow to pay its bills. He then takes on the mental attitude of the society in which he lives. Long-continued indebtedness apparently dulls the sensibility to debt and makes the borrower indifferent to appeals for payments.

It is somewhat surprising to find that the records show very little difference between the performance of men in paying debts and that of women.

Marriage may prove a more serious handicap to women debtors than to men, and often does. When brides do not tell their husbands about the dowry of debt until some time after marriage, the husbands are sometimes disinclined to assume the obligation. With mothers, the needs of babies frequently, and perhaps naturally, take precedence over the demands of the loan corporation. Widows with sons to educate often prove unreasonable about debt. The widow and the orphan are a combination formidable to the philanthropist, for when mother love gets the bit in its teeth the rights of others are likely to be thrust aside.

Nevertheless women are as good risks as men; and no better! Occasionally an educator comes forward with the statement that college women are more conscientious about meeting their financial obligations than college men. The figures with which we are dealing here do not authorize us to make such a distinction. Rather, one concludes merely that women pull their own weight in the boat about as well as men. In a delightful book called *The Lady*, Mrs. Emily James Putnam reminds us that it is only in periods noted for luxuries that there

are any 'ladies' at all! In sturdier societies there are merely women. The war made thousands of ladies into women, and the depression carried on the process. Women assumed much more economic responsibility than they had hitherto had. Apparently they meet their debts in the same spirit as do their brothers.

IV

No general figures are given on the men who go into business. They apparently take on the color of their background. There is a great deal said, however, about professional men.

Among professional men, engineers are the best pay. It has been said that engineers are the happiest of God's creatures. They deal in facts; they see a task, and they do it. Their work, always difficult and challenging, seldom proves impossible. They have a tradition of accomplishment. It is merely in keeping with their whole habit of life and thought that, if they have debts, they try to pay them. It is interesting to note here that the kind of mental training they have had seems directly to produce responsibility in money affairs, a result of education so unusual as to be almost unique!

Poorest in repayments are ministers. One would like to suggest here that, in contrast to engineers, ministers constantly attempt the impossible (even to attempting to live on impossibly small salaries). It is their profession to try to attain the unattainable; in fact, one might almost make it a test of the sincerity of a man of God that he come away from his work with a sense of defeat, saying, with Francis Thompson, 'Oh my dreams, my poor dreams!' Perhaps, however, since we are concerned here with practical matters, it is safer to examine other characteristics of the ministry to find

the reason why men of so high a type often give so poor a performance.

The first cause is, without doubt, the small salary. Compared with that of the engineer, the income of the average minister ranks with that of the machine-shop hand. Because of poor pay, ministers have been obliged to accept help in maintaining their homes and in educating their families from outside individuals and groups, and have grown used to it. Money which should in all fairness have been paid to them in salary has been doled out paternalistically by organizations and by individual parishioners. Apparently this paternalism tends to weaken the sturdy fibre of the ministerial group. One gathers from their records that some ministers seem to feel that the college or the public owes them the price of an education, and those who adopt this view take a rather easy attitude toward debt. The secretary of the foundation puts it very neatly when she says that, being charitably-minded, they are also inclined to take a very charitable view of their own indebtedness.

The foundation has not dealt with artists as such. A very similar point of view, however, is frequently found among devotees of the arts. There was in New York a famous old character of some artistic ability who lived for years on money borrowed, a few dollars at a time, from his friends. Delightful and well bred as he was, it was difficult for him to conceal the contempt he felt for materialistic people who always had money in their pockets to lend. He referred to them in private as having the minds of shopkeepers. The artist is often convinced that the community is lucky to have him (as it undoubtedly is), and that it ought to show its gratitude.

Certain other professions have their own attendant problems. Both law

and medicine require long years of preparation, so that payment of debts must often be deferred. The professional man is dependent to a peculiar degree on the community for support. Figures which show only one colored doctor to a colored population of 30,000 seem at first glance to indicate a successful practice. But if 29,800 out of that population are too ignorant to consult a doctor, and if the remaining 200 are too poor to pay their bills, the doctor may starve. Even in the best of practices, slow pay for the medical man has been notorious in the last few years. Local conditions affect the lawyer, too, although his position toward the close of the depression recalls to the historically-minded person the fact that in France it was the lawyer who survived the Revolution!

V

The college itself also exerts a determining influence on the undergraduate borrower. Payments tend to be poor if the institution is split up into warring factions. On the other hand, a warm college-family life encourages the development of a sense of responsibility. This is due in part, no doubt, to the importance and prominence of the individual boy or girl in the small-college circle.

In the college with a deeply spiritual life there is, the foundation finds, a kind of ethical leaven in the community which makes for responsibility in action. It is difficult to estimate the part played by religious teaching in creating this ethical 'push,' but it is a fact that five out of the first six colleges listed in order of prompt payments are small schools of a semi-denominational character. The sixth is an engineering college.

It is noteworthy that the borrower who has proved to be the best risk is

not the product of the great university with high scholastic standing. In the cases studied, at any rate, intellectual attainment, success in the first-rate classroom, has by no means meant a first-rate performance in discharging debt. Apparently students arrive at a state of responsibility in money matters by some moral and emotional route, rather than through the intellect. They do not think their way there; they feel it. This gives force to the foundation's plea, discussed later in these pages, for definite training in the handling of financial affairs. The need for it seems to be greatest in institutions of high academic rank.

VI

The undergraduate borrower is 'conditioned' not merely by his race, his locale, his profession; to a peculiar degree he also reflects in his personal conduct the influence of world events. To this extent his record is an index to the performance of contemporary civilization.

In December 1932, France defaulted her war debt. Remote as this event seems from the field of student loans, an effect was felt almost immediately. Within seven days student borrowers began to write in to say that, if nations could ignore their debts, students were certainly entitled to do the same thing.

During the years of the depression some borrowers showed 'red' tendencies. It was not unusual during this period for debtors to write in this vein: 'The fund from which I borrowed is derived from the spoils of capitalism. I have come to feel that individuals should not be allowed to amass great sums of money, and I do not recognize any moral obligation to return money into such hands.'

The slight pickup in business was reflected at once by increased payments

on loans. Amounts coming in are small, but they are received more frequently. At least 60 per cent of the payments are made in money orders, and much of the balance is in cash. Educated and privileged though they may be, many college graduates to-day are unable to maintain checking accounts at the bank.

VII

These factors go to make up the invisible baggage carried by the boy who comes to the office of the Dean. His people gave it to him just as definitely as they gave him his gray eyes or brown.

He belongs to a penniless but gallant generation. Philanthropists, the foundation assures us, are ready, even anxious, to extend to him the credit which he deserves and needs. But if the colleges expect money to be forthcoming in amounts adequate to meet the need for student loans, they would do well to consider carefully the experience of this foundation. That experience seems to point clearly to certain desirable methods of dealing with students in the field of finance.

The first requisite is that the college give the student some practical training in the realm of personal finance. This may call for a closer scrutiny of the financial habits of the students and the system of credit in a college town. It may imply consultation, and the keeping of accounts. Certainly it ought to predicate a classroom study of the mechanics of finance. And these requirements, the organization believes, should be made not only for students who borrow, but for all undergraduates.

Furthermore, the administrators of this fund urge a far closer association than now exists between the classroom and the real world in which the student will eventually have to make a living. They insist that the boy who borrows must be willing to learn how to repay what he has received. He must, they assure us, acquire the skills and technique of a modern world if he is to do so.

It is fair to assume that one mark of an educated man is that he shall reconsider and reappraise the society about him, and, to some extent, change it. Judged by these standards, few of these student borrowers are educated or mature. They sink back into old prejudices and family habits of thinking as readily as a boy sinks back into the familiar hollows of his easy-chair at home.

The indictment which the foundation makes of the student borrower is this, and it is not made in a crotchety spirit or with money bags in mind: it is not that the borrower, as this organization knows him, does not pay his bills promptly enough, for no one knows better than this father-confessor of youth how difficult it often is to do so; it is rather that he brings to his problems as a debtor childish reactions, racial fixations, techniques of escape, excuses for not facing reality, which his college training should have taught him to scorn. This childishness stands in the way of an honest handling of debt. The foundation therefore hopes to see him reëxamine the standards of his family, his profession, his race.

Philanthropists are prepared to make 'investments in humanity.' In a borrower, as in a bond, however, the investor would like some assurance of future maturity.

THE CANONS OF POETRY

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

THE more I read the current discussion of poets and poetry, the more I am worried by the conviction that it is proceeding on false assumptions. The writers may have different tastes, belong to different groups, subscribe to different faiths, but they all seem to me to share a basic confusion.

This confusion is the result of a failure to think clearly about what is meant by the words 'prose,' 'verse,' and 'poetry'—a question which is sometimes debated but which never seems to me to get properly disentangled. Yet are not the obvious facts as follows?

What we mean by the words 'prose' and 'verse' are simply two different techniques of literary expression. Verse is written in lines with a certain number of metrical feet each; prose is written in paragraphs and has what we call rhythm. But what is 'poetry,' then? My contention is that 'poetry' once meant one thing but that it now means something different, and that one cannot come to anything but very misleading conclusions by taking all the verse writers out of their periods and throwing them together in one's mind. One must consider both verse and prose in relation to the historical development of literature.

The important thing to recognize is that the technique of verse was once commonly used for many purposes for which we now ordinarily use prose.

Solon expounded his political ideas in verse; the *Works and Days* is a shepherd's calendar in verse; the *Theogony* is versified mythology; and almost everything which in contemporary writing would be put into prose plays and novels was versified by the Greeks in epics or plays. And even after prose fiction had appeared the Latins continued to write epics, and to compose treatises on farming and astronomy in verse. The Middle Ages still wrote verse epics. The theatre of Shakespeare and Racine was still largely written in verse; the English Augustans, imitating the Romans, wrote moral and literary essays in verse.

But how much of this verse was 'poetry'? From the point of view of those who wrote it and read it, it was all of it poetry, of course, and the people who wrote it were poets. The 'poetic' of Horace's *Ars Poetica* applies to the whole range of ancient verse, and Horace enumerates in it the uses to which *carmina* have been put. The heroes of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* are Dryden and Pope.

II

These facts are sufficiently well known. Yet a change in the conception of poetry has taken place which affects in a peculiar way the critic's view of the past and causes him to talk as if they were not true.

This change appears very clearly in the doubts of the nineteenth century as to whether Pope was a poet at all. It is true that the prominent position which Dr. Johnson gives Pope in *The Lives of the Poets* is due to the special taste of his time; but it is *not* true that only a critic of the latter part of the eighteenth century, a critic of an 'age of prose,' would have considered Pope a poet. Any age before the age of Coleridge would have considered Pope a 'poet.'

But the romantics were to redefine 'poetry.' With Coleridge it has come to mean something different. In the *Biographia Literaria* he denies that any excellent work in metre may be properly called a 'poem.' 'The final definition . . . ' he says, 'may be thus worded. A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species — (having *this* object in common with it) — it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole* as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part.' This would evidently exclude the *Ars Poetica* and the *De Natura Rerum*, whose immediate objects are as much truth as pleasure. What is really happening is that in the mind of Coleridge the meaning of 'poetry' is becoming more specialized. Why? Coleridge tells us in formulating an objection which may be made to the first part of his definition: 'But the communication of pleasure may be the immediate object of a work not metrically composed; and that object may have been in a high degree attained, as in novels and romances.' Precisely; and the novels and romances were formerly written in verse, whereas they are now often written in prose. In Coleridge's time, tales in verse are more and more giving place to prose novels.

Before very long, novels in verse such as *Aurora Leigh* and *The Ring and the Book* will seem more or less literary oddities. 'Poetry,' then, for Coleridge, has become something which, unless he amends his definition, may equally well be written in prose; as he says, the prophet Isaiah and Plato and Jeremy Taylor would be poetry. He seems to me here to become muddled; but his conclusion is that the 'peculiar property of poetry' is 'the property of exciting a more continuous and equal attention than the language of prose aims at, whether colloquial or written.'

The truth is that Coleridge is having difficulties in attempting to derive his new conception of poetry from the literature of the past which has been based on the old conception. Poe, writing thirty years later, was able to go much further. Coleridge had said — and it was really what he was principally trying to say — that 'a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry.' (Yet are not the *Divine Comedy* and Shakespeare's tragedies all poetry? Or rather, in the case of these masterpieces, is not the poem the whole work, sustained at a uniformly high level of expression and with the effects of the different parts dependent on each other?) Poe predicted that 'no very long poem would ever be popular again,' and made 'poetry' mean something even more special by insisting that it should approach the indefiniteness of music. The reason why no very long poem would ever be popular again was simply that verse as a technique was passing out of fashion in every department of literature except that of lyric poetry. The long poems of the past — Shakespeare's plays, the *Divine Comedy*, the Greek dramatists, and Homer — were going to continue to be popular; but writers of that stature in the immediate future were not going to write in verse.

III

Matthew Arnold was to keep on in Coleridge's direction, though by a route somewhat different from Poe's. He said, as we have heard so repeatedly, that poetry was at bottom a criticism of life; but, though one of the characteristics which true poetry might possess was 'moral profundity,' another was 'natural magic,' and 'eminent manifestations of this magical power of poetry' were 'very rare and very precious.' 'Poetry' is steadily becoming rarer. Arnold loved quoting passages of natural magic and he suggested that we ought to carry around in our minds a number of such passages as touchstones to test any new verse we encountered. His method of presenting the poets makes poetry seem brief and quintessential. He was not happy till he had edited Byron and Wordsworth in such a way as to make it appear that their 'poetry' was a kind of elixir which had to be distilled from the mass of their work — rather difficult in Byron's case: how can you press the essence out of *Don Juan*?

There was some point in what Arnold was trying to do for these writers; but the only reason he was able to do anything for them was that the technique of verse was becoming incapable of handling large subjects successfully. Arnold could have done nothing for Dante by anthologizing him — nor, with all Shakespeare's carelessness, for Shakespeare. The new specialized idea of poetry appears very plainly and strangely when Arnold talks about Homer: the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which were history, fiction, and scripture to the Greeks, tend to crystallize for Arnold into brief patches of moral profundity and natural magic.

And in the meantime the ideas of Poe, developed by the Symbolists in France, had resulted in the *Art Poé-*

tique of Verlaine, so remarkably different from that of Horace: 'Music first of all . . . no Color, only the *nuance*! . . . Shun Point, the murderer, cruel Wit, and Laughter the impure. . . . Take eloquence and wring its neck! . . . Let your verse be the fortune teller's riddle flung to the crisp morning wind that smells, as it blows, of mint and thyme — and all the rest is literature.'

Eliot and Valéry followed. Valéry, still in the tradition of Poe, regarded a poem as a highly specialized kind of machine for producing a special kind of 'state.' Eliot called poetry a 'superior amusement,' and he anthologized, both in his own poems and in his criticism, even more fastidiously than Arnold. He, too, has his set of chosen and quintessential passages; and he has a curious gift for imbuing them, both when he incorporates them in his own poems and when he quotes them in his essays, with a personal accent and significance. One remembers how a few years ago people used to read the Elizabethans under the influence of Eliot to fish up strange and fascinating lines which sounded like the epigraphs to Eliot's poems: 'There's thousands in their graves that at last day Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking!' or, 'Thou look'st like Antichrist in that lewd hat.' And as Eliot's poems were often put together out of what seemed separate lines and short passages, so his imitators came to think in lines rather than stanzas. I have said that Matthew Arnold could have done nothing for Dante by anthologizing him; but Eliot, in his introduction to Dante, in which he cites so many favorite passages, does in effect compile a Dante anthology.

The result, it seems to me, is to produce a sort of optical illusion. The critic, when he reads the play or epic, may have grasped it and enjoyed it as a whole; yet when the reader reads

what the critic has written, he gets the impression, looking back on the great poet whom the critic has written about, that the *Divine Comedy*, say, so wonderfully sustained and so beautifully integrated, is principally remarkable for Eliotesque fragments. Once we have read Matthew Arnold's essay, we find that the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of Æschylus and the 'daffodils that come before the swallow dares' of Shakespeare stick out from their contexts forever after in an entirely unjustified manner. Arnold, unintentionally and unconsciously, has had the effect of making the poet's 'poetry' seem to be concentrated in a line or a phrase.

Finally, Mr. A. E. Housman comes with his lecture on 'The Name and Nature of Poetry' — which, with Eliot's recent lectures on 'The Use of Poetry,' has been the immediate provocation for these observations — and declares that he cannot define poetry. He can only recognize it, he says, by its symptoms: 'Experience has taught me, when I am shaving of a morning, to keep watch over my thought, because if a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act. This particular symptom is accompanied by a shiver down the spine; there is another which consists in a constriction of the throat and a precipitation of water to the eyes; and there is a third which I can only describe by borrowing a phrase from one of Keats's last letters, where he says, speaking of Fanny Brawne, "everything that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear." The seat of this sensation is the pit of the stomach.'

This is true; but there are other things which give us these sensations, too: scenes from prose plays (the curtain of *The Playboy of the Western World* made my hair stand on end when I first saw the Abbey Theatre do it and

still affects me in the same way when I recall it), passages from novels (Dædalus's broodings over his mother in the opening episode of *Ulysses* and the end of Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy), even scenes from histories such as Mirabeau's arrival in Aix at the end of Michelet's *Louis XVI*, even passages in a philosophical dialogue like the end of Plato's *Symposium*. Housman, though he praises some long English poems, has the effect, like these other writers I have mentioned, of making us feel that 'poetry' means primarily lyric verse, and that only at its most poignant or musical moments.

IV

What I have said here, of course, is not to belittle the value of what these writers have written about poetry. They are all distinguished poets themselves; and their criticism is very important because it is an attempt to provide an explanation of what they are trying to do in their own poetry, of what they conceive the capabilities and limitations of verse in their own time to be.

But I feel that in the minds of all of them the confusion still persists between the new idea of poetry and the old: between Coleridge's idea on the one hand and Horace's on the other; and that as time goes on and the technique of prose tends to take over more and more of the material formerly handled by the technique of verse, and as the two techniques appear side by side or combined in a simple work, it has become impossible to conduct any comparative discussion of literature on a basis of this misleading division of it into the departments of 'poetry' and 'prose.'

What such discussion often results in, especially if carried on by persons who write verse themselves, is the im-

pression that contemporary verse writers of small stature (though of however authentic gifts) are really the inheritors of the genius, the carriers-on of the tradition, of Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, the Romans and the Greeks. It is time, it seems to me, to discard, or to define more carefully, the word 'poetry' which has come to serve for so many ambiguities, and to recognize that the most intense, the most profound, the most comprehensive, and the most beautifully composed works of literary art (which for these reasons are also the most thrilling and give us most prickly sensations while shaving) have been written sometimes in prose and sometimes in verse, depending on the literary technique which happened to be dominant during the period.

It is only when we argue about these matters that we become entangled in absurdities. When we read, our instinct values truly. Matthew Arnold cites examples of that 'natural magic' which he regards as one of the properties of 'poetry' from Chateaubriand and Maurice de Guérin, who did not write verse but prose, as well as from Shakespeare and Keats; and he includes Molière among the 'larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven,' though Molière was equally successful with prose and verse and would certainly never have versified at all if the conventions of his age had not demanded it. If one happens, as I did, to read Flaubert at about the same time as Dante, one finds that paragraphs from *Madame Bovary* stick in the mind like episodes from the *Divine Comedy*. One gets the prose by heart unconsciously just as one does favorite passages of verse; one repeats them, admiring the form, the choice of words, seeing more and more significance in them. One realizes that, though Dante is greater than Flaubert, Flaubert is a writer of the same class. It is simply

that by Flaubert's time the Dante writes his vision as prose fiction instead of as an epic in verse (if the *Divine Comedy* is an epic: really it is something between a mythological epic and a modern autobiographical novel). Surely at any other period in history *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* would have been written in verse instead of prose.

And if one reads Vergil after Flaubert, one realizes that Vergil to-day would have written the *Georgics*, at any rate, in prose. Yet the *Georgics* is a beautiful poem, not parts of it but the whole thing, because it is a beautiful work of art and because in Vergil's day this kind of treatise-pamphlet was still being written in verse. *Madame Bovary* took six years to write, as the *Georgics* took seven. Is Flaubert any less intense and precise in his use of words and rhythms than Vergil? Is Vergil any less successful in conveying emotion through objective statement than Flaubert? If, as has so often been done, you compare Tennyson to Vergil, you will conclude that the Vergils are diminishing. If, on the other hand, you compare Flaubert to Vergil, you will see how much an ancient master of verse has in common, in mood as well as in aim, with a modern master of prose — or, rather, you will see how a great modern prose writer has grown out of the great classical poets. Put Vergil's descriptions beside Flaubert's: the angry bees of Vergil with the bees in *Madame Bovary* that hit against the window; Vergil's old market gardener with Flaubert's old farm servant at the fair; the melancholy of Vergil's pastures laid waste by the cattle plague, '*desertaque regna Pastorum, et longe saltus lateque vacantes,*' and of Orpheus calling Eurydice with the melancholy of Charles Bovary looking out at the sordid streets of Rouen and sniffing for the good country odors '*qui ne venaient pas jusqu'à lui.*'

V

If we take literature as a whole for our field, we put an end to many futile controversies — the controversies, for example, as to whether or not Pope is a poet, whether or not Whitman is a poet. If you admit that Pope is a great writer, it is less interesting to compare him with Shakespeare — which will tell you something about the development of English verse but will not bring out Pope's peculiar excellence — than to compare him with Thackeray, say, with whom he has his principal theme, the vanity of the worldly world, in common and who throws into relief the intenser feeling and the superior art of Pope. And so the attempt to judge Whitman by the standards of verse has hindered the appreciation of his deliberate and exquisite art.

One of the most significant events of modern literature was Ibsen's abandonment, in writing his plays, of verse technique for prose. Thereafter in general the dramatists of the highest artistic order — the Tchekovs, Shaws, Synges — wrote prose. It was by them that the soul of the time was given its beautiful expression: there was nothing for Rostand's alexandrines but fireworks and declamation.

Finally, Joyce, who had assimilated Shakespeare and Dante, Flaubert and Ibsen all, began merging the two techniques. There is in *Ulysses* a mastery of metrics as well as a mastery of prose; and it is hard to tell whether his *Work in Progress* is by our conventional terminology to be called prose or verse. A good deal of it is written in metre and might be printed as verse; but Joyce prints the whole thing, except a few interpolated songs, as prose. In any case, it seems to me that nothing could be demanded of 'poetry' by Coleridge with his 'sense of novelty and freshness with old and

familiar objects,' by Poe with his indefiniteness of music, by Arnold with his natural magic, by Verlaine with his nuance, by Eliot with his unearthliness, or by Housman with his bristling of the beard while shaving, which *Anna Livia Plurabelle* does not supply to the fullest measure.

I believe that an excellent procedure for anyone preparing to write about modern 'poetry' would be first to think about Joyce. Anyone who did would be obliged to begin by admitting that Joyce was the greatest living 'poet,' but then would be obliged to reëxamine his idea of 'poetry' and to run the whole question back to the history of literary techniques. He might then point out how Hemingway has brought a prose technique to a pitch where it is perhaps more appropriate to compare his short stories to the verse of Catullus or Chénier than to the prose of Maupassant; how Faulkner, who began by writing verse, has gone on in writing novels to confuse verse technique with prose, unintentionally and with bad effect, instead of mingling them deliberately as Joyce does; how the verse technique of Ezra Pound has been changing into a technique of prose — and various other significant phenomena.

If one confines oneself to works written in verse, one excludes so much of modern literature, and with it so much of life. The best contemporary verse is lyric, and, though the best contemporary lyric poets are perhaps as good as any who ever lived, they are not writers of the stature of Shakespeare and Dante. The specialization of the functions of verse has narrowed the horizon of the verse writer.

VI

It seems obvious that the technique of verse has been falling into disuse

during at least the last two centuries. But should one conclude that it is doomed to be limited to more and more specialized functions and finally to go out altogether, or that it is really the logical vehicle for the highest and most intense literary art and must recover the domains it has lost?

One would have to try to trace from the anthropological and from the sociological points of view the causes for the decline which has already taken place. Is it a more primitive technique than prose? Are its fixed rules like the syntax of ancient languages, which becomes stiffer and more complicated the further back one goes? Leaving aside the requirements of taste and the self-imposed difficulties of form which have always been involved in the production of great works of art in any period, does the flexibility, say, of modern English prose bear to the versification of Horace the same relation that English syntax bears to Horace's syntax, or that Horace's bears to that of the Eskimos?

One important factor in the history of verse has been certainly its interaction with music. Greek verse grew up in fusion with music: verse and music were learned together. It was not till after Alexander the Great that prosody was detached from harmony. But the exclusively literary theory of verse was what the Romans got and developed. This accounts for the fact, I believe, that there seems to be in Greek poetry so little exact visual observation if we compare it with Latin poetry. Greek poetry is mainly for the ear. Compare a landscape in one of the choruses of Sophocles or Aristophanes with a landscape in Vergil or Horace: the Greeks are *singing* about the landscape; the Romans are fixing it for the eye of the mind. Again, in the Elizabethan Age, the English were extremely musical: one can hardly imagine the lyrics of

Campion being composed apart from musical settings; and Shakespeare is permeated with music. Shakespeare's evocation of things seen is always vivid and haunting; but the objects are more or less liquefied by music, like things seen under water. English poetry continues to keep fairly close to music through Milton. What has really happened with Pope is that the musical background has ceased to figure and the ocular sense has grown sharp again. After this, the only music is in lyrics, — that is, songs, — and it becomes more and more of a trick to be able to write them so that they seem to be authentic — so that they sound like something sung. It was the aim of the late-nineteenth-century Symbolists, who derived their theory from Poe, to bring verse closer to music again, in opposition to the school of the Parnassians, who cultivated a hard and precise objectivity. And the success of the lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay, in spite of what some feel to be shortcomings of her imagery, is certainly connected with her musical training. (It is not merely the pictures of things presented which have a plastic character in modern poetry: the phrases which fix the images take a plastic rather than musical value on the page, as in the poems of Allen Tate, for example.) And in Joyce's case it is not merely that verse metrics have been mingled with prose in the marvelous Sirens episode of *Ulysses*; such effects could have been produced only by a writer with a fine tenor voice like Joyce.

A period in which music took its place as an important element in a general serious culture might perhaps be a period of the revival of verse. As it is, some of our best verse in America has been composed for our popular ballads. One is amazed, as one goes through the collections of American

popular songs (of Abbe Niles and W. C. Handy, of Carl Sandburg, of the pupils of Professor Kittredge) which have only recently been getting published, to discover that the conquest of the continent has had as a by-product a body of folk verse not unworthy to stand with Percy's *Reliques*. The tune of the popular song will no doubt be carrying the words that fit it into the anthologies of verse of the future when many of the literary pieces in the present ones, which try to recall a music gone with Shakespeare, will have come to sound like words and nothing more.

Another factor which has affected verse has been undoubtedly the invention of the printing press and the increased demand for reading matter which has been largely supplied by prose, because ordinary prose is easier to write than verse. Modern journalism brought forth new art forms; and you had not only great writers of fiction such as Flaubert and Joyce, who were also consummate artists in the sense that the great classical poets were, but also great novelists like Balzac, Dickens, Dreiser, who have none of the

concentration or perfection of detail of the epic, but have to be read rapidly and in bulk. Their novels are the epics of societies, and, lacking either the concision of the folk song or the elegance and distinction of the court, they sprawl and swarm like the populations of the great modern cities they deal with. They talk the colloquial and practical language of the dominant middle class, no longer schooled by the Renaissance teaching of the old régime which it has overthrown. Even a man like Dostoevsky rises out of this weltering literature. You cannot say that his insight is less deep, that his vision is narrower or less noble, or that his mastery of his art is less perfect, than that of the great poets of the past. You can only say that what he does he does by a technique totally different.

Such societies as one must imagine for the future — economically and logically organized and with higher general standards of education — might give rise to a new concentration in literature which would not necessarily involve a return to verse. More probably the future will have worked out new rhythms, new techniques, of its own.

DEEPER INTO SPACE

The New Telescope and Our Universe

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

I

FIVE years ago the Rockefeller Trustees, with the approval and support of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made provision for two far-reaching explorations. One of these, organized by my old friend Breasted, involves the most comprehensive study ever undertaken of the origin and rise of civilization in the Near East. This combines the excavation, recording, and interpretation of ancient remains and inscriptions at numerous carefully chosen stations in Egypt and the Near East with a geological survey of the Nile Valley, linking the partially known historic period to the remote prehistoric era. Thus Breasted is creating a unified picture of human progress in the most strategic region of the world, with a sweeping vision reaching back over hundreds of thousands of years into the dim and distant epoch of the past.

The other grant made by the Rockefeller Trustees was for an investigation complementary to that of Breasted and his associates. Sixty centuries ago, on the banks of the Nile, the pioneer astronomers of Egypt watched the meridian passage of the stars and mapped the principal constellations. Hundreds of Babylonian tablets also preserve astronomical records, which were continued for centuries and led to the capital discovery of the precession of the equinoxes. In those early days the

great distance of the stars was unknown, but, as the centuries rolled by, the heavens seemed to recede from the earth. Increased precision of observation showed the stars to be very remote, and enhanced the desire for greater knowledge. The speculations and observations of the early Greeks and the persistent work of the Alexandrian School added largely to the already vast literature of astronomy. Even the decline of Alexandria and the ignorance of the Dark Ages did not long hamper progress, as the books of the Greeks were preserved and their observations continued in all parts of the Arabian empire. Astronomy thus spread through Moorish Spain to other parts of Europe, and in the century of Copernicus the most elaborate observatory of the period was established by Tycho Brahe on a Danish island. Here were obtained the positions of the planets from which Kepler derived their laws of motion, which finally led to the great generalization of Newton. At the end of the seventeenth century the only known stars were the small number visible to the naked eye. Then came Galileo's telescope. Suddenly tens of thousands of hitherto unseen stars burst into view, and with them the mountains on the Moon, the satellites of Jupiter, and the phases of Venus. Thus the reasoning of Copernicus, who

had placed the sun instead of the earth at the centre of the solar system, was finally confirmed. The telescope continued to grow, recently attaining a diameter of one hundred inches and revealing thousands of millions of stars. During the last century its efficiency has been greatly enhanced by combining with it such chemical and physical devices as the photographic plate, the spectroscope, and the photoelectric amplifier.

My own experience, covering a period of fifty years, has led me to realize the importance of a broad and constantly developing research policy. I do not believe in hastily casting aside the methods and experience of the past, but rather in utilizing and improving them in harmony with the steady advance of science. As a boy I made the most of my own apparatus, and experimented in chemistry and physics before I entered astronomy. My first spectroscope was in use before I built my first telescope, and a small camera preceded them both. Thus it was natural to combine all three, as Huggins and others had done, and to give sufficient space in my first observatory to a laboratory and workshop. Such a policy, continued at the Yerkes and Mount Wilson Observatories, is also the fundamental principle of the new project described in these pages.

Another prime element in this policy is that of coöperation in research. Research laboratories and observatories should not be organized as competing institutions, largely intent on their own glory. On the other hand, a group of observatories should not be conducted as unthinking machines, operated by a single head. Whenever possible, plans of coöperation should be devised, in which all of the originality of each individual investigator is stimulated and encouraged without sacrifice of the great advantages of

joint operation and control. I could give numerous examples of local, national, and international coöperation in research which have proved extremely fruitful.

The most richly endowed research agencies in the United States are those directed by the Rockefeller and the Carnegie Trustees. While these bodies differ in certain respects in organization and procedure, their purposes have much in common. Thus in 1903 the Carnegie Institution of Washington established a large observatory on Mount Wilson and in Pasadena, and later it greatly aided in the development of the California Institute of Technology, also in Pasadena. The Rockefeller Boards showed a special interest in the California Institute, to which, with their assistance, such outstanding leaders of research as Arthur A. Noyes, Robert A. Millikan, and Thomas Hunt Morgan were drawn.

In 1928 the Rockefeller Trustees offered to the California Institute a sum sufficient to build a 200-inch reflecting telescope, together with such instrument shops, laboratories, and other facilities as would be required to establish a well-rounded Astrophysical Observatory. This Observatory was designed to be complementary to the Mount Wilson Observatory, and in no sense a rival institution. A necessary condition of the gift was therefore that the Carnegie Institution of Washington should coöperate in the most complete way with the California Institute. Such coöperation was cordially promised by the President and the Executive Committee of the Carnegie Institution. Reciprocally, the California Institute offered the use of its facilities to members of the staff of the Mount Wilson Observatory. The Institute's Physical and Chemical Laboratories, not to speak of the possibilities of its new astrophysical equipment,

will thus be available for researches in which they may be needed by the Mount Wilson observers.

II

The reader may inquire why, when so many stars are known, we need an instrument large enough to add hundreds of millions more. The answer is easy to give. The discovery of stars previously unknown because of their faintness is important only in so far as they may contribute to our knowledge of the structure of the universe and the nature of its constituents. Until recently all of the heavenly bodies have generally been looked upon as parts of a single Galaxy, a flattened aggregation with its greatest extension in the plane of the Milky Way. The first nebula recognized to have a spiral form was detected by Lord Rosse's great reflecting telescope in 1845, but a few years ago strong arguments were advanced for the belief that the hundreds of thousands of spiral nebulae then known were members of our own Galaxy.

Other astronomers, however, already held opposite views. Indeed, the conception of 'island universes,' scattered through the depths of space, goes back more than a century. But speculation is a very different thing from proof. Gradually, by the aid of powerful telescopes equipped with photographic and spectroscopic appliances, the distance of the spiral nebulae has been measured, and they are now generally regarded to be outside our galactic system, most of them at enormous distances. We have also learned that the Galaxy, with its hundreds of millions of stars, is probably itself a spiral nebula, whirling with the astonishing velocity that characterizes these objects. Long-exposure photographs of the nearest spirals have

partially resolved them into extremely faint stars, and afforded means of comparing them with similar stars in our own system and thus of measuring their distance. Finally, the millions of 'island universes' (many of them spiral nebulae) scattered through space appear to be separating at velocities which are almost comparable with the velocity of light. But there are some apparent contradictions in this picture, which can be investigated only by the aid of a telescope capable of reaching farther into space.

This, however, is only one side of the problem of modern astrophysics. We have learned that the earth is one of the smallest members of a group of planets revolving about the sun, and that the sun, far removed from the centre of the Galaxy, is one of the smallest stars. The study of the structure and evolution of the stars began about the time of Darwin's publication of *The Origin of Species*. Indeed, the first chemical analysis of the sun was made by Kirchhoff and Bunsen in that same memorable year — 1859. Similar analyses of the brighter stars, conducted within a decade by Huggins and Secchi, showed the presence of the same elements found in the earth and sun. They also revealed a distinct sequence among the stars, pointing toward a definite law of evolution. As time went on, it also appeared that we must look to the stars for the solution of some of the most fundamental questions of chemistry and physics.

Thus the true rôle of astrophysics is a very broad one. It shows us a vast universe, aglow with near and distant objects which appeal to us in a double sense. To the celestial problem, which the work of many centuries has shown to be one of the earliest and most persistent interests of mankind, is added a great terrestrial asset. For we now realize that the heavens con-

tain innumerable stellar laboratories, where problems of physics and chemistry, far beyond the capacity of our laboratories on earth, are open to solution.

When Einstein conceived his theory, and stimulated its test by means of the sun and stars, no physicist could have shown in the laboratory that the passage of light rays near a mass of matter would result in the bending of their path. Nor, without the aid of a huge gaseous body like the sun, could the physicist have proved that the radiation of luminous atoms is altered by the neighborhood of such a mass. Scores of illustrations might be given to indicate the value of 'cosmic crucibles' in solving laboratory problems. As astronomy is dependent, in still greater degree, upon the fundamental sciences of physics and chemistry, it is perfectly clear that all three should be cultivated together, with the indispensable aid of mathematics.

In this extensive unified work a telescope much more powerful than any yet available is urgently needed. It is not a question, as is so commonly supposed, of great magnifying power. What we must have is more light, focused in a sharply defined image. To get more light it is necessary to enlarge the curved optical surface used to concentrate all the rays falling upon it. The problems involved in constructing and operating a greater telescope are easy to name but difficult to solve.

The first necessity is to make disks of glass or some other suitable material of sufficient size, stiffness, homogeneity, and freedom from marked distortion by change of temperature.

The next is to give such a disk a practically perfect optical surface and to coat its curved face uniformly with a highly reflecting film of silver or other suitable metal.

While this process, involving many years of work, is under way, a telescope mounting must be designed and built. This must be capable of supporting the massive optical disk so perfectly that it will be undistorted in any position. It must also automatically follow the stars with great precision throughout the night.

At the same time a careful comparative study must be made of promising sites for the telescope, in a region where much clear weather and other favorable conditions prevail. The long construction period will also give opportunity for other work of equal importance, including the erection of shops and laboratories and the design and construction of auxiliary apparatus capable of multiplying many fold the efficiency of the telescope.

Throughout the centuries separating Galileo from the earliest astronomers, the only collector of starlight available was the unaided eye. The huge astronomical instruments erected in Cairo, India, Denmark, and elsewhere revealed no stars beyond the range of ordinary vision; they served merely to determine the positions and motions of the visible stars and planets. Although lenses had been used earlier as aids to vision, Galileo was the first to apply them to the heavens. His telescope, with its simple convex lens about two and one-quarter inches in diameter, collected about eighty times as much light as the pupil of the eye. This gain was sufficient to add hundreds of thousands of stars to the two or three thousand previously seen. Now it is a question, not so much of multiplying the hundreds of millions of stars already known, as of brightening their images and of making possible a satisfactory exploration of the vast world of distant galaxies lying beyond the limits of the Milky Way.

III

After years of ingenious experimentation by the General Electric Company with fused quartz, which offers hitherto insuperable difficulties in very large masses because of its extremely high melting point, we turned to Pyrex glass, so widely known because of its superiority to ordinary glass for cooking purposes. Its high quartz content greatly reduces its expansion by heat, and explains why Pyrex utensils withstand without cracking the sudden changes of temperature to which they are often exposed. The casting and annealing of large Pyrex disks demanded, however, extensive studies by experienced physicists, and we were very fortunate to be able to call upon the knowledge and experience of Dr. Arthur L. Day, Director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and the able research staff of the Corning Glass Works.

After a 60-inch Pyrex disk had been successfully made, a glass much superior for our purposes to ordinary Pyrex was developed for us, and used to make the 72-inch disk for the telescope of the new Toronto Observatory. A 120-inch disk (needed for testing the 200-inch mirror) was then cast for us last June. It was carefully annealed by a special process, and when taken from the annealing furnace in December it was shown by preliminary tests to be of the highest quality. On the last day of the year, an 80-inch disk, for the new observatory of the University of Texas, was cast at Corning from the same kind of glass. Thus the Rockefeller gift to the California Institute, as will be shown more fully later, is accomplishing the purpose of developing new methods and materials needed by many institutions, instead of being solely devoted to the estab-

lishment of a single new observatory.

A 120-inch disk having been cast, with an area half again as great as that of the largest telescope mirror previously made, we may look forward with confidence to the success of the 200-inch disk. This will be cast within a few weeks (shortly after the casting of a 60-inch disk for the Harvard College Observatory), and its annealing should be completed by the end of 1934. Then follows the long and delicate process of grinding, polishing, and figuring the disk after its arrival in Pasadena.

At this point a word should be said regarding the preparations already made at the California Institute. The first need was a suitable machine shop, equipped with the tools required to build the special instruments, of many new types, called for in this enterprise. Here, too, a large grinding and polishing machine has been designed and built. This machine is nearly ready for work on the 120-inch disk in our new optical shop, completed a few months ago. No such building is available elsewhere, because of the large scale and the special requirements of the task. It must not only permit the 120-inch and 200-inch disks to be ground, polished, and figured to the highest perfection, but also to be tested optically in combination with each other. These operations demand a room 54 feet wide, 162 feet long, and 39 feet high, in which the dust-free air can be maintained for many months at nearly constant temperature and humidity. Overhead an electric crane, tested for loads of fifty tons, spans the room and travels its entire length. By this means the heavy disks can be lifted on or off the polishing machines and moved about at will. Small optical shops adjoin the main room and afford space for all the minor work.

When finally completed, the 200-inch mirror will have a polished concave face, not differing from a true paraboloidal form by more than two millionths of an inch.

The ordinary method of coating such a telescope mirror is to deposit on it chemically a very thin layer of pure silver. Four years ago, however, John Strong developed at the University of Michigan a process of vaporizing various metals, and depositing the vapor on glass or any other substance in a high vacuum. Now a member of the research staff of the California Institute, Strong has recently coated with aluminum mirrors up to thirty-six inches in diameter (the Crossley Reflector of the Lick Observatory), besides many smaller mirrors and gratings used on Mount Wilson and in Pasadena. The remarkable permanence of such aluminum surfaces and their great superiority to silver, especially in the violet and ultra-violet, lead us to hope that this process can be used for coating the 200-inch mirror.

Photographic exposures of faint celestial objects often last for hours, or even for several successive nights. During this time the stars must be kept accurately in position on the plate, in spite of their apparent westward motion caused by the rotation of the earth. The 200-inch mirror, weighing nearly twenty-five tons, must therefore lie on a special support system (to prevent distortion) at the bottom of a steel skeleton tube hung on trunnions between the arms of a huge polar axis, kept in steady rotation by a driving clock and worm gear. The skeleton tube, about twenty-five feet in diameter and sixty feet long, will be so rigid that the observer can be carried at its upper end, within a small cartridge-shaped house at the centre of the tube. The parallel rays of light from the stars, entering the

open end of the tube unimpeded except by the central observer's house and its four narrow supporting steel webs, will fall on the concave mirror at the lower end of the tube and be reflected back to form images which can be observed visually, photographed, analyzed with a spectroscope, or measured with such an instrument as a photoelectric amplifier. The loss of the light obstructed by the observer's house is unimportant, because it is so small a fraction of the whole light received and also because the central part of the mirror must be covered in any reflecting telescope.

IV

An exceptional feature of the 200-inch telescope will be its great angular aperture. In most reflectors the focal length is five or six times the diameter of the large mirror. The focal length of the 200-inch will be only 3.3 times its aperture. Thus the photographic intensity of a given star at its focus will not be merely four times that of the same star at the focus of the 100-inch telescope, but more nearly ten times as great. This means that the 200-inch telescope should penetrate fully three times as far into space, and thus open for investigation an unexplored sphere of about thirty times the volume of that hitherto sounded.

The observations mentioned above are to be made at the primary focus of the 200-inch mirror. In other classes of work different arrangements are called for. A convex mirror about forty inches in diameter, mounted at the centre of the tube below the observer's house, can be instantly turned into position by an electric motor. This will cause the light rays to converge less rapidly, and form an image of a field of stars on a photographic plate about seventeen inches square

just below the 200-inch mirror, which will be pierced with a central hole to transmit the beam. Or the photographic plate holder can be swung aside and replaced by a spectrograph. Because of the varying refraction of the atmosphere, the star images cannot be held precisely in place by the driving clock of the telescope. An observer, carried by the massive tube, must watch a star under considerable magnification and, with the aid of suitable mechanism, make the small corrections necessary to keep it in position at the intersection of two cross hairs or on the slit of the spectrograph.

When longer spectrographs or other auxiliary instruments are needed to analyze the light of stars or nebulae or to measure their radiation, one or more plane mirrors can be swung into position, displacing the focus to apparatus on either side of the telescope tube or in a fixed constant temperature chamber due south of the polar axis. In this way it will be possible to photograph the spectra of the brighter stars on a scale as great as that ordinarily used in the study of the sun.

The selection of a suitable site for the 200-inch telescope is not an easy problem. Should it be north or south of the equator, and at what latitude? For instruments up to one hundred inches aperture this might prove to be a difficult question, as the southern stars have been explored much less completely than those of the northern sky. But for a 200-inch telescope, which must be devoted exclusively to work beyond the range of smaller instruments, there can be no manner of doubt. The selection of celestial objects for special study cannot be made intelligently without the aid of all the knowledge available. As this is far more abundant for the northern heavens, a site north of the equator is evidently needed. As for its latitude,

it is obviously desirable to include as much of the sky as possible, without depressing the north celestial pole too far. A latitude between 30 degrees and 35 degrees, where three fourths of the entire heavens are visible, is thus indicated.

Much clear weather is wanted, and this means a site far removed from the paths of the principal storms, which cross the United States from west to east near the Canadian border and from south to north along the Atlantic coast. Great distance from storm centres is also favorable to sharp definition of star images, a prime requirement. As the unsteadiness of these images is naturally greater in the denser and more disturbed air of low altitudes, a high altitude is required, where the loss of light by atmospheric absorption is also low. But the site must not be too high, because of the extremely low temperatures and the consequent distortion of the telescope mirror when it is exposed to the sky at night (it is tightly enclosed in a nearly constant temperature case throughout the day). Local causes of disturbance, such as winds, electric lights, and so forth, must also be borne in mind.

Finally, the easy accessibility of co-operating laboratories and observatories is of vital importance. After previous study of these questions in selecting the site of the Mount Wilson Observatory thirty years ago, combined with the work accomplished since that time with many telescopes up to one hundred inches in diameter, it is clear that a site should be chosen not far distant from the many observatories, laboratories, and instrument shops in and near Pasadena. Although comparative telescopic tests of several neighboring mountain summits have been made during the past five years, a final decision has not yet been reached.

V

The question of auxiliary apparatus and facilities, both for attachment to the telescope and for the interpretation of the observations obtained, is one of the most important problems before us. The Observatory Council, placed in full charge of the entire project by the Trustees of the California Institute, comprises Robert A. Millikan, Director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics; Arthur A. Noyes, Director of the Gates Laboratory of Chemistry; Henry M. Robinson, long experienced in national and international economic affairs; Walter S. Adams, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; and the writer, Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington (chairman). John A. Anderson, the executive officer of the Council, has had long experience as a physicist and astronomer at Johns Hopkins University and the Mount Wilson Observatory. We are also aided by a large group of mathematicians, astronomers, physicists, chemists, and engineers, selected from the research staffs of the Mount Wilson Observatory and the California Institute and from universities and other institutions in this country and abroad. A few specific illustrations will make clear our procedure.

While it was recognized that an exceptionally short focus for the 200-inch mirror was desirable in order to concentrate the feeble light of the most remote celestial objects, we were faced by the fact that the sharply defined field of such a mirror is very small. Ross of the Yerkes Observatory was accordingly asked to devise a new type of correcting lens, to mount before the plate and enlarge the field of good definition. He has had remarkable success in this work, as tests of his lenses

with the large reflecting telescopes on Mount Wilson abundantly prove. We also wished to multiply the efficiency of the new telescope for the photography of the very faint spectra of distant objects, especially for measuring the velocity of the remote spiral nebulae. For this purpose an extremely short-focus lens was needed, far faster than the most rapid movie lenses, the best of which had been tried on Mount Wilson. Rayton, of the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, succeeded in devising an incredibly fast lens, on the principle of a microscope objective, with an aperture of two inches and a focal length of but little more than one inch.

It is with this lens, attached to the spectrograph of the 100-inch reflector, and extending earlier work to more distant objects, that the law of the 'expansion of the universe' has been found by Hubble and Humason. At present, through the coöperation of Jackson, Moore, and Bracey of London, a still more rapid lens of similar type is being developed for us by the British Scientific Instrument Research Association.

Other methods of increasing the efficiency of large telescopes include the improvement of photographic plates and of other sensitive detectors of faint radiation, such as thermocouples, photoelectric cells, and radiometers. We have therefore sought to stimulate such work, and have found great satisfaction in the splendid results obtained by Mees and his associates in photography, Pettit and Nicholson with the thermocouple, Abbot and Sinclair Smith in radiometry, and Stebbins, Dunham, and Whitford in the development of the photoelectric amplifier. With the new Eastman plates it is now possible to record solar, stellar, and planetary spectra in the extreme infrared, while the photoelectric amplifier

used on Mount Wilson with the 100-inch telescope has recently shown the Great Nebula in Andromeda to be twice as wide as it was formerly supposed to be. Without mentioning other similar advances, it is easy to imagine the great gain in space-penetrating power, only partially foreseen at the initiation of this enterprise, now promised by the 200-inch telescope.

In his most recent book, *The Dawn of Conscience*, Breasted gives a striking historical picture of human experience and personal character gradually and slowly arising out of the developing universe. His reasoning is based on observation reaching far behind the dawn of written Egyptian history. Though we can find no convincing evidence of man's presence on bodies other than the earth, it would be strange if life did not exist, in lower or possibly higher forms, on some of the planets that probably revolve about many distant stars. Breasted and those who look back through geological time to the earliest ages of the earth are exploring the past. Astronomers are doing likewise, in a vastly extended region. They have no expectation of

detecting signs of life, but they can study the evolution of the universe in which the earth plays a part. Although light travels through space at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, we see the sun as it was eight minutes ago, Arcturus as it looked when the light now entering our eyes left it forty years ago, the distant stars of the Milky Way as they were thousands of years ago, the nearer spiral nebulae as they were a million years ago, the remote nebulae as they were thousands of millions of years ago. In other words, the heavens as we see them do not appear as they existed at any one time, but rather in the form of a composite picture, covering a period of countless years.

Is it surprising that we still push our observations outward, urged by the same desire for knowledge that has persisted through so many centuries? Or that Poincaré, recognizing what astronomy has done to stimulate all forms of research, once queried, in *La Valeur de la Science*: 'What would our modern civilization have been if the earth, like Jupiter, had always been surrounded by clouds?'

A LITERARY EXPERIMENT

BY ALAN DEVOE

I

IN writing, as in any other business, there is the necessity for middlemen and agents, whose function it is to smooth and facilitate the relation between producer (writer) and buyer (editor). These go-betweens are customarily known as literary agents, but also by a variety of other names such as authors' sales representatives, manuscript placement services, literary market bureaus, and so on. There are a great many of them. The work is agreeable to the critical mind, not too arduous, and frequently lucrative. In addition to the marketing of manuscripts, it may include other professional services such as the criticism, revision, correction, and typing of manuscripts.

The literary agent either does not advertise at all or else confines his advertising to the better-class magazines. His profession is dignified and legitimate; he is a species of skilled broker, and performs a valuable function. In professional ethics he ranks with the attorney and the physician. He criticizes helpfully the work of young writers who show promise; he charges a suitable fee when he markets a manuscript; he is undoubtedly a great aid to many authors, embryonic and established. And it should be mentioned that in his advertisements, if any, he has the professional man's horror for anything like blatancy.

Within recent times the United

States has become a nation of writers. It is filled from coast to coast with grocers' clerks writing the Great American Novel, taxicab drivers inditing poetry, miners scribbling away at a Proletarian Pæan. To-day it is not only the writers who write; everybody writes. In consequence of this comprehensive Literary Surge, there has come into being an enormous army of new persons and firms calling themselves literary agents. Their advertisements do not appear in the well-known magazines, but they have burgeoned by the score in the 'little' magazines, the here to-day and gone to-morrow publications, and in the *Writer's Gazettes* and *Writer's Monthly Helpers* which have popped into precarious existence almost as quickly. A typical advertisement may run something like this:

TURN YOUR REJECTION SLIPS INTO SUBSTANTIAL CHECKS!

Editors are looking for new material, new authors. We open for you the door to the Editorial Sanctum! If you have been getting rejection slips, it does not necessarily mean that you lack literary ability. Probably your manuscript just needs a little polishing, a little revision, to make it salable. Send your MS. to us **TO-DAY** for a reading. We have helped thousands; let us help **YOU**.

I had been seeing advertisements like this for several years, ever since the dawn of the every-man-a-writer era,

and for as long a time I had been consumed with curiosity about the advertisers. It puzzled me to know how on earth they subsisted. For surely no writer, however callow, would be lured by such bait. Never had I met anyone who had actually responded to such an advertisement.

One day I talked to Lee about it. Lee is a young friend of mine who has had a brief period of newspaper work, and has been for years a small-salaried job holder in the clerical department of a large, nationally circulated magazine.

'Lee,' I said, 'who in the world would send his manuscripts for criticism to Mr. Oskar Hirschbaum of Hemlock, Ohio? I see Mr. Hirschbaum's advertisement, month after month, in half a dozen of the slapdash periodicals, so he *must* do some business. But he has absolutely nothing to recommend him. His advertisement says, "My clients are *selling* their manuscripts," but the only specific case he adduces is that of a client who has sold a story for forty dollars to the pulp magazine, *Spook Shadows*. It would be fascinating to know just how these schemes are worked out.'

'In that case,' said young Lee at once, 'why not experiment, and find out for ourselves?'

'You mean . . .'

'Yes,' said Lee. 'Why don't *we* start a Literary Criticism Bureau or an Author's Aid Association, or what not, and just see what comes of it?'

II

And that is how it started. On the spot we concocted a name for our organization: The Leevoe Literary Syndicate. This had a rather absurd sound, but no more ridiculous than dozens of the 'firms' engaged in the same business. We mulled for a long while over the wording of our announcement.

From the first it was decided that we would be exceedingly select and sniffy in our attitude. Instead of advertising raucously, we would emulate more closely the legitimate literary agents. We would merely send out handsomely printed 'announcements' of the formation of the firm. In its final form, our statement read thus:—

The Leevoe Literary Syndicate will handle a limited number of manuscripts for enterprising writers, and will attend to all details of revision, editing, criticism, and marketing. Why send your manuscripts to unknown agents when you can procure the services of two such distinguished figures in the literary world? All manuscripts will receive the personal attention of Carlisle Lee and Alan Devoe. Mr. Lee is on the staff of one of the largest literary journals in America. Mr. Devoe is too well known to require introduction; you have doubtless heard his books discussed over the radio. Terms for criticism: Prose, \$2 per thousand words; Poetry, 10¢ per line; Novels, \$25. Other terms, for revision, etc., will be arranged through correspondence with the client. In case of marketed manuscripts, a fee of 10 per cent will be charged.

We laughed loud and delightedly while composing this. The little touch about my books having been discussed over the radio was Lee's masterpiece. I had written a very modest volume which had been published some six months earlier and had attracted a practically nation-wide apathy, but it *had* been discussed over the radio. Some commentator on a minor broadcasting company's staff had apparently liked the book, and had chatted about it for perhaps two minutes. So that part was true. And Lee *was* on the staff of a great literary journal. On the clerical staff, to be sure, but what of that? In the sense that I am a contributor to English as well as to American magazines, I *am* internationally known. Not quite as well known, per-

haps, as George Bernard Shaw or Rudyard Kipling or Sinclair Lewis, but still . . . Bearing in mind that we should be using the United States mails, we were scrupulously careful to tell no lies.

Both Lee and I lived in an ancient and dingy apartment house near Columbia University. Somehow we both felt that 430 West 119th Street was not a sufficiently glittering address for a firm which aimed to be as impressive as the Leevoe Literary Syndicate. Lee solved the difficulty. My apartment was Number 36. Then let the address read: Leevoe Literary Syndicate, *Suite 36*, 430 West 119th Street! Undoubtedly very few, if any, of our clients would be New Yorkers. They would not know that 119th Street is high up on Morningside Heights, a haunt devoid of office buildings, and we felt that that use of the word 'suite' would conjure up in the client's mind a vision of a great skyscraper, and offices elaborately accoutred with upholstered furniture and bronze ash trays. Lee, I think, would be distinctly promising as a swindler.

No expense was spared in the printing of our announcements. The name of our firm was in the richest Old English, and the stock used for the cards was sumptuously heavy. We indulged in deckled edges, and the envelopes in which the cards were to be enclosed were lined with an exotic material.

In one of the cheapest, newest, and least dignified of the writers' magazines I found the advertisement of a man who was offering for sale 'names and addresses of beginning writers, 3¢ each.' We wrote to this gentleman and ordered five hundred names. They came to us on mimeographed sheets, which discouraged us a little, for it appeared evident that the five hundred had been 'played for suckers' a good many times. However, we got man-

fully to work and addressed five hundred announcements of the Leevoe Literary Syndicate. We mailed them out, and sat back to wait.

III

We discussed the question of our rates, and wondered whether they might not be a little too high. I in particular felt it was unlikely that any striving poet would care to pay ten cents a line to have his verses criticized, when the chances were good that a magazine would not *pay* him much more than that for his effusions. The rate of two dollars per thousand words for prose also seemed fearfully high. Having frequently had to sell my own prose to magazines at the rate of five dollars per printed page, and even less, it seemed to me grossly improbable that any writer, however much of a nitwit, would pay almost half that price merely to have his work criticized. I recalled that from the publication of my last book I had made a grand total of \$226, and I therefore doubted vigorously whether any embryonic novel writer would want to give us twenty-five dollars for our opinion of his manuscript.

I was mistaken on all counts. The first response to our announcement came from a woman in Detroit. Her letter was not illiterate, but it was written in a childish unformed hand, on the cheapest stationery. She enclosed a poem of twenty lines; pinned to it were two one-dollar bills. I remember being positively thunderstruck at the sight of those bills. It simply did not seem reasonable. Two dollars to have her poem 'criticized' by two people neither of whom, in all probability, she had ever heard of. Or, if perhaps my name was familiar to her, it would be as a writer of bookish magazine articles and not as a poet or a critic of poetry.

And yet, there were the two dollar bills, and there was the written request that we criticize the poem.

Lee and I sat down earnestly to our task. It proved overwhelmingly difficult. Even to us — who were not poets — it was patent that practically *everything* was wrong with that poem. The title was inexpressive; the metre limped and the rhymes were garishly inexact; the punctuation was bewilderingly incorrect; indeed, the very subject was grossly and glaringly unfitted for the poetic medium. We labored rather more than two hours, at the end of which the verse was completely rewritten. Even when our work was finished, the poem was an amorphous atrocity, but at least it was grammatical, rhythmically correct, and had some semblance of poetic form. But one thing was evident: if the rest of the manuscripts which came to us (assuming that any more did come) were as bad as this one, we could not possibly attempt to 'criticize' and 'correct' them. We should simply have to return them to their senders, with a regretful note that we had more business at present than we could handle.

More manuscripts did come. They came by the bucketful. And out of every envelope, as we opened it, there fell currency, or a money order, or a personal check. Many of the letters which accompanied the manuscripts and remittances were heartbreakingly pathetic.

One of the earliest manuscripts to reach us was a poem entitled 'My Horse.' Quite by accident, I happen to have learned that its author has since died, and I can therefore give the text of the poem here without danger that feelings will be wounded. The poem contained twenty-two short lines. It had been written, evidently with a very fine pen, in a Spencerian kind of handwriting which I had supposed to have

been extinct for many years, and it covered a page of ruled paper evidently detached from a cheap notebook. This is the poem: —

MY OLD HORSE

I love my old horse Jack
Who for so many years
Has carried me on his back
In this 'vale of tears.'
His coat is sleek and gray
And he is kind alway,
And thru the years (more than ten)
He has carried me hither and yon
And has e'er been ready when
I would lead him from the barn.
They say that a horse does n't know
As much as mortal men do,
But my horse Jack, I trow,
Is wise through and through.
Now his working days are over
And Jack is going to get a rest,
And idle in my fields of clover,
The fields he loves the best.
No more now will I e'er ride
On his strong and willing back;
In comfort now shall he abide —
My dear old horse Jack.

I have inserted punctuation, to make the poem easier to read. Accompanying the manuscript was a postal money order for \$2.20, and a letter: —

DEAR SIRs:

(Leevoe Literary Syndicate)

I hope you will like the poem on 'My Horse' which I am sending for your opinion to sell for me. I sent it to the Blank Literary Agency and they said it was fine just as it stands, but they did not sell it yet. Also I sent it to Mr. —, and he says it is fine too, which is what all my friends says, and I am a Poet only I need training. Please sell this poem for me as I have so far spent nearly \$20 on it, and I am an old man and not rich. Do you think it was right for the other people to charge so much and then not sell my poem? When you sell my poem, please send me the money right away as I need it.

Oblige

Yours truly

R. F. D. 2, BLACK ROCK, MO.

I felt sorry enough for that old man to have wept. His vanity in believing himself a poet, and his pathetic assumption that his verse was marketable, did not matter. All that mattered was that he was a poor, simple old rustic, and that the Blank Literary Agency and the other 'literary agent' he mentioned had coolly pocketed his money and returned his verse to him with the 'criticism' that it was 'fine just as it stands.'

We sent the manuscript and the money order back to the old man, and wrote him a long letter. As tactfully as we knew how, we told him we thought it would be better for him to deal direct with editors, and we assured him we did not think any agent's 'criticism' could possibly improve his poetry. We warned him, too, that poetry is not easy to market these days, and that he must not be discouraged if he failed to find a publisher. In conclusion, we told him what a warm spot we had in our hearts for that old horse of his.

IV

Both Lee and I were more and more upset as the manuscripts continued to come in. Almost without exception they were from people in remote rural districts, and, with no exception at all, they were hopelessly bad. The majority of the writers were women, and the favored literary form was poetry. Poetry, I may say, with a vengeance; always it was filled with such expressions as 'I trow' and 'I wot,' and contractions such as 'ne'er' and 'e'en.' The writers — poked away in tiny villages and rural communities — were afire with the Literary Urge, and our hearts bled for them. Because with the Literary Urge there always goes hand in hand Literary Vanity, and these poor people felt *sure* of their ability — so sure that they were willing to spend

hard-earned money in order to get an opinion of their work from people whose opinion, in their pathetic fashion, they thought would be valuable and significant. Many, many of the letters told of sending manuscripts to this literary agency and that one, spending fee after fee to no avail.

One woman was turning to us 'in desperation'; she had given so much money in fees to other firms that now she *must* make a sale. We wrote and told her a lie. We told her we had marketed her poem, and we sent her a check for fifteen dollars. Probably it was a foolish thing to do, to encourage her falsely in such a way, but we felt that we *had* to do something for her. We advised her, too, to give up her writing for a while. It was just by a lucky fluke, we said, that we had been able to market her poem; publishers on the whole were buying practically nothing. We had a reply from her, I remember, although I have since mislaid it. It was tremulous with delight. She *would* give up her writing for a while, since we said the publishers were not buying. She did not *mind* giving up, now; she had *sold* a poem. Where would it appear, and when? Be sure to send her a copy to show to her friends.

That was a contingency which we had not foreseen. But we decided we might as well be thoroughly sentimental about the whole thing, so we had a friend print her poem on a hand press and we mailed her eight or nine copies, with the information that the poem had appeared in Such-and-Such a magazine. We made up the name, but I doubt very much whether our client was ever any the wiser.

V

We continued to get replies to those five hundred announcements of ours for more than a month. In all, we

received fifty-nine manuscripts, accompanied by fees totaling more than \$150. We wrote each client a long personal letter, returning his fee and his manuscript, and it was quite exhausting, since neither of us was a rapid typist and we did not have a great deal of spare time. A little more than five weeks after the Leevoe Literary Syndicate sent out its announcements, the firm dissolved with relief. We were not only tired, but deeply disturbed.

What we had done merely as an experiment—an interesting adventure—is being done cold-bloodedly, as a lucrative financial scheme, by dozens, scores, hundreds of individuals and ‘firms’ calling themselves literary agents. It is a swindle involving the most dreadful heartbreak. It is damnable for more reasons than one. Not only does it cheat and cruelly deceive that peculiarly gullible and inevitably sensitive creature, the embryonic writer, but it also does incalculable harm to that useful and legitimate business man, the literary agent. Every time a writer or would-be writer is swindled, the profession of the bona fide literary adviser loses just that much of its repute.

I do not propose here to make elaborate suggestions for remedying this nasty situation, but one or two possibilities must at once come to mind. To be a real-estate broker you must have a license. You must, for that matter, have a license to peddle fish or sell cheap neckties from a pushcart. At present anyone may set himself up as a literary agent; he requires no license, no degree, no credentials, no experience. It would seem that licensing literary agents would weed out a great many of the most grossly unfit. Licenses, of course, should be made revocable, in order

that the agent, once licensed, would remain ‘on good behavior.’ The lawyer or the physician can be censured in a very tangible and explicit fashion for malpractice; something of the same system should apply to literary agents. None but the licensed agent should be permitted to advertise. If something of the censorship now proposed for food and drug advertising were exercised in the case of literary agents, it would help a good deal. At present they can be prosecuted only for using the mails to defraud, and this is notoriously a difficult charge to substantiate.

There should be restrictions placed on the promiscuous and inaccurate use of such words as ‘syndicate,’ ‘association,’ ‘bureau.’ Thus the racketeer who, operating entirely alone, now advertises himself as the Eureka Author’s Aid Association or the Nonpareil Literary Marketing Syndicate would be restrained from conveying the impression that his establishment occupies a suite of offices and hires seventeen clerks. No man can style himself a corporation unless he is legally incorporated, and a curb should certainly be exercised on these other inaccurate and highly misleading descriptions.

Because of our acute national Literary Consciousness, the racketeer has found it profitable and comfortably safe to invade yet another field of legitimate business—that of the literary agent. It is one of the meanest of all swindles, imperiling alike the aspiring writer and the literary broker whose profession is legitimate; it also tends to cast undeserved suspicion on dependable correspondence schools. All three are made to suffer because of the tactics of the incapable and the unscrupulous. Vigorous and concerted action is necessary for their own protection.

MY RELIGION — RETROSPECT AND ARRIVAL

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

THE editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to describe the pathway by which I have reached Christian faith. The invitation is at once a challenge and an opportunity. It is hard to compress into short space the experience of a lifetime. Moreover, intuitions and arguments which appeal to one man may have little meaning for others, and my approach to religion may satisfy no one but myself. Yet, if faith means anything to me, I want it to mean something to others.

I may describe myself as by turn an agnostic, a skeptic, a believer in an anthropomorphic God; a student of the history of religion, interested in all world religions which seek to frame a philosophy of the good life. I am a doubter and a dogmatist, a sinner and a saint, an ardent Catholic and a Protestant of the deepest dye, a Modernist and a Fundamentalist, a Bible Christian, yet one who cannot accept the Bible as infallible, while believing nevertheless that it 'contains all things necessary to salvation'; always a seeker after God — a seeker who thinks he has found. Perhaps I stand where I am because I have the 'will to believe.' This may sound like a confession that one comes to faith because he wants its power, peace, and comfort, and grasps at any straw to get what he desires. That, however, is not what William

James meant by the phrase. Some things are, from their nature, not provable, yet we feel we must decide; we do so on grounds that appeal to us, though not necessarily to others. And, at any rate, too many have cultivated the will *not* to believe.

I am not a deep theologian; a practical man of affairs hardly has time for close study and is not naturally attracted by an examination into the meticulously discriminating statement of doctrine. I am not a philosopher. I know comparatively little of science; but the difficulties it raises have seeped into my mind as into the minds of thousands of other people who have less knowledge than myself. I am just an ordinary person who tries to make the most of the knowledge he has. Plain, everyday people have two characteristics: first, some questions they settle in a homely, common-sense way, without full knowledge; second, on other matters, especially those involving settled convictions, they are like the people of Missouri — they have to be shown. Let me explain, therefore, what I mean by some of my religious attitudes listed above.

II

I have confessed to skepticism. It seems to me that ever since childhood

I have been puzzled by problems of faith. There is in my mind a picture of a small boy, sitting in church with his mother, somewhat restless, but rather more attentive than most small boys and listening when the clergyman read the Scriptures as one seldom hears them read now; listening, often, with a puzzled mind, because he had been taught at home that the Bible was the Word of God. One Sunday morning fierce doubts assailed him. The lesson was the story of the beginnings of the national life of the Israelites, and he heard of Moses and his work in Egypt and how 'the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart,' so that he would not let the people go. What did that mean? Was n't it unjust? Why should God punish the people of Egypt for what their king did? And why should He punish Pharaoh for doing what he could not keep from doing because God Himself had hardened him?

It was not till years after that the boy heard any explanation, and then it was not altogether satisfactory. It was years more before the boy grew to an age when he learned of a 'new' Bible — not the old one which was supposed to be an inspired manual of science, a divinely dictated handbook of history, an infallible guide in morals; not a Book, but a library of books; the record of the gradual growth of a people in morals and an evolution in their idea of God; the story of a company of 'incorrigible optimists,' prophets who kept on believing in God no matter how hardly He allowed them to be treated; of a people who thought of Him, at first, only as a tribal deity, to be worshiped on their own soil, one whom they placed 'above other gods'; then thought of Him as the God of the whole earth, who held all nations in the hollow of His hand; then as the Creator of all things; then as the Moral Governor of the world He had created; then

demanding of His servants, not merely ritual sacrifices, but moral conduct — 'to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly'; then as a loving God; finally as the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, whose will is 'Be ye holy, for I am holy'; reaching a climax in the theme of the New Testament, where God is the Heavenly Father.

The book which tells the story of this moral growth, the young man learned, was written by all sorts of people: poets, preachers, ecclesiastics, great national leaders, members of the king's cabinet, world-weary old men, scholars and unschooled, mystics and hard-headed literalists — every manner of man writing literature of every sort: myth and legend and folklore, poetry, prose, and drama, philosophy of a sort, history as they knew it, history as some of them wanted it interpreted, moral codes, liturgical manuals, a poem dealing with the problem of evil, parabolic stories like the Book of Jonah, a romance of passionate and faithful love, sermons of great preachers of social righteousness, and, running through it all, the one increasing purpose, till 'in the fulness of time' God was to send His Son.

The 'new' Bible was far more interesting than the young man had ever found the old to be. The naïve idea that all the Bible was equally valuable passed into a conviction that there were 'mistakes' in the sacred literature; sometimes bad morals. The young man had to modify the early teaching explaining its inspiration; yet, despite its mistakes, its limitations, its blunders and defects, no other book seemed quite like it; one could gather from it wonderful passages which speak to the heart as does no other 'bible' of any other religion, all leading up to the high level of the New Testament — which also is not free from human error, yet

gives a picture of God never to be excelled. The amazing thing about the Old Testament is that from such beginnings it progressed to such a conclusion. Other religions have their sacred books; but the Hebrew Scriptures were unique in this advance.

As the years went on, the man had to modify other ideas of which he grew skeptical. He was always in difficulties about something he had to unlearn. Of course, it was not merely a question of the inspiration of the writers of the Bible; it was a question as to whether the whole idea of God finally arrived at in the Bible was a real revelation or only the best that men could arrive at by their own thinking. Was an honest God only the noblest work of man? Or should we put it, 'God made man in his own image, and man returned the compliment'? That question the young man tackled later, just as he tried to see through other skepticisms.

III

Meanwhile, he had more troubles. He was not only a skeptic, but an agnostic. There were many things he did not know, felt he never could know, only gradually grew content not to know. For at first he was *not* content. There was a time when he seemed to be the first man who had ever faced the fact of sin, suffering, and sorrow. Why did not God, if there be a God, make the world good and keep it good? It was not merely a question of human suffering and sorrow. Something was wrong with this great machine universe. Earthquake, fire, hurricane, and flood; deluge or drought; torrid heat or arctic cold — what did they mean? Nature is indeed, only too often, 'red in tooth and claw.' Beasts fight with beasts; then men fight the beasts; men fight with men; now men fight germs.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

There was always this problem of evil. Plain people, however, cannot believe the universe uncreated, or without moral governance, nor could this plain man. He postulated a Will and Intelligence behind the universe. But was there a Divine Person with whom he could have acquaintance? And a Supreme Good? A God of Love? Like George Tyrrell, he felt that 'to believe that this machine world, with all its seemingly blind fatalities, comes from God, and lies in God, and that somehow all things work together for good — that means faith in long trousers; all else is faith in knickerbockers.'

So there were things about which he was compelled to confess his ignorance and yet eventually be content to remain in ignorance. For there *must* be in God that which corresponds to, yet infinitely transcends, the greatest thing we know in life — human personality. The gift cannot be greater than the Giver.

Perhaps our bodies derive from some prehuman type of life; perhaps our brains are but refinements of elementary nerve ganglia that used to respond, automatically, to the necessity for food and shelter; perhaps all romantic literature is but an elaboration of the animal's urge to reproduce itself. But, assuming a physical evolution, biology has no explanation of human personality. Why not the explanation of religion, that (in the quaint phrase of the creation poem in Genesis) 'God made man in His own image'? We have but sought to find what is best in ourselves, and we feel that the best in us must be the reflection of the Supreme Good. How can we think about God at all unless we think

along the line of things we already know?

Of course, God is not as convincing as a stab of pain, nor as obvious as a lovely sunset; but, despite all that shrieks denial, the question persisted: Whence came our own love, pity, compassion, our own perception of truth, our response to beauty, our admiration of goodness, our passion for justice? Because there is the sense of right and wrong in ourselves, we believe in God's goodness. The morals of mankind may often be crude; morality may seem at times to have a utilitarian basis; yet there is something still to be explained, and the explanation carries us back to the same source from which comes our own personality. Conscience also is of God. The world does not become progressively moral just because morality is the best policy. Nor are our moral judgments just tricks of nature to induce the individual to sacrifice himself for the good of the race. I might not be able to prove to the man who robs goodness of any deep reality that he is wrong, but he could not make me believe that the difference between Herod and Jesus is that Herod was clever enough to follow only selfish ends. Our goodness is a reflection of God's — broken, distorted, defective, 'seen in a glass darkly'; but good, nevertheless, and the pledge of that Perfect Goodness for which our goodness craves.

IV

Faith in God, then, — a personal God of Love, — is not a matter of positive proof. Faith is the ability to take hold of things which from their very nature cannot be fully proved or wholly understood. The young man who was an agnostic made the experiment of faith. He tried it out. It worked. It still works. Whenever he tries hard to get near to God, he finds

life taking on radiance and glow. Nothing will convince him that this experience is merely a psychological reaction to his own 'wish-thought.' The certainty comes at times of fullest surrender; the doubt comes when he is not quite ready to make the surrender. His belief is strongest when his will is set to accept the highest and best and follow it at whatever cost.

Perhaps, then, the plain man who finds God in experiment and experience is but walking the path of the great mystics, seers, and prophets who have testified that their religious experience is first-hand and real; that, seeking God, they discover that God also is seeking them. There are other hypotheses, but, for the seeker who has found what he sought, this clinches the matter. 'Religious knowledge,' says Dr. Frederick Grant in his *New Horizons of the Christian Faith*, 'is not just an inference from religious experience, nor is it merely hypothesis; it is itself given in experience.'

So (returning to the first person singular) there is in me at times something of the Quaker. I have my 'quiet times.' I must cultivate the faculties by which spiritual things may be apprehended. The poet or the artist uses faculties other than scientific in the discovery of the beautiful.

This explains what I find of value in the Eastern religions: they place an emphasis on meditation which we Westerners sadly overlook, whereas we engage in increasing activities to avoid the pains of solitude or hard thinking, or fear the boredom or the danger of being left alone. Only — my meditation has its practical side. I want not merely to realize God through an act of worshipful recollection; I want to realize Him that I may know what He would have me do. And, when I try to do His will, assurance becomes doubly sure.

V

The time came when the man who had been a skeptic began to deal with other skeptics. It has been his experience that thoughtful men who are willing to speak out loud about their difficulties now emphasize the problem raised by the scientific demonstration of an expanding universe. They balk at the attempt to reconcile the power of a God great enough to have created galaxies with the thought of one tender enough to have a particular, personal interest in the individual. The everyday man feels the difficulty as sharply as the intellectual. It brings him to a sudden sense of the seeming futility of human affairs.

Years ago I was spending a vacation on the coast of Maine, my companions being a research physician, a geologist, and a professor of astronomy. They talked much of the age of the cliffs we climbed, of the sea life we examined under the physician's microscope, of the vast interstellar spaces. We had as our guide, philosopher, fisherman, and friend a man who listened to such conversation with staring eyes. It was the year of a presidential election, the one in which William Jennings Bryan was making his last desperate effort to become President. Maine was a rock-ribbed Republican state. By and by our Maine friend began to ask questions. Were the rocks that old? Were we descended, so to speak, from sea worms? Was the universe so unutterably big? When all had been explained, he sighed heavily and spake his mind. 'Well,' he said, 'I guess it won't make a powerful lot of difference even if William Jennings Bryan *is* elected.'

This sense of the insignificance of our little life lies back in the heads of many whose knowledge of science is fragmentary and inaccurate. It comes to them as a new and startling difficulty.

Yet it is actually no new thing. The Isaiah of the exile felt it when he spoke of the nations as 'a drop in the bucket,' 'the small dust of the balance,' to be 'counted as less than nothing and vanity.' The contrast between the geocentric universe he knew and the staggering conception of James Jeans does not alter the problems. In contrast with either universe, humanity is 'a very little thing.' Astronomically speaking, man is negligible. Yet the answer this seeker found seemed pertinent: 'Astronomically speaking, *man is the astronomer.*' And he embodies values, houses potentialities, beside which even Arcturus, whose rays lighted the Century of Progress, is meaningless and sterile. What about the men who harnessed its light?

'I speak as a fool'; yet I felt I had found here a seed thought. Greatness delights to do little things exquisitely, and there need be no contradiction between the might of God made clear by the men of science and the tenderness of the God made known by Jesus Christ, who 'knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God,' took a towel and basin and began to wash the disciples' feet.

So, it will be seen, I had come to my belief as a Christian. Brought up in an environment where the whole thought about Jesus Christ centred upon Calvary and the cross, I came back, however, to the earlier creeds which centred in the Incarnation — not a deification of man, but the entrance of God into human life. The glory of the Christian religion seemed to be that it brought a distant God near and made Him real. I, who had been seeking God, found God moving to meet me.

Common elements are in all creeds; there is a common felt need; there is a light lightening all men. But Christianity is unique. I once thought of Christ

only as a human example — He *is* that. Life, for Him, was no *matinée* girl's daydream. He came, not to make life easy, but to make men great. He faced all of our problems with human strength. He knew them with deeper knowledge than ours — certainly He knew the problem of pain and evil. He gave no philosophical explanation of pain; He showed how to endure. All honor to Zarathustra as he sought God in the skies; to suave Confucius and all family loyalties; to contemplative Buddha; to valiant Muhammad — to me nothing answers the hard problems of life so completely as do Calvary and the heroic Victim who spoke from the cross, still calling God 'Father.' Here are love and trust so far above our understanding that we bow before them in wonder and amazement.

All this became strengthened by the fuller faith in Christ, the faith which found in Him not only an example, but the unveiling of the heart of Deity. To tell what such a faith means to me defies all my effort; it is so real and revealing as to move one, occasionally, to feel that the world can never be quite the same again for him.

VI

Faith may exist independently of theology. For the thinking man, however, some theology of his own is indispensable. The doctrines of Christianity are the logical exponents of the facts of Christianity. In religion, it has been said, it is faith that saves, and not doctrine or theology; yet there is, for most of us, a compulsion to think out the theoretical presuppositions of the experience of faith. To that extent I am a dogmatist; I have come to definite conclusions about certain fundamentals of faith, although realizing that in all walks of life there are some questions for which we find no sure answers.

Even in college days I disliked 'bull sessions' in which men loved to argue for the sake of argument rather than with the determination to reach moral decisions and definitely 'make up one's mind.'

I try to approach the Gospel story of Jesus Christ with honest desire to seek the truth, freed, as far as possible, from preconceptions and prejudices, appreciative of exact scholarship and acute literary criticism, ready to accept the assured results of reverent investigation — for only in reverence should we approach such a subject as that of the Man whose teachings have revolutionized the world's moral standards and influenced forever its conceptions of God and its estimates of life. Yet, like Gore, I find the Modernists 'strong in their denials, but weak in their affirmations'; and I accept the essential beliefs of the Fundamentalist, — the deity of Christ, His sinless life, His sacrificial death, His glorious resurrection, the founding of the Church, the gift of the Spirit of power, — and this despite the Fundamentalist's many mistakes, his scorn of science, his utter lack of sympathy with some of the problems of faith or even real understanding of some of the questions involved, his insistence on outworn theories and teachings and his exaggeration of their importance.

It is impossible that one like myself should be thoroughly conversant with modern criticism, although I know something of the work of such men, for example, as Harnack and Schweitzer, the one a Liberal Protestant, the other the leader of the Apocalyptic school. To a plain man, they seem to reject and put aside as of no historic value what they do not find consistent with their own theories. Sane criticism seems to me to be moving steadily toward the older views of the date and authenticity of the Gospels, though many have 'closed minds' as to the miraculous and

the supernatural. In modern Biblical scholarship the work of the *Formgeschichtliche Schule* has for me a special fascination, though, again, I cannot accept its final conclusions. This 'form-method' study of the Gospels makes them more vivid, brings their story closer to the times of the events recorded, explains many difficulties.

In other days study of the Gospels seemed based upon the naïve idea that their authors sat down, years after the events recorded, to write, at first hand, a 'Life of Jesus.' On the contrary, there must have been, from the earliest days, fragmentary written accounts — recollections of those who had known and loved Him, remembered acts, records of their conversations with Him, treasured reports of His teaching. Saint Luke says as much, in the introduction to his Gospel. There was a 'Gospel before the Gospels,' and the books we have now were written for men already well acquainted with the facts of their Master's life. Our Gospels are not concerned so much with the facts *as* facts, as with the transcendent reality of the revelation they record.

How, then, did the apostles' belief begin? It had its beginning in one of the richest of all human experiences, an intimate friendship. As they lived with this wonderful Companion, the truth would, to use Charles Lamb's phrase, gradually 'slide into their minds.' It was of the essence of Christ's method that their life with Him should be perfectly natural; that they should never be 'told plainly' the things they were to know, but must learn for themselves — slowly, the only way by which they could learn surely. And learn they did. We cannot understand how the first preaching of Christianity proved so wonderfully effective unless we realize that the early disciples lived in the warmth and glow of an experience the thrill of which never left them. They

were as men who eventually found themselves transplanted, as it were, into another world; they had been in vivid contact with the divine. Looking back, after the resurrection, to the days when the Lord Jesus had companied with them, they seemed to say, 'Now — now, at last, we understand what it all meant.'

VII

Again, like Professor Bacon and other modern scholars, we may start at the end rather than at the beginning and read what the apostles actually proclaimed, later, as their faith; then going back to find its roots in the Gospel narrative, when as yet they had no theory and had made no effort to explain the extraordinary thing that was weaving itself into the fabric of their lives, when, though not formulating their beliefs, they had been brought by an irresistible influence to pay divine homage to the Friend whom they believed to have conquered death and to be reigning in glory.

Saint Paul's undisputed epistles express clearly what the Gospels state implicitly. It is remarkable, indeed, to realize how these Gospels reveal the situation as it actually was, 'in the days of His flesh,' when Jesus was winning their adoration and as yet the disciples had not asked why or how they could have come to the attitude toward Him which seemed always natural and inevitable. Saint Paul was not one who could be content to worship without asking why. His doctrine — and we must remember that it causes no surprise and arouses no opposition; it is only his position as to the universal acceptance of the Jewish law that gives any trouble — explains, as nothing else can explain, the impression made upon the disciples.

Whether we call it truth or error,

there cannot be any doubt as to what this reasoned belief was, as we find it in Saint Paul or Saint John. There is a gladness of surprise about it. One sees it in the glorious preface to the Fourth Gospel; one feels it in the startling words of Saint John's first epistle: 'That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life . . . that declare we unto you.' One feels the hushed devotion of the author, repeating silently: 'Think of it! I actually *touched* Him; I looked into His eyes!' There is a like poignant beauty in the words of Saint Paul: 'We have seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' He strikes the same note of awe again as he reminds his pupil, Timothy, how 'great is the mystery of godliness'; how God was 'manifested in the flesh,' 'believed on in the world,' 'received up into glory.' And all this is the more impressive because Paul is not building a doctrinal system; he is writing practical letters of pastoral counsel, but bases his appeal on fundamental beliefs which are generally accepted.

Surely we have here more than an intellectual conviction. This skeptic, like Thomas the Doubter, does not wait for tangible evidence; he falls on his knees, with his cry of faith, 'My Lord and my God.' His pilgrimage is over. He has found in Christ what God is like. All that Jesus was, God is; all that He said, God says; all that He did, God is doing; all that He felt, in the infinite affection of His infinitely loving heart, God feels.

VIII

This record of a man's progress toward faith must close with many questions untouched. It cannot, for

example, discuss the reasonableness or possibility of an Incarnation; only declaring, with Rudolf Otto, that 'if there is a God at all, and if He chose to reveal Himself, He could do no otherwise than thus.' It cannot stop to show how later thought safeguarded the real humanity of Jesus, while yet declaring His true divinity. It cannot take up the problem of miracles. It cannot touch upon the 'ethic' of Jesus. It cannot even begin a discussion of the practical possibility of the life He enjoins — a life which was vindicated by His triumph over death. It cannot deal with the proofs of the resurrection, save to say that we start upon an adventure into absurdities when we study other theories which seek to account for the apostles' faith; they are so ingenious as to be more difficult of acceptance than the facts they seek to explain. I do not see how the radiant confidence of the disciples can be accounted for except by actual facts of experience. 'If the agony of the cross was really the end of a life without blemish, then this is indeed a mad world and the universe a moral chaos.'

Nor is it a part of our task to show what the resurrection was, nor what changes had occurred in the Lord's physical body, nor what our own spiritual bodies may be, nor to what the resurrection world may be likened. These are matters beyond human experience, and impossible, therefore, of explanation in human language. It is enough to believe that we have assurance of continued personal life beyond the veil.

All these problems run back to the question of who and what Jesus Christ really was. I am a believer in the traditional Catholic faith, though still enough of a Protestant individualist to be unable to accept it merely on authority. I must reach faith in my own way, even though I accept author-

ity as the voice of age-long experience and take its statements as a working hypothesis.

Here, then, we reach a definite faith. It is dogmatic — even in an age when dogma does not commend itself in religion. However we may tacitly accept it in other affairs of life, in religion, by a strange twist, men always suspect doctrine. ‘None of your dogmas,’ we are told; ‘we want a practical religion — character and conduct, not creed. The essential thing is to follow Christ, not to define Him.’ Ah, how we cheat ourselves with phrases! It is true, of course, that doctrinal religion has often been hard, all too often divorced from conduct; yet how can we ever follow Christ if His voice is not, for us, the Voice of God? Christianity is a new plan for right living, a new ‘way’ of life — how can we believe that it will work in a rough world like ours unless we accept it as a divine message? The real heresy of to-day is a moral heresy, which talks beautifully about Christ’s plan of life, but actually regards it as something to be accepted with reservations and exceptions, not the divine plan, but something academically true and right and idealistically lovely, yet apt to smash to pieces under the hammering of hard facts.

It is the same when we think of life beyond as when we are thinking of life here. It was said of Thomas Carlyle that once he passed a wayside crucifix in Brittany and, standing before it, said, ‘Ay, poor fellow, your day is done.’ Time passed, and he was in his last illness. Someone read to him, in the chill and shadow of the approaching night, the familiar words, ‘Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.’ And Carlyle

cried out, ‘Ay, if you were God you had a right to say that! But if you were only a man, what do you know more than the rest of us?’

For me everything runs back to this glorious faith that He *is* God. Problems which troubled me before become less pressing since I have reached this turn in the road to God. In this light I see all things more clearly. I said, at the start, that I was at once a sinner and a saint; a sinner who becomes a ‘saint’ in the Biblical sense of the word — not as one who has attained to holiness, but as one who has come out of the world into the Church (Christ’s own institution), there to seek grace through Christ’s sacraments and to walk stumbingly in the way of holiness.

There died, last Eastertide, in Virginia, a man who had given his life to teaching young men — Dr. W. Cosby Bell. As a religious philosopher he had faced frankly the problems of faith. The evening before he died he asked to know the truth, and was told that he could not recover. Before he lapsed into unconsciousness he insisted on dictating a message to his students. I pass it on, in the hope that it may encourage and strengthen others in the pathway to faith. ‘Tell the boys,’ he said, ‘that I have grown surer of God every day of my life, and I’ve never been so sure as I am now. Why, it’s all *so*! It’s a fact; it’s a dead certainty. . . . I’ve always thought so, and now that I’m up against it I *know*. . . . Tell them I say “good-bye” — they’ve been a joy to me. I’ve had more than any man that ever lived, and life owes me nothing. I’ve had work I loved and I’ve lived in a beautiful place among congenial friends. I’ve had love in its highest form, and I’ve got it forever. I can *see* now that death is just the smallest thing — just an incident — and it means nothing. I *know*.’

A YOUNG KING

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

I

THERE is an old brick fort in my native harbor, one of the ancient landmarks of the bay, where (the legend runs) pirates were formerly hanged in chains as a warning to all sea rovers. This was apparently their second hanging. They were first strung up until they were dead in a spot more accessible to the admiring multitude — the old Execution Dock, a desolate place of marsh and mud at the edge of the town, 'within the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea.' There Captain Stede Bonnet and other less famous Gentlemen of Fortune trod a last measure not very gracefully in their big storm boots, trying hard to find footing in the empty air; and there, in the dusk of evening or early dawn, you may hear the voices of invisible water birds passing over the spot and recall a poetic fancy of the pirate epoch. For it is now well known that those wild lamentable cries, heard faintly in the gloom, are uttered not by birds but by the ghosts of high-born ladies who once were held captive by the buccaneers and were compelled at last by their fierce masters to walk the plank into the sea.

But theirs is another story; and it is another story, too, how Captain Stede Bonnet, so romantically debonair until he could almost smell the brimstone of the Pit, lost his courage as he waited in his dungeon and offered, in exchange for his life, to sever all his limbs from his body so that he could never wield

cutlass again, 'only reserving the use of my Tongue to call continually on the Lord, my God, and mourn all my days in Sackcloth and Ashes.' They swung him anyhow, arms and legs still attached, at Execution Dock; and later, I suppose, they made a scarecrow of him by hanging his pitiful body in chains on the islet where the old brick fort now stands in the inner harbor.

The fort is a fort no longer. I don't know what it is used for now, and that is not important. But a man lives there, — and a very good man, — and, whether or not he has ever had the luck to see the ghost of Captain Bonnet, he has been the familiar of other and harder pirates. A breeder of ducks, he is also a friend of eagles. For a long while a pair of white-headed eagles did him the honor to make use of his fort as an observation post. He treated them with due respect, and they, on their part, never abused his hospitality. But after a while the number of his ducks grew less, and he discovered presently that they were being carried off one by one by a young dark-headed eagle who came from the mainland woods across the bay and launched swift raids against the duck yard.

This bird was perhaps a son of the pair with whom the man was friendly, but that could not affect the practical economics of the situation. So, when the raider swooped upon another duck and bore it aloft in his talons, the man,

regretfully but with a steady aim, shot him.

The staggering shock of the blow, the stabbing pain of the pellets embedded in his flesh, brought an interval of blackness. He lurched downward toward the water, and the duck dropped from his limp claws. But life is strong in these robust warriors; after a moment his great wings, powerfully flapping, checked his fall.

The friendly woods were far away across the harbor, but near at hand were the roofs and steeples of the city. Perhaps that was why he turned west instead of north, seeking the nearest landing place; or possibly, in the agony of his mangled breast, he was further confused by a spectacular fire just then raging on the water front. At any rate, early the next morning (it was the twenty-fifth of May) I looked out of my window in the heart of Charleston and saw him standing on a stout limb of a magnolia tree about twenty feet from the window and almost on a level with my eyes.

II

Whence or why he had come was unknown to me then; not until later did I learn of what had happened at the ancient fort where, if old tales are true, the dead pirates were suspended. But the why and wherefore did not matter. When the gods send their greatest gifts, the glory dazzles and bewilders; the mind is benumbed. Staring out of the window, I was in a 'strance,' as the plantation Negroes would say. I was like a poor peasant, sitting by his hearth, who looks up to see his king, robed in ermine and crowned with jewels, standing in the doorway.

Often and often I had seen these kings on their high thrones, wheeling above the forests of the main or soaring grandly over the beaches and

marshes of Edisto, that sweet island of green and gold at the edge of the blue sea. But now the king had come to me! Here in the city, the abode of men, the abode of all tameness and all drabness, of little common everyday things, of shops and chimney pots! So my thoughts whirled, and in my dazed mind I misquoted Tennyson — 'the splendor falls on city walls.' For indeed there was a splendor now over that magnolia tree and that small city garden and the brick walls of the familiar houses, and nothing was as it had been, but all was lit with a strange bright glory.

This is n't nonsense. If you think it is, eagles mean nothing to you. They mean to others something quite inexpressible: a kind of magic compounded partly of nature's wildness and freedom, supremely embodied in the eagle, and partly of mind pictures out of the storied past; for the eagle was the great imperial bird of Ancient Persia, of the kings of Babylon, of Heliopolis, City of the Sun, of Ancient Rome and Charlemagne and Napoleon. Over the pictured pageantry of those resounding names he soars on immortal pinions, emblem of empire and demigod of nature, looking down upon 'dust of battle and deaths of kings,' himself the incomparable king of all the heavens. (Thus always, when an eagle is sighted, my Pegasus takes the bit in his teeth.) Let such a being come to visit you in your own familiar town, presenting himself to your astounded gaze not twenty feet from your bedroom window, and, if nothing happens inside of you, have nothing to do with poets. Go in for politics instead; or else become a bricklayer.

Well, after a while, still standing beside my window, I emerged gradually from my 'strance.' This was no hallucination, I perceived. The big bird yonder *was* an eagle; a fine one, prob-

ably a male, and a young bird (though full-sized), since head and tail had not yet become white — a change which commonly begins about the end of the third year. But I saw at once that he was wounded. His dark mottled breast was turned toward me and there was a darker spot upon it which appeared to be wet. He had not moved a muscle or a feather until now; his head was lifted slightly and I saw that his gaze was fixed upon the sky. But now suddenly he lowered his head and looked long and gravely at the wound in his breast. He did not touch it with his hooked bill; after a little, he lifted his head again.

There was an indescribable dignity in the movement: this quiet unhurried contemplation of his wound, this calm resumption of his scrutiny of the sky. I thought that I had never seen anything more tragical. He has looked at death, I said — death in his breast; and now he waits. There came suddenly into my mind an old myth which persists among the dusky marshmen of Edisto.

They say that once in the lifetime of every male eagle he attempts a journey to heaven. This is not undertaken lightly, but only when his full strength has come to him and his courage is at its zenith. Then, in wide spiral sweeps, he goes up and up on his broad vans, day after day and night after night, until he sees near at hand the moon and the five-pointed numberless stars. These light him through the darkness, but by day he keeps far from the sun, so that his wings will not be singed by the awful heat of that fiery ball which, small as it appears to us, is really almost as large as Edisto Island. Sun, moon, and stars are left behind, but heaven is still far above; at last, if his strength and courage do not fail, he reaches the spot where an inhabitant of heaven awaits

him, holding a stone. Hiding this stone under his feathers, the eagle returns to earth, places the stone in his nest, and guards it jealously.

John, son of Yorky, — a young marshboy then, — told me that tale one morning years ago as we watched a bald eagle soaring so high that it seemed he was bound for heaven. It was John's opinion that if a man, even a poor colored boy like himself, could gain possession of the eagle-stone, he could by means of it open any money vault in the world and become rich enough to travel on a vestibule train almost to New York City; but why the eagle desired the stone John did not know. I thought I knew: it was his accolade, his certificate of knighthood, his Croix de Guerre; it was the crown and symbol of his kingship.

III

This while — and such thoughts can unfold almost in an instant — the wounded eagle in the magnolia outside my window had not moved a second time. His eyes were still fixed on the blue sky, and now I saw that he was watching two turkey vultures that were soaring high above the town. But suddenly it seemed to me that he was gazing far past the vultures into immeasurably lofty regions beyond the reach of my poor eyes; and I wondered what he was seeing there and what he was thinking, as he stood wounded and waiting, with death in his breast and the knowledge that he would never fly again nor ever make that great journey to the sky. But I brought myself out of this with a jerk (being much afraid of silly sentimentalities of all kinds), reminding myself that birds probably do not think, at least not as we think, and have no foreknowledge of death, and that, moreover, the tale of the eagle-stone was only a foolish myth.

Yet I could n't help wondering how old this wounded eagle was. He was less than three years old certainly, since head and tail were still dark, and, but for that wound, he might have lived a century. But now death was in his breast. In his brief span, so pitifully brief, how much had he experienced of the grand life of eagles?

Not much, at best. This young wounded prince had scarcely yet come into his kingdom. Watching him through the window, I began to think of all that he would miss, for the life of eagles is surely the grandest life that is lived upon earth. But before these thoughts, or sentimentalities, had gone far, an interruption occurred. A mocking bird discovered the wounded eagle in the magnolia and, in amazed indignation, summoned other mocking birds to the number of ten or a dozen; while simultaneously, answering the alarm, a nonpareil arrived, then a gray squirrel, then a ruby-throated humming bird, then a pair of cardinals.

There was a noisy excitement in the magnolia tree, in which, however, the squirrel, the cardinals, and the nonpareil took no active part, merely looking on with lively interest. But the humming bird flashed here and there about the eagle or poised in the air in front of him, a midget challenging a giant but never actually attacking; while the slim indignant mocking birds darted in and out like swift swordsmen, striking the eagle repeatedly upon his broad back. Once one of them struck him so hard a blow that, either from weakness or from momentary loss of balance, he nearly fell from the tree.

Yet he never for a moment gave them the slightest attention. He took blow after blow; neither with bill nor with claw did he resent these insults. At first I was distressed by his passive acceptance of indignity; but soon I understood that for him this present

had no importance, no reality. It was as nothing. His eyes remained fixed on the sky. Even when the impudent humming bird danced in front of him and there was a swarm of angry mockers about his head, he did not see them.

He saw only very far-off and lofty and splendid things. Some of these I know that he saw, for I, too, saw them from the window: the majesty of the vultures swinging round and round 'in those blue tracts above the thunder'; the stately passage of an osprey at a great height above the city; the beautiful passage of two snowy egrets upon whose slowly beating wings the morning sun shone with a capricious artistry so that now they appeared a gleaming white and then a dazzling silver. But even when the sky was empty, he seemed, from the intentness of his gaze, to see something there; and if I, who knew so much less of the grand life of eagles, could see invisible things in that empty sky as I stood at my window, how can I say that this wounded eagle could not see them?

IV

At any rate, I believed then that it was so; he was looking upon the glory he would miss because death was in his breast — the heritage that would never be his. It did not seem to me sentimental to reflect about these matters, recalling sights that I had seen above the woods and marshes of Edisto, recalling especially the love-making of the eagles.

There can be no other love-making so magnificent as that of these mighty lords. Whitman has something of it: —

The rushing amorous contact high in space
together,
The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce,
gyrating wheel,
Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass
tight grappling,
In tumbling turning clustering loops. . . .

But it is finer than that, and I think the 'rushing amorous contact' is not often so close as in the poem. What I saw in my mind, standing beside the window, was another picture — a sight witnessed on a lonely coast one morning in autumn, the mating season of eagles, when a fine white-headed pair were circling above me and one of them, probably the male, spiraled up without a movement of his wings until he was far above his mate. Suddenly he tipped forward and came down headforemost, rocking from side to side, plunging straight for her; but when in another moment he would have struck her lifeless, his wings opened, his white tail spread like a fan, and he shot past her so close that she must have felt the wind of his singing pinions. Wheeling, he returned to her; then, swooping and swerving, with wild reiterated laughing cries, they played a mad passionate game of flight and chase amid the October clouds until presently they vanished in the distance.

A hundred years of that! A hundred love seasons in the high sweet air with her who is queen of the air even as he is king! But this wounded eagle in

the magnolia tree was young — too young, probably, to have had a mate. Call it sentiment if you choose (you who have never seen the love-making of eagles!), but I stood at the window and thought darkly of what can happen to young kings, how they can be cut off before they have entered their kingdom, how a load of shot from a gun can prohibit splendors and happinesses. Then someone called me and I had to go.

It was as well, perhaps. There is so much trouble in the world that it is foolish to be troubled over the wounding of a young eagle. I took a last look at him and I thought, from the poise of his head, that he was still looking upward; when, two hours later, I returned to the window, he had gone. The story would be better if I could say that I found him lying dead under the tree, but I did not find him or hear of him again. Evidently he was not yet too weak to leave that place; and possibly (almost anything is possible) he tried with the last of his strength to go where his gaze and surely his heart's desire were fixed. But I looked up into that blue kingdom and did not see him. Only the vultures were circling there.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BEES OF GRASSE

It is one of the everyday marvels of nature that a bee, as if in obedience to orders, will visit but one kind of flower on any of its daily rounds. The sexual substance of a blossom has got to go where it belongs, according to its kind; and, as Mademoiselle Jonquil cannot take Monsieur Jasmine for a husband, the bee is not engaged in such futile matchmaking.

It is hardly to be supposed that the bees are aware of the import and purpose of what they are doing. They are hardly so deeply versed in the secrets of the world, knowing that this pollen or that will not do its work if stuck on the stigma of a different kind. They think they are making honey — piling up profit for themselves. And so they are; but, like other fat burghers of business, they are also serving a larger purpose than they know. They are really giving more than they take. The very vegetation looks to them for power to mature and thus increase its kind. And by what an interesting traffic are the loves of the flowers accomplished by these thwarted virgins of the hive! Here do we see an animal that is sexless ministering to flowers that are male and female.

I have been thinking of the bees of Grasse. I can see them multitudinously working. They thread the sunbeams with their golden, five-banded bodies. They hum and buzz like little bass viols as they go from flower to flower. And then, having filled their bags to the full, they let go of the nodding blossom and shove off for another paying voyage to the hive.

Since these bees work in the country of the French perfume makers, the blossoms that they work on are not without scent. They rifle the nectaries wherein are stored the odors of greatest cost, and with each homeward load of honey they take some of this perfume. They put it up in their waxen cells, a pellucid treacle imbued with

rarest esters and seductive distillations. And they securely cap and seal in their little phials what might otherwise have gone to fill the perfume bottle on some fashionable lady's dressing table.

And I have been thinking of the flowers of Grasse. They flourish on the slopes of the Maritime Alps and spread out upon the land of the perfume farmers all through the valley of Var.

Since these are perfume flowers, cherished neither for the blossom nor for the seed, they are all destined to an early death. They stand like the regiments of Napoleon's army, ready to be cut down. 'We who are about to die salute you' — and they nod at you as you pass. And so it is all in vain that the bees clasp and hug them so closely and hide the flower children invisibly in the seed. But a bee must do its work, and the flowers of Grasse are as other flowers to them.

Oranges, roses and acacia, violets and tuberoses, heliotrope, jasmine and jonquil — these are the blooms that they grow in Grasse. And these are the crops that are gathered, all red or purple or white, according to which harvest is on; and the heaped cartloads draw up daily to the factory doors. I have said 'factory' — hardly the word for a place where odors are captured and beautiful names are given.

Now it is only from the living blossom that the true perfume of a flower can be had. There is an exhalation which comes from the act of living; it is a product of the vital forces, and it ceases as definitely as does the breath when life is over. It is this that the perfumer especially desires. It is not to be obtained from the heavier essential oils and the giving-off of flowers that are dead. Therefore the blossoms are hurried in while they are freshly cut and still going on with the processes of living; and they are laid down in ranks and rows to exhale and transpire in the presence of olive oil or animal fats. These fats have the

power of taking up the odor and holding it, so that later it may be washed out and preserved in alcohol; or again the flowers may be macerated in fat and smothered like Desdemona. But, however that may be, it is only the breath of the flowers that they capture at Grasse.

I have been thinking, too, of time and change. But in spite of time and change flowers remain, from age to age, the language of love and friendship, though in the ritual of courtship we have changes of incense and other deft revisions. Our respected grandmothers knew other perfumes by uninvented names. There was Ylang-ylang, made from the big yellow blossoms of a tree in the Philippines; there was Patchouli, an odor given off by a shrub of East India; there was Frangipanni, named after the Roman nobleman who blended it and left it as a legacy to his ancient family. These were all heavy odors, Oriental in their mood; and they did well in furs, which were not complete without them. Their weighty molecules jostled each other about in the deep recesses of the fur and flung themselves out upon the air when that beautiful young lady, our grandmother, gave a toss to her shoulder or lifted her arm in charming gesture.

And it was then the fashion to name perfumes from the mere material facts. To-day the titles are imaginative and literarily suggestive. You open a bottle with a pretty thought or a whole romance in mind. And we should not regard this fanciful naming of odors as a backward step. It is really a marriage between two arts. Somewhere there has got to be a poet about.

I received a letter from Grasse, in a blue envelope of generous proportions and rich texture; it seemed to have borrowed its hue from the skies of the Azure Coast. As befitted a letter from that corner of the world, it was filled with nothing but friendship and cheerful allusion. As I drew it from the roadside mail box I paused awhile to gather its substance; and then I hurried in to where Emeline was eating a belated breakfast.

'I have a letter — and where from? It is from the Otis Skinners, and they date from Juan-les-Pins. They liked the last *Atlantic*; and they fancied my article so much that

Otis Skinner read it twice — once aloud to his family. Cornelia Otis Skinner was there, too. Think of a finished actor like that lending his voice to one's efforts at prose! The text must have gained much music from his intonation — and much content from their understanding! And they are going to send us something in remembrance. But they are not going to "say it with flowers."

'What *are* they going to say it with?'

'With honey! They are going to bring across for us some of the Miel de L'Estérel — honey of the mountains. It is that honey made from the flowers of the perfume country — orange, jasmine, acacia, and all that.'

'Oh, how lovely! I have been wanting some comb honey. I love to crush it with my teeth.'

'But this will be partly crushed already,' I answered. 'It will be crushed honey in a jar. Those peasants do not know how to make the bees put up honey in squares as we do; they just tear down the natural comb and put in the chunks dripping with honey. But that may give us a variety of different flavors — honeys from different hives.'

'Is n't that wonderful! I should like it that way, too. I hope there is orange honey in it. I ate some of the honey in Southern California that the bees gather from the white orange blossoms. It tasted as if it had all been made from bridal wreaths.'

'I should not want honey made from bridal wreaths,' I said, flatly.

'Well, then, there will probably be jasmine; or maybe something with more zest to it.'

'There will probably be a variety to it,' I said. 'She says here, — it is Mrs. Skinner who is writing, — "As we have driven along through the mountains and seen the hives adjacent to the fields of lavender, we have thought much of your article." So you see there must even be lavender honey. I never tasted that.'

'How wonderful!'

'And she says here — Well! But I can see how that might easily be. A jar of honey packed in a trunk with one's clothes, and maybe a lot of valuable costumes, would be rather a problem. If anything hap-

pened — in crossing the ocean! She says she was figuring on it, but —'

'But what?'

'Well —'

'Well what?'

'She says here, "But to-day, in packing, we decided it could not be done with safety."' "

HOW NOT TO WRITE

ONE of the forgotten books which least deserves its fate is Dr. Edward Harwood's *Liberal Translation of the New Testament*, first published in London in 1768. For it is a perfect illustration of a man's failure to distinguish between literature which guides style and literature which simply expresses the style of a period or of a man. Most of us know in our hearts that we cannot write better English than is found in the Authorized Version and that if we want to write good English we should read the Authorized Version persistently. It is of no importance whether we can expound its technique in the language of rhetoric, but it is of the greatest importance that its directness, simplicity, and force become second nature with us.

Dr. Harwood, who was a Greek scholar of some ability, was aware of his rashness in producing a 'free and elegant translation' of the Scriptures. He knew it 'to be an arduous and invidious attempt to . . . diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English, conscious that the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version hath acquired a venerable sacredness from length of time and custom, and that every innovation of this capital nature would be generally stigmatized as the last and most daring enormity.' And yet he felt that by refining and polishing the English of the King James Version he might 'induce persons of a liberal education and polite taste to peruse the sacred volume.' He felt that Youth — this in 1768 — 'could be allured by the innocent stratagem' of what he called in italics *modern style* 'to read a book which is now, alas! too generally neglected and disregarded by the young and gay, as a volume containing little to amuse and delight, and furnishing a study con-

genial only to the gloom of old age, or to the melancholy mind of a desponding visionary.'

The modern style whose innocent stratagem was thus to allure the young was the style of Hume, Robertson, Lowth, Lyttelton, Hurd, Melmoth, Johnson, and Hawkesworth. The allurements of these men lay presumably in their inflated Latinity and in all that wit which is derived from handling words rather than ideas. When we read, 'Joseph of Arimathea, a person of great dignity and opulence,' instead of 'a rich man of Arimathea'; or, 'The supreme Jehovah deigns to select thee as the object of his love!' instead of 'The Lord is with thee'; or, 'Jesus burst into a flood of tears,' instead of 'Jesus wept'; or, 'O Thou great governor and parent of universal nature,' instead of 'Our Father which art in heaven,' we feel all the puffing of the frog in the fable.

The full perfume of this style is only felt in continued passages. Since the volume is not accessible to all, it is worth reproducing one or two.

Here is the opening of the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5): —

Happy are those who are endowed with true humility — for such are properly disposed for the reception of the gospel.

Happy are those who lament with unfeigned contrition the vices and errors of their past lives — for they shall be comforted with the cheering promises of the gospel.

Happy are those who are possessed with a mild and inoffensive disposition — for they shall be enriched with the greatest happiness this world can furnish.

Happy are those whose minds are inflamed with a sacred ardour to attain universal virtue — their enlarged and generous desires shall be satisfied.

Happy are those who are truly compassionate and charitable — that benevolence which they express towards their fellow creatures shall be abundantly recompensed to them.

Happy are the sincerely virtuous — they shall be admitted to the blissful vision of God.

Happy are those who constantly study to promote harmony and peace among mankind — they shall be called the Sons of God.

Happy are those who suffer persecution for Religion and the rights of conscience with inflexible patience and fortitude — their victorious constancy shall be compensated with a superior degree of future blessedness.

Here are the words of the angels to the shepherds announcing the birth of Christ (Luke 2. 10-14): —

Dispel your terrors — for I am commissioned to report to you a most joyful and transporting event, in which the whole world is interested!

For this very day, in the city of David, the Saviour — the great Messiah — is born!

By these tokens you may easily distinguish the illustrious babe — You will find him swathed, and deposited in a manger. . . .

O let the highest angelic orders hymn the praise of God! O what happiness hath now blessed the world! O what ineffable benevolence is now expressed towards men!

Here is the opening of the parable of the Prodigal Son: —

A Gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons.

One day the younger approached his father, and begged him in the most importunate and soothing terms to make a partition of his effects betwixt himself and his elder brother — the indulgent father, overcome by his blandishments, immediately divided all his fortunes betwixt them.

One who has read to this point is probably in a state of exasperation and disgust. Surely this must be the work of a parodist or a fool! These sentences read like the kind of big-word humor which schoolboys love: 'Should you enjoy a portion of the congealed lactic fluid of the domestic bovine?' Dickens, I believe, sometimes wrote like that for comic effects. It seems incredible to us that anyone could write that way seriously. Yet there is no reason to believe that Harwood was not convinced of the superiority of his translation to the Authorized Version. And anyone who will take the time to read the account of him in the *Dictionary of National Biography* will find that he was not a fool by any means.

If, now, one compares this version of Harwood's and the King James Version with the Greek, one finds that the King James Version is almost always a word-for-word translation. Its simplicity and directness are of course legendary and would only need demonstration in an age like our

own. The same thing is true of the Vulgate, as far as we can tell. It is precisely this simplicity which Harwood was careful to eliminate. If one may judge by his results, he identified literary beauty with literary decoration. Decoration, as I use the term, — and of course there are other legitimate uses, — is always applied adornment, the ruffles and bows which are stuck on ladies' dresses, the statues which are fixed to the corners of buildings as if arrested in flight, the elaboration of a metaphor which clarifies nothing, musical embellishments which do not grow out of the musical form being composed, but are added to it. The Greek for 'A Gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons' is, literally, 'A certain man had two sons.' All the rest is applied decoration which swells the bulk of the sentence, inflates it, but really gives it no more substance.

There are many signs in our own literature and in our other arts that we are reviving that tradition of embellishment. They are no doubt symptoms of fatigue or boredom. For the so-called modernistic movement was above all a struggle against applied decoration, whether it appeared in architecture or sculpture or painting. And we see on every hand propaganda directed against 'modernism.' When the conceit is made the mark of great poetry, and the bizarre and horrible the purpose of great fiction, then we can be sure that the flounces and puffed sleeves of our wives and daughters are not a passing fancy, but an expression of the age's need for decoration.

To such an age Harwood's version of the New Testament should be required reading. And I admit that if I were a professor of English in a college I should dish it out liberally to my students. Its vices are exactly those of many works of art of our time, but they appear more clearly in it than in contemporary literature. For we have no pride of kinship with it. If ever a time needed Cartesian clearness and distinctness of ideas, ours does. And the best way to appreciate them is to learn the effect of their absence.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS!

(Continued from page 392)

Sometimes she persuaded him completely. Brookfield, for example, ran a mission in East London, to which boys and parents contributed generously with money but rarely with personal contact. It was Katherine who suggested that a team from the mission should come up to Brookfield and play one of the School's elevens at soccer. The idea was so revolutionary that from anyone but Katherine it could not have survived its first frosty reception. To introduce a group of slum boys to the serene pleasaunces of better-class youngsters seemed at first a wanton stirring of all kinds of things that had better be left untouched. The whole staff was against it, and the School, if its opinion could have been taken, was probably against it too. Everyone was certain that the East End lads would be hooligans, or else that they would be made to feel uncomfortable; anyhow, there would be 'incidents,' and everyone would be confused and upset. Yet Katherine persisted.

'Chips,' she said, 'they're wrong, you know, and I'm right. I'm looking ahead to the future, they and you are looking back to the past. England is n't always going to be divided into officers and "other ranks." And those Poplar boys are just as important — to England — as Brookfield is. You've got to have them here, Chips. You can't satisfy your conscience by writing a check for a few guineas and keeping them at arm's length. Besides, they're proud of Brookfield — just as you are. Years hence, maybe, boys of that sort will be coming here — a few of them, at any rate. Why not? Why ever not? Chips, dear, remember this is eighteen-ninety-seven — not sixty-seven, when you were up at Cambridge. You got your ideas well stuck in those days, and good ideas they were too, a lot of them. But a few — just a few, Chips — want unsticking. . . .'

Rather to her surprise, he gave way and suddenly became a keen advocate of the proposal, and the *volte-face* was so complete that the authorities were taken unawares and found themselves consenting to the dangerous experiment. The boys from

Poplar arrived at Brookfield one Saturday afternoon, played soccer with the School's second team, were honorably defeated by seven goals to five, and later had high tea with the School team in the Dining Hall. They then met the Head and were shown over the School, and Chips saw them off at the railway station in the evening. Everything had passed without the slightest hitch of any kind, and it was clear that the visitors were taking away with them as fine an impression as they had left behind.

They took back with them also the memory of a charming woman who had met them and talked to them; for once, years later, during the War, a private stationed at a big military camp near Brookfield called on Chips and said he had been one of that first visiting team. Chips gave him tea and chatted with him, till at length, shaking hands, the man said: 'And 'ow's the missus, sir? I remember her very well.'

'Do you?' Chips answered, eagerly. 'Do you remember her?'

'Rather. I should think anyone would.'

And Chips replied: 'They don't, you know. At least, not here. Boys come and go; new faces all the time; memories don't last. Even masters don't stay forever. Since last year — when old Gribble retired — he's — um — the School butler — there has n't been anyone here who ever saw my wife. She died, you know, less than a year after your visit. In ninety-eight.'

'I'm real sorry to 'ear that, sir. There's two or three o' my pals, anyhow, who remember 'er clear as anything, though we did only see 'er that wunst. Yes, we remember 'er, all right.'

'I'm very glad. . . . That was a grand day we all had — and a fine game, too.'

'One o' the best days aht I ever 'ad in me life. Wish it was then and not nah — straight, I do. I'm off to Frawnce to-morrer.'

A month or so later Chips heard that he had been killed at Passchendaele.

VII

And so it stood, a warm and vivid patch in his life, casting a radiance that glowed in a thousand recollections. Twilight at Mrs. Wickett's, when the School bell clanged for

call-over, brought them back to him in a cloud — Katherine scampering along the stone corridors, laughing beside him at some 'howler' in an essay he was marking, taking the cello part in a Mozart trio for the School concert, her creamy arm sweeping over the brown sheen of the instrument. She had been a good player and a fine musician. And Katherine furred and muffed for the December house matches, Katherine at the Garden Party that followed Speech Day Prize-giving, Katherine tendering her advice in any little problem that arose. Good advice, too — which he did not always take, but which always influenced him. 'Chips, dear, I'd let them off if I were you. After all, it's nothing very serious.'

'I know. I'd like to let them off, but if I do I'm afraid they'll do it again.'

'Try telling them that, frankly, and give them the chance.'

'I might.'

And there were other things, occasionally, that *were* serious.

'You know, Chips, having all these hundreds of boys cooped up here is really an unnatural arrangement, when you come to think about it. So that when anything does occur that ought n't to, don't you think it's a bit unfair to come down on them as if it were their own fault for being here?'

'Don't know about that, Kathie, but I do know that for everybody's sake we have to be pretty strict about this sort of thing. One black sheep can contaminate others.'

'After he himself has been contaminated to begin with. After all, that's what probably *did* happen, is n't it?'

'Maybe. We can't help it. Anyhow, I believe Brookfield is better than a lot of other schools. All the more reason to keep it so.'

'But this boy, Chips . . . you're going to sack him?'

'The Head probably will, when I tell him.'

'And you're going to tell the Head?'

'It's a duty, I'm afraid.'

'Could n't you think about it a bit . . . talk to the boy again . . . find out how it began. . . . After all — apart from this business — is n't he rather a nice boy?'

'Oh, he's all right.'

'Then, Chips dear, don't you think there *ought* to be some other way . . .'

And so on. About once in ten times he was adamant and would n't be persuaded. In about half of these exceptional cases he afterward rather wished he had taken her advice. And years later, whenever he had trouble with a boy, he was always at the mercy of a softening wave of reminiscence; the boy would stand there, waiting to be told his punishment, and would see, if he were observant, the brown eyes twinkle into a shine that told him all was well. But he did not guess that at such a moment Chips was remembering something that had happened long before he was born; that Chips was thinking: Young ruffian, I'm hanged if *I* can think of any reason to let him off, but I'll bet *she* would have done!

But she had not always pleaded for leniency. On rather rare occasions she urged severity where Chips was inclined to be forgiving. 'I don't like his type, Chips. He's too cocksure of himself. If he's looking for trouble I should certainly let him have it.'

What a host of little incidents, all deep-buried in the past — problems that had once been urgent, arguments that had once been keen, anecdotes that were funny only because one remembered the fun. Did any emotion really matter when the last trace of it had vanished from human memory; and if that were so, what a crowd of emotions clung to him as to their last home before annihilation! He must be kind to them, must treasure them in his mind before their long sleep. That affair of Archer's resignation, for instance — a queer business, that was. And that affair about the rat that Dunster put in the organ loft while old Ogilvie was taking choir practice. Ogilvie was dead and Dunster drowned at Jutland; of others who had witnessed or heard of the incident, probably most had forgotten. And it had been like that, with other incidents, for centuries. He had a sudden vision of thousands and thousands of boys, from the age of Elizabeth onward; dynasty upon dynasty of masters; long epochs of Brookfield history that had left not even a ghostly record. Who knew why the old fifth-form room was called 'the

Pit'? There was probably a reason, to begin with; but it had since been lost — lost like the lost books of Livy. And what happened at Brookfield when Cromwell fought at Naseby, near by? How did Brookfield react to the great scare of the 'Forty-Five'? Was there a whole holiday when news came of Waterloo? And so on, up to the earliest time that he himself could remember — 1870, and Wetherby saying, by way of small talk after their first and only interview: 'Looks as if we shall have to settle with the Prussians ourselves one of these fine days, eh?'

When Chips remembered things like this he often felt that he would write them down and make a book of them; and during his years at Mrs. Wickett's he sometimes went even so far as to make desultory notes in an exercise book. But he was soon brought up against difficulties — the chief one being that writing tired him, both mentally and physically. Somehow, too, his recollections lost much of their flavor when they were written down; that story about Rushton and the sack of potatoes, for instance — it would seem quite tame in print, but Lord, how funny it had been at the time! It was funny, too, to remember it; though perhaps if you did n't remember Rushton . . . and who would, anyway, after all those years? It was such a long time ago. . . . Mrs. Wickett, did you ever know a fellow named Rushton? Before your time, I dare say . . . went to Burma in some government job . . . or was it Borneo? . . . Very funny fellow, Rushton. . . .

And there he was, dreaming again before the fire, dreaming of times and incidents in which he alone could take secret interest. Funny and sad, comic and tragic, they all mixed up in his mind, and some day, however hard it proved, he *would* sort them out and make a book of them. . . .

VIII

And there was always in his mind that spring day in ninety-eight when he had paced through Brookfield village as in some horrifying nightmare, half struggling to escape into an outside world where the sun still shone and where everything had happened differently. Young Faulkner had

met him there in the lane outside the School. 'Please, sir, may I have the afternoon off? My people are coming up.'

'Eh? What's that? Oh yes, yes. . . .'

'Can I miss Chapel, too, sir?'

'Yes . . . yes . . .'

'And may I go to the station to meet them?'

He nearly answered: 'You can go to blazes for all I care. My wife is dead and my child is dead, and I wish I were dead myself.'

Actually he nodded and stumbled on. He did not want to talk to anybody or to receive condolences; he wanted to get used to things, if he could, before facing the kind words of others. He took his fourth form as usual after call-over, setting them grammar to learn by heart while he himself stayed at his desk in a cold, continuing trance. Suddenly someone said: 'Please, sir, there are a lot of letters for you.'

So there were; he had been leaning his elbows on them; they were all addressed to him by name. He tore them open one after the other, but each contained nothing but a blank sheet of paper. He thought in a distant way that it was rather peculiar, but he made no comment; the incident gave hardly an impact upon his vastly greater preoccupations. Not till days afterward did he realize that it had been a piece of April foolery.

They had died on the same day, the mother and the child just born; on April 1, 1898.

IX

Chips changed his more commodious apartments in School House for his old original bachelor quarters. He thought at first he would give up his housemastership, but the Head persuaded him otherwise; and later he was glad. The work gave him something to do, filled up an emptiness in his mind and heart. He was different; everyone noticed it. Just as marriage had added something, so did bereavement; after the first stupor of grief he became suddenly the kind of man whom boys, at any rate, unhesitatingly classed as 'old.' It was not that he was less active; he could still knock up a half century on the cricket

field; nor was it that he had lost any interest or keenness in his work. Actually, too, his hair had been graying for years; yet now, for the first time, people seemed to notice it. He was fifty. Once, after some energetic fives, during which he had played as well as many a fellow half his age, he overheard a boy saying: 'Not half bad for an old chap like him.'

Chips, when he was over eighty, used to recount that incident with many chuckles. 'Old at fifty, eh? Umph — it was Naylor who said that, and Naylor can't be far short of fifty himself by now! I wonder if he still thinks that fifty's such an age? Last I heard of him, he was lawyering, and lawyers live long — look at Halsbury — umph — Chancellor at eighty-two, and died at ninety-nine. There's an — umph — age for you! Too old at fifty — why, fellows like that are too *young* at fifty. . . . I was myself . . . a mere infant. . . .'

And there was a sense in which it was true. For with the new century there settled upon Chips a mellowness that gathered all his developing mannerisms and his oft-repeated jokes into a single harmony. No longer did he have those slight and occasional disciplinary troubles, or feel diffident about his own work and worth. He found that his pride in Brookfield reflected back, giving him cause for pride in himself and his position. It was a service that gave him freedom to be supremely and completely himself. He had won, by seniority and ripeness, an uncharted no-man's-land of privilege; he had acquired the right to those gentle eccentricities that so often attack schoolmasters and parsons. He wore his gown till it was almost too tattered to hold together; and when he stood on the wooden bench by Big Hall steps to take call-over, it was with an air of mystic abandonment to ritual. He held the School List, a long sheet curling over a board; and each boy, as he passed, spoke his own name for Chips to verify and then tick off on the list. That verifying glance was an easy and favorite subject of mimicry throughout the School — steel-rimmed spectacles slipping down the nose, eyebrows lifted, one a little higher than the other, a gaze half rapt, half quizzical. And on windy days, with gown and white hair and School List fluttering in

uproarious confusion, the whole thing became a comic turn sandwiched between afternoon games and the return to classes.

Some of those names, in little snatches of a chorus, recurred to him ever afterward without any effort of memory. . . . Ainsworth, Attwood, Avonmore, Babcock, Baggs, Barnard, Bassenthwaite, Battersby, Beccles, Bedford-Marshall, Bentley, Best . . .

Another one: —

. . . Unsley, Vailes, Wadham, Wagstaff, Wallington, Waters Primus, Waters Secundus, Watling, Waveney, Webb . . .

And yet another that comprised, as he used to tell his fourth-form Latinists, an excellent example of a hexameter: —

. . . Lancaster, Latton, Lemare, Lytton-Bosworth, MacGonigall, Mansfield . . .

Where had they all gone to, he often pondered; those threads he had once held together, how far had they scattered, some to break, others to weave into unknown patterns? The strange randomness of the world beguiled him, that randomness which never would, so long as the world lasted, give meaning to those choruses again.

And behind Brookfield, as one may glimpse a mountain behind another mountain when the mist clears, he saw the world of change and conflict; and he saw it, more than he realized, with the remembered eyes of Kathie. She had not been able to bequeath him all her mind, still less the brilliance of it; but she had left him with a calmness and a poise that accorded well with his own inward emotions. It was typical of him that he did not share the general jingo bitterness against the Boers. Not that he was a pro-Boer — he was far too traditional for that, and he disliked the kind of people who *were* pro-Boers; but still, it did cross his mind at times that the Boers were engaged in a struggle that had a curious similarity to those of certain English history-book heroes — Hereward the Wake, for instance, or Caractacus. He once tried to shock his fifth form by suggesting this, but they only thought it was one of his little jokes.

However heretical he might be about the Boers, he was orthodox about Mr. Lloyd George and the famous Budget. He did not care for either of them. And when, years

later, L. G. came as the guest of honor to a Brookfield Speech Day, Chips said, on being presented to him: 'Mr. Lloyd George, I am nearly old enough — umph — to remember you as a young man, and — umph — I confess that you seem to me — umph — to have improved — umph — a great deal.' The Head, standing with them, was rather aghast; but L. G. laughed heartily and talked to Chips more than to anyone else during the ceremonial that followed.

'Just like Chips,' was commented afterward. 'He gets away with it. I suppose at that age anything you say to anybody is all right. . . .'

X

In 1900 old Meldrum, who had succeeded Wetherby as Head and had held office for three decades, died suddenly from pneumonia; and in the interval before the appointment of a successor, Chips became Acting Head of Brookfield. There was just the faintest chance that the Governors might make the appointment a permanent one; but Chips was not really disappointed when they brought in a youngster of thirty-seven, glittering with Firsts and Blues and with the kind of personality that could reduce Big Hall to silence by the mere lifting of an eyebrow. Chips was not in the running with that kind of person; he never had been and never would be, and he knew it. He was an altogether milder and less ferocious animal.

Those years before his retirement in 1913 were studded with sharply remembered pictures.

A May morning; the clang of the School bell at an unaccustomed time; everyone summoned to assemble in Big Hall. Ralston, the new Head, very pontifical and aware of himself, fixing the multitude with a cold, presaging severity. 'You will all be deeply grieved to hear that His Majesty King Edward the Seventh died this morning. . . . There will be no school this afternoon, but a service will be held in the Chapel at four-thirty.'

A summer morning on the railway line near Brookfield. The railwaymen were on strike, soldiers were driving the engines, stones had been thrown at trains. Brookfield boys were patrolling the line, thinking

the whole business great fun. Chips, who was in charge, stood a little way off, talking to a man at the gate of a cottage. Young Cricklade approached. 'Please, sir, what shall we do if we meet any strikers?'

'Would you like to meet one?'

'I — I don't know, sir.'

God bless the boy — he talked of them as if they were queer animals out of a zoo! 'Well, here you are, then — umph — you can meet Mr. Jones — he's a striker. When he's on duty he has charge of the signal box at the station. You've put your life in his hands many a time.'

Afterward the story went round the School: There was Chips, talking to a striker. Talking to a striker. Might have been quite friendly, the way they were talking together.

Chips, thinking it over a good many times, always added to himself that Kathie would have approved, and would also have been amused.

Because always, whatever happened and however the avenues of politics twisted and curved, he had faith in England, in English flesh and blood, and in Brookfield as a place whose ultimate worth depended on whether she fitted herself into the English scene with dignity and without disproportion. He had been left a vision that grew clearer with each year — of an England for which days of ease were nearly over, of a nation steering into channels where a hair's breadth of error might be catastrophic. He remembered the Diamond Jubilee; there had been a whole holiday at Brookfield, and he had taken Kathie to London to see the procession. That old and legendary lady, sitting in her carriage like some crumbling wooden doll, had symbolized impressively so many things that, like herself, were nearing an end. Was it only the century, or was it an epoch?

And then that frenzied Edwardian decade, like an electric lamp that goes brighter and whiter just before it burns itself out.

Strikes and lockouts, champagne suppers and unemployed marchers, Chinese labor, tariff reform, *H.M.S. Dreadnought*, Marconi, Home Rule for Ireland, Doctor Crippen, suffragettes, the lines of Chatalja. . . .

An April evening, windy and rainy; the fourth form construing Vergil, not very

intelligently, for there was exciting news in the papers; young Grayson, in particular, was careless and preoccupied. A quiet, nervous boy.

'Grayson, stay behind — umph — after the rest.'

Then: —

'Grayson, I don't want to be — umph — severe, because you are generally pretty good — umph — in your work, but to-day — you don't seem — umph — to have been trying at all. Is anything the matter?'

'N-no, sir.'

'Well — umph — we'll say no more about it, but — umph — I shall expect better things next time.'

Next morning it was noised around the School that Grayson's father had sailed on the *Titanic*, and that no news had yet come through as to his fate.

Grayson was excused lessons; for a whole day the School centred emotionally upon his anxieties. Then came news that his father had been among those rescued.

Chips shook hands with the boy. 'Well, umph — I'm delighted, Grayson. A happy ending. You must be feeling pretty pleased with life.'

'Y-yes, sir.'

A quiet, nervous boy. And it was Grayson Senior, not Junior, with whom Chips was destined later to condole.

XI

And then the row with Ralston. Funny thing, Chips had never liked him; he was efficient, ruthless, ambitious, but not, somehow, very likable. He had, admittedly, raised the status of Brookfield as a school, and for the first time in memory there was a longish waiting list. Ralston was a live wire; a fine power transmitter, but you had to beware of him.

Chips had never bothered to beware of him; he was not attracted by the man, but he served him willingly enough and quite loyally. Or, rather, he served Brookfield. He knew that Ralston did not like him, either; but that did n't seem to matter. He felt himself sufficiently protected by age and seniority from the fate of other masters whom Ralston had failed to like.

Then suddenly, in 1908, when he had

just turned sixty, came Ralston's urbane ultimatum. 'Mr. Chipping, have you ever thought you would like to retire?'

Chips stared about him in that book-lined study, startled by the question, wondering why Ralston should have asked it. He said, at length: 'No — umph — I can't say that — umph — I have thought much about it — umph — yet.'

'Well, Mr. Chipping, the suggestion is there for you to consider. The Governors would, of course, agree to your being adequately pensioned.'

Abruptly Chips flamed up. 'But — umph — I don't want — to retire. I don't — umph — need to consider it.'

'Nevertheless, I suggest that you do.'

'But — umph — I don't see — why — I should!'

'In that case, things are going to be a little difficult.'

'Difficult? Why — difficult?'

And then they set to, Ralston getting cooler and harder, Chips getting warmer and more passionate, till at last Ralston said, icily: 'Since you force me to use plain words, Mr. Chipping, you shall have them. For some time past, you have n't been pulling your weight here. Your methods of teaching are slack and old-fashioned; your personal habits are slovenly; and you ignore my instructions in a way which, in a younger man, I should regard as rank insubordination. It won't do, Mr. Chipping, and you must ascribe it to my forbearance that I have put up with it so long.'

'But —' Chips began, in sheer bewilderment; and then he took up isolated words out of that extraordinary indictment. '*Slovenly* — umph — you said — ?'

'Yes, look at the gown you're wearing. I happen to know that that gown of yours is a subject of continual amusement throughout the School.'

Chips knew it, too, but it had never seemed to him a very regrettable matter.

He went on: 'And — you also said — umph — something about — *insubordination* — ?'

'No, I did n't. I said that in a younger man I should have regarded it as that. In your case it's probably a mixture of slackness and obstinacy. This question of Latin pronunciation, for instance — I think I

told you years ago that I wanted the new style used throughout the School. The other masters obeyed me; you prefer to stick to your old methods, and the result is simply chaos and inefficiency.'

At last Chips had something tangible that he could tackle. 'Oh, *that!*' he answered, scornfully. 'Well, I — umph — I admit that I don't agree with the new pronunciation. I never did. Umph — a lot of nonsense, in my opinion. Making boys say "Kickero" at school when — umph — for the rest of their lives they'll say "Cicero" — if they ever — umph — say it at all. And instead of "vicissim" — God bless my soul — you'd make them say, "We kiss 'im"! Umph — umph!' And he chuckled momentarily, forgetting that he was in Ralston's study and not in his own friendly form room.

'Well, there you are, Mr. Chipping — that's just an example of what I complain of. You hold one opinion and I hold another, and, since you decline to give way, there can't very well be any alternative. I aim to make Brookfield a thoroughly up-to-date school. I'm a science man myself, but for all that I have no objection to the classics — provided that they are taught efficiently. Because they are dead languages is no reason why they should be dealt with in a dead educational technique. I understand, Mr. Chipping, that your Latin and Greek lessons are exactly the same as they were when I began here ten years ago?'

Chips answered, slowly and with pride: 'For that matter — umph — they are the same as when your predecessor — Mr. Meldrum — came here, and that — umph — was thirty-eight years ago. We began here, Mr. Meldrum and I — in — umph — in 1870. And it was — um — Mr. Meldrum's predecessor, Mr. Wetherby — who first approved my syllabus. "You'll take the Cicero for the fourth," he said to me. Cicero, too — not Kickero!'

'Very interesting, Mr. Chipping, but once again it proves my point — you live too much in the past, and not enough in the present and future. Times are changing, whether you realize it or not. Modern parents are beginning to demand something more for their three years' school fees

than a few scraps of languages that nobody speaks. Besides, your boys don't learn even what they're supposed to learn. None of them last year got through the Lower Certificate.'

And suddenly, in a torrent of thoughts too pressing to be put into words, Chips made answer to himself. These examinations and certificates and so on — what did they matter? And all this efficiency and up-to-dateness — what did *that* matter, either? Ralston was trying to run Brookfield like a factory — a factory for turning out a snob culture based on money and machines. The old gentlemanly traditions of family and broad acres were changing, as doubtless they were bound to; but instead of widening them to form a genuine inclusive democracy of duke and dustman, Ralston was narrowing them upon the single issue of a fat banking account. There never had been so many rich men's sons at Brookfield. The Speech Day Garden Party was like Ascot. Ralston met these wealthy fellows in London clubs and persuaded them that Brookfield was *the* coming school, and, since they could n't buy their way into Eton or Harrow, they greedily swallowed the bait. Awful fellows, some of them — though others were decent enough. Financiers, company promoters, pill manufacturers. One of them gave his son five pounds a week pocket money. Vulgar . . . ostentatious . . . all the hectic rotten-ripeness of the age. . . . And once Chips had got into trouble because of some joke he had made about the name and ancestry of a boy named Isaacstein. The boy wrote home about it, and Isaacstein *père* sent an angry letter to Ralston. Touchy, no sense of humor, no sense of proportion — that was the matter with them, these new fellows. . . . No sense of proportion. And it was a sense of proportion, above all things, that Brookfield ought to teach — not so much Latin or Greek or Chemistry or Mechanics. And you could n't expect to test that sense of proportion by setting papers and granting certificates. . . .

All this flashed through his mind in an instant of protest and indignation, but he did not say a word of it. He merely gathered his tattered gown together and with an

'umph — umph' walked a few paces away. He had had enough of the argument. At the door he turned and said: 'I don't — umph — intend to resign — and you can — umph — do what you like about it!'

Looking back upon that scene in the calm perspective of a quarter of a century, Chips could find it in his heart to feel a little sorry for Ralston. Particularly when, as it happened, Ralston had been in such complete ignorance of the forces he was dealing with. So, for that matter, had Chips himself. Neither had correctly estimated the toughness of Brookfield tradition, and its readiness to defend itself and its defenders. For it had so chanced that a small boy, waiting to see Ralston that morning, had been listening outside the door during the whole of the interview; he had been thrilled by it, naturally, and had told his friends. Some of these, in a surprisingly short time, had told their parents; so that very soon it was common knowledge that Ralston had insulted Chips and had demanded his resignation. The amazing result was a spontaneous outburst of sympathy and partisanship such as Chips, in his wildest dreams, had never envisaged. He found, rather to his astonishment, that Ralston was thoroughly unpopular; he was feared and respected, but not liked; and in this issue of Chips the dislike rose to a point where it conquered fear and demolished even respect. There was talk of having some kind of public riot in the School if Ralston succeeded in banishing Chips. The masters, many of them young men who agreed that Chips was hopelessly old-fashioned, rallied round him nevertheless because they hated Ralston's slave driving and saw in the old veteran a likely champion. And one day the Chairman of the Governors, Sir John Rivers, visited Brookfield, ignored Ralston, and went direct to Chips. 'A fine fellow, Rivers,' Chips would say, telling the story to Mrs. Wickett for the dozenth time. 'Not — umph — a very brilliant boy in class. I remember he could never — umph — master his verbs. And now — umph — I see in the papers — they've made him — umph — a baronet. It just shows you — umph — it just shows you.'

Sir John had said, on that morning in

1908, taking Chips by the arm as they walked round the deserted cricket pitches: 'Chips, old boy, I hear you've been having the deuce of a row with Ralston. Sorry to hear about it, for your sake — but I want you to know that the Governors are with you to a man. We don't like the fellow a great deal. Very clever and all that, but a bit too clever, if you ask me. Claims to have doubled the School's endowment funds by some monkeying on the Stock Exchange. Dare say he has, but a chap like that wants watching. So if he starts chucking his weight about with you, tell him very politely he can go to the devil. The Governors don't want you to resign. Brookfield would n't be the same without you, and they know it. We all know it. You can stay here till you're a hundred if you feel like it — indeed, it's our hope that you will.'

And at that — both then and often when he recounted it afterward — Chips broke down.

XII

So he stayed on at Brookfield, having as little to do with Ralston as possible. And in 1911 Ralston left, 'to better himself'; he was offered the headship of one of the greater public schools. His successor was a man named Chatteris, whom Chips liked; he was even younger than Ralston had been — thirty-four. He was supposed to be very brilliant; at any rate, he was modern (Natural Sciences Tripos), friendly, and sympathetic. Recognizing in Chips a Brookfield institution, he courteously and wisely accepted the situation.

In 1913 Chips had had bronchitis and was off duty for nearly the whole of the winter term. It was that which made him decide to resign that summer, when he was sixty-five. After all, it was a good, ripe age; and Ralston's straight words had, in some ways, had an effect. He felt that it would not be fair to hang on if he could not decently do his job. Besides, he would not sever himself completely. He would take rooms across the road, with the excellent Mrs. Wickett who had once been linen-room maid; he could visit the School whenever he wanted, and could still, in a sense, remain a part of it.

At that final end-of-term dinner, in July 1913, Chips received his farewell presentations and made a speech. It was not a very long speech, but it had a good many jokes in it, and was made twice as long, perhaps, by the laughter that impeded its progress. There were several Latin quotations in it, as well as a reference to the Captain of the School, who, Chips said, had been guilty of exaggeration in speaking of his (Chips's) services to Brookfield. 'But then — umph — he comes of an — umph — exaggerating family. I — um — remember — once — having to thrash his father — for it. [Laughter] I gave him one mark — umph — for a Latin translation, and he — umph — exaggerated the one into a seven! Umph — umph!' Roars of laughter and tumultuous cheers! A typical Chips remark, everyone thought.

And then he mentioned that he had been at Brookfield for forty-two years, and that he had been very happy there. 'It has been my life,' he said, simply. '*O mihi praeteritos referat si Jupiter annos.* . . . Umph — I need not — of course — translate. . . .' Much laughter. 'I remember lots of changes at Brookfield. I remember the — um — the first bicycle. I remember when there was no gas or electric light and we used to have a member of the domestic staff called a lamp-boy — he did nothing else but clean and trim and light lamps throughout the School. I remember when there was a hard frost that lasted for seven weeks in the winter term — there were no games, and the whole School learned to skate on the fens. Eighteen-eighty-something, that was. I remember when two thirds of the School went down with German measles and Big Hall was turned into a hospital ward. I remember the great bonfire we had on Mafeking night. It was lit too near the pavilion and we had to send for the fire brigade to put it out. And the firemen were having their own celebrations and most of them were — um — in a regrettable condition. [Laughter] I remember Mrs. Brool, whose photograph is still in the tuckshop; she served there until an uncle in Australia left her a lot of money. In fact, I remember so much that I often think I ought to write a book. Now what should I call it? "Memories of Rod and

Lines" — eh? [Cheers and laughter. That was a good one, people thought — one of Chips's best.] Well, well, perhaps I shall write it, some day. But I'd rather tell you about it, really. I remember . . . I remember . . . but chiefly I remember all your faces. I never forget them. I have thousands of faces in my mind — the faces of boys. If you come and see me again in years to come — as I hope you all will — I shall try to remember those older faces of yours, but it's just possible I shan't be able to — and then some day you'll see me somewhere and I shan't recognize you and you'll say to yourself, "The old boy does n't remember me." [Laughter] But I do remember you — as you are now. That's the point. In my mind you never grow up at all. Never. Sometimes, for instance, when people talk to me about our respected Chairman of the Governors, I think to myself, "Ah yes, a jolly little chap with hair that sticks up on top — and absolutely no idea whatever about the difference between a Gerund and a Gerundive." [Loud laughter] Well, well, I must n't go on — umph — all night. Think of me sometimes as I shall certainly think of you. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit* . . . again I need not translate.' Much laughter and shouting and prolonged cheers.

August 1913. Chips went for a cure to Wiesbaden, where he lodged at the home of the German master at Brookfield, Herr Staefel, with whom he had become friendly. Staefel was thirty years his junior, but the two men got on excellently. In September, when term began, Chips returned and took up residence at Mrs. Wickett's. He felt a great deal stronger and fitter after his holiday, and almost wished he had not retired. Nevertheless, he found plenty to do. He had all the new boys to tea. He watched all the important matches on the Brookfield ground. Once a term he dined with the Head, and once also with the masters. He took on the preparation and editing of a new Brookfeldian Directory. He accepted presidency of the Old Boys' Club and went to dinners in London. He wrote occasional articles, full of jokes and Latin quotations, for the Brookfield terminal magazine. He read his *Times* every morning — very thoroughly; and he also

began to read detective stories — he had been keen on them ever since the first thrills of Sherlock. Yes, he was quite busy, and quite happy, too.

A year later, in 1914, he again attended the end-of-term dinner. There was a lot of war talk — civil war in Ulster, and trouble between Austria and Serbia. Herr Staefel, who was leaving for Germany the next day, told Chips he thought the Balkan business would n't come to anything.

XIII

The War years.

The first shock, and then the first optimism. The Battle of the Marne, the Russian steam-roller, Kitchener.

'Do you think it will last long, sir?'

Chips, questioned as he watched the first trial game of the season, gave quite a cheery answer. He was, like thousands of others, hopelessly wrong; but, unlike thousands of others, he did not afterward conceal the fact. 'We ought to have — um — finished it — um — by Christmas. The Germans are already beaten. But why? Are you thinking of — um — joining up, Forrester?'

Joke — because Forrester was the smallest new boy Brookfield had ever had — about four feet high above his muddy football boots. (But not so much a joke, when you came to think of it afterward; for he was killed in 1918 — shot down in flames over Cambrai.) But one did n't guess what lay ahead. It seemed tragically sensational when the first Old Brookfeldian was killed in action — in September. Chips thought, when that news came: A hundred years ago boys from this school were fighting *against* the French. Strange, in a way, that the sacrifices of one generation should so cancel out those of another. He tried to express this to Blades, the Head of School House; but Blades, eighteen years old and already in training for a cadetship, only laughed. What had all that history stuff to do with it, anyhow? Just old Chips with one of his queer ideas, that's all.

1915. Armies clenched in deadlock from the sea to Switzerland. The Dardanelles. Gallipoli. Military camps springing up quite near Brookfield; soldiers using the

playing fields for sports and training; swift developments of Brookfield O.T.C. Most of the younger masters gone or in uniform. Every Sunday night, in the Chapel after evening service, Chatteris read out the names of old boys killed, together with short biographies. Very moving; but Chips, in the back pew under the gallery, thought: They are only names to him; he does n't see their faces as I do. . . .

1916. . . . The Somme Battle. Twenty-three names read out one Sunday evening.

Toward the close of that catastrophic July, Chatteris talked to Chips one afternoon at Mrs. Wickett's. He was overworked and overworried and looked very ill. 'To tell you the truth, Chipping, I'm not having too easy a time here. I'm thirty-nine, you know, and unmarried, and lots of people seem to think they know what I ought to do. Also, I happen to be diabetic, and could n't pass the blindest M.O., but I don't see why I should pin a medical certificate on my front door.'

Chips had n't known anything about this; it was a shock to him, for he liked Chatteris.

The latter continued: 'You see how it is. Ralston filled the place up with young men — all very good, of course — but now most of them have joined up and the substitutes are pretty dreadful, on the whole. They poured ink down a man's neck in prep one night last week — silly fool — got hysterical. I have to take classes myself, take prep for fools like that, work till midnight every night, and get cold-shouldered as a slacker on top of everything. I can't stand it much longer. If things don't improve next term I shall have a breakdown.'

'I do sympathize with you,' Chips said.

'I hoped you would. And that brings me to what I came here to ask you. Briefly, my suggestion is that — if you felt equal to it and would care to — how about coming back here for a while? You look pretty fit, and, of course, you know all the ropes. I don't mean a lot of hard work for you — you need n't take anything strenuously — just a few odd jobs here and there, as you choose. What I'd like you for more than anything else is not for the actual work you'd do — though that, naturally, would be very valuable — but for your help

in other ways — in just *belonging* here. There's nobody ever been more popular than you were, and are still — you'd help to hold things together if there were any danger of them flying to bits. And perhaps there is that danger. . . .'

Chips answered, breathlessly and with a holy joy in his heart: 'I'll come. . . .'

XIV

He still kept on his rooms with Mrs. Wickett; indeed, he still lived there; but every morning, about half-past ten, he put on his coat and muffler and crossed the road to the School. He felt very fit, and the actual work was not taxing. Just a few forms in Latin and Roman History — the old lessons — even the old pronunciation. The same joke about the *Lex Canuleia* — there was a new generation that had not heard it, and he was absurdly gratified by the success it achieved. He felt a little like a music-hall favorite returning to the boards after a positively last appearance.

They all said how marvelous it was that he knew every boy's name and face so quickly. They did not guess how closely he had kept in touch from across the road.

He was a grand success altogether. In some strange way he did, and they all knew and felt it, help things. For the first time in his life he felt *necessary* — and necessary to something that was nearest his heart. There is no sublimer feeling in the world, and it was his at last.

He made new jokes, too — about the O.T.C. and the food-rationing system and the anti-air-raid blinds that had to be fitted on all the windows. There was a mysterious kind of rissole that began to appear on the School menu on Mondays, and Chips called it *abhorrendum* — 'meat to be abhorred.' The story went round — heard Chips's latest?

Chatteris fell ill during the winter of '17, and again, for the second time in his life, Chips became Acting Head of Brookfield. Then in April Chatteris died, and the Governors asked Chips if he would carry on 'for the duration.' He said he would, if they would refrain from appointing him officially. From that last honor, within his reach at last, he shrank instinctively, feel-

ing himself in so many ways unequal to it. He said to Rivers: 'You see, I'm not a young man and I don't want people to — um — expect a lot from me. I'm like all these new colonels and majors you see everywhere — just a war-time fluke. A ranker — that's all I am really.'

1917. 1918. Chips lived through it all. He sat in the headmaster's study every morning, handling problems, dealing with complaints and requests. Out of vast experience had emerged a kindly, gentle confidence in himself. To keep a sense of proportion, that was the main thing. So much of the world was losing it; as well keep it where it had, or ought to have, a congenial home.

On Sundays in Chapel it was he who now read out the tragic list, and sometimes it was seen and heard that he was in tears over it. Well, why not, the School said; he was an old man; they might have despised anyone else for the weakness.

One day he got a letter from Switzerland, from friends there; it was heavily censored, but conveyed some news. On the following Sunday, after the names and biographies of old boys, he paused a moment and then added: —

'Those few of you who were here before the War will remember Max Staefel, the German master. He was in Germany, visiting his home, when war broke out. He was popular while he was here, and made many friends. Those who knew him will be sorry to hear that he was killed last week, on the Western Front.'

He was a little pale when he sat down afterward, aware that he had done something unusual. He had consulted nobody about it, anyhow; no one else could be blamed. Later, outside the Chapel, he heard an argument: —

'On the Western Front, Chips said. Does that mean he was fighting for the Germans?'

'I suppose it does.'

'Seems funny, then, to read his name out with all the others. After all, he was an *enemy*.'

'Oh, just one of Chips's ideas, I expect. The old boy still has 'em.'

Chips, in his room again, was not displeased by the comment. Yes, he still had

'em — those ideas of dignity and generosity that were becoming increasingly rare in a frantic world. And he thought: Brookfield will take them, too, from me; but it would n't from anyone else.

Once, asked for his opinion of bayonet practice being carried on near the cricket pavilion, he answered, with that lazy, slightly asthmatic intonation that had been so often and so extravagantly imitated: 'It seems — to me — umph — a very vulgar way of killing people.'

The yarn was passed on and joyously appreciated — how Chips had told some big brass hat from the War Office that bayonet fighting was vulgar. Just like Chips. And they found an adjective for him — an adjective just beginning to be used: he was pre-War.

XV

And once, on a night of full moonlight, the air-raid warning was given while Chips was taking his lower fourth in Latin. The guns began almost instantly, and, as there was plenty of shrapnel falling about outside, it seemed to Chips that they might just as well stay where they were, on the ground floor of School House. It was pretty solidly built and made as good a dugout as Brookfield could offer; and as for a direct hit, well, they could not expect to survive that, wherever they were.

So he went on with his Latin, speaking a little louder amid the reverberating crashes of the guns and the shrill whine of anti-aircraft shells. Some of the boys were nervous; few were able to be attentive. He said, gently: 'It may possibly seem to you, Robertson — at this particular moment in the world's history — umph — that the affairs of Cæsar in Gaul some two thousand years ago — are — umph — of somewhat secondary importance — and that — umph — the irregular conjugation of the verb *tollo* is — umph — even less important still. But believe me — umph — my dear Robertson — that is not really the case.' Just then there came a particularly loud explosion — quite near. 'You cannot — umph — judge the importance of things — umph — by the noise they make. Oh dear me, no.' A little chuckle. 'And these things — umph — that have mattered — for thou-

sands of years — are not going to be — snuffed out — because some stink merchant — in his laboratory — invents a new kind of mischief.' Titters of nervous laughter; for Buffles, the pale, lean, and medically unfit science master, was nicknamed the Stink Merchant. Another explosion — nearer still. 'Let us — um — resume our work. If it is fate that we are soon to be — umph — interrupted, let us be found employing ourselves in something — umph — really appropriate. Is there anyone who will volunteer to construe?'

Maynard, chubby, dauntless, clever, and impudent, said: 'I will, sir.'

'Very good. Turn to page forty and begin at the bottom line.'

The explosions still continued deafeningly; the whole building shook as if it were being lifted off its foundations. Maynard found the page, which was some way ahead, and began, shrilly: —

'*Genus hoc erat pugnae* — this was the kind of fight — *quo se Germani exercuerant* — in which the Germans busied themselves. Oh, sir, that's good — that's really very funny indeed, sir — one of your very best —'

Laughing began, and Chips added: 'Well — umph — you can see — now — that these dead languages — umph — can come to life again — sometimes — eh? Eh?'

Afterward they learned that five bombs had fallen in and around Brookfield, the nearest of them just outside the School grounds. Nine persons had been killed.

The story was told, retold, embellished. 'The dear old boy never turned a hair. Even found some old tag to illustrate what was going on. Something in Cæsar about the way the Germans fought. You would n't think there were things like that in Cæsar, would you? And the way Chips laughed . . . you know the way he *does* laugh . . . the tears all running down his face . . . never seen him laugh so much. . . .'

He was a legend.

With his old and tattered gown, his walk that was just beginning to break into a stumble, his mild eyes peering over the steel-rimmed spectacles, and his quaintly humorous sayings, Brookfield would not have had an atom of him different.

November 11, 1918.

News came through in the morning; a whole holiday was decreed for the School, and the kitchen staff were implored to provide as cheerful a spread as war-time rationing permitted. There was much cheering and singing, and a bread fight across the Dining Hall. When Chips entered in the midst of the uproar there was an instant hush, and then wave upon wave of cheering; everyone gazed on him with eager, shining eyes, as on a symbol of victory. He walked to the dais, seeming as if he wished to speak; they made silence for him, but he shook his head after a moment, smiled, and walked away again.

It had been a damp, foggy day, and the walk across the quadrangle to the Dining Hall had given him a chill. The next day he was in bed with bronchitis, and stayed there till after Christmas. But already, on that night of November 11, after his visit to the Dining Hall, he had sent in his resignation to the Board of Governors.

When school reassembled after the holidays he was back at Mrs. Wickett's. At his own request there were no more farewells or presentations, nothing but a hand-shake with his successor and the word 'acting' crossed out on official stationery. The 'duration' was over.

XVI

And now, fifteen years after that, he could look back upon it all with a deep and sumptuous tranquillity. He was not ill, of course — only a little tired at times, and bad with his breathing during the winter months. He would not go abroad — he had once tried it, but had chanced to strike the Riviera during one of its carefully unadvertised cold spells. 'I prefer — um — to get my chills — umph — in my own country,' he used to say, after that. He had to take care of himself when there were east winds, but autumn and winter were not really so bad; there were warm fires, and books, and you could look forward to the summer. It was the summer that he liked best, of course; apart from the weather, which suited him, there were the continual visits of old boys. Every week-end some of them motored up to Brookfield and called at his

house. Sometimes they tired him, if too many came at once; but he did not really mind; he could always rest and sleep afterward. And he enjoyed their visits — more than anything else in the world that was still to be enjoyed. 'Well, Gregson — umph — I remember you — umph — always late for everything — eh — eh? Perhaps you 'll be late in growing old — umph — like me — umph — eh?' And later, when he was alone again and Mrs. Wickett came in to clear away the tea things: 'Mrs. Wickett, young Gregson called — umph — you remember him, do you? Tall boy with spectacles. Always late. Umph. Got a job with the — umph — League of Nations — where — I suppose — his — um — dilatoriness — won't be noticeable — eh?'

And sometimes, when the bell rang for call-over, he would go to the window and look across the road and over the School fence and see, in the distance, the thin line of boys filing past the bench. New times, new names . . . but the old ones still remained . . . Jefferson, Jennings, Jolyon, Jupp, Kingsley Primus, Kingsley Secundus, Kingsley Tertius, Kingston . . . where are you all, where have you all gone to? . . . Mrs. Wickett, bring me a cup of tea just before prep, will you, please?

The post-War decade swept through with a clatter of change and maladjustments; Chips, as he lived through it, was profoundly disappointed when he looked abroad. The Ruhr, Chanak, Corfu; there was enough to be uneasy about in the world. But near him, at Brookfield, and even, in a wider sense, in England, there was something that charmed his heart because it was old — and had survived. More and more he saw the rest of the world as a vast disarrangement for which England had sacrificed enough — and perhaps too much. But he was satisfied with Brookfield. It was rooted in things that had stood the test of time and change and war. Curious, in this deeper sense, how little it *had* changed. Boys were a politer race; bullying was non-existent; there was more swearing and cheating. There was a more genuine friendliness between master and boy — less pomposity on the one side, less unctuousness on the other. One of the new masters, fresh from Oxford, even let the

Sixth call him by his Christian name. Chips did n't hold with that; indeed, he was just a little bit shocked. 'He might as well — umph — sign his terminal reports — umph — "yours affectionately" — eh — eh?' he told somebody.

During the General Strike of 1926, Brookfield boys loaded motor vans with foodstuffs. When it was all over, Chips felt stirred emotionally as he had not been since the War. Something had happened, something whose ultimate significance had yet to be reckoned. But one thing was clear: England had burned her fire in her own grate again. And when, at a Speech Day function that year, an American visitor laid stress on the vast sums that the strike had cost the country, Chips answered: 'Yes, but — umph — advertisement — always is costly.'

'Advertisement?'

'Well, was n't it — umph — advertisement — and very fine advertisement — too? A whole week of it — umph — and not a life lost — not a shot fired! Your country would have — umph — spilt more blood in — umph — raiding a single liquor saloon!'

Laughter . . . laughter . . . wherever he went and whatever he said, there was laughter. He had earned the reputation of being a great jester, and jests were expected of him. Whenever he rose to speak at a meeting, or even when he talked across a table, people prepared their minds and faces for the joke. They listened in a mood to be amused and it was easy to satisfy them. They laughed sometimes before he came to the point. 'Old Chips was in fine form,' they would say, afterward. 'Marvelous the way he can always see the funny side of things. . . .'

After 1929, Chips did not leave Brookfield — even for Old Boys' dinners in London. He was afraid of chills, and late nights began to tire him too much. He came across to the School, however, on fine days; and he still kept up a wide and continual hospitality in his room. His faculties were all unimpaired, and he had no personal worries of any kind. His income was more than he needed to spend, and his small capital, invested in gilt-edged stocks, did not suffer when the slump set in. He

gave a lot of his money away — to people who called on him with a hard-luck story, to various School funds, and also to the Brookfield mission. In 1930 he made his will. Except for legacies to the mission and to Mrs. Wickett, he left all he had to found an open entrance scholarship to the School.

1931. . . . 1932. . . .

'What do you think of Hoover, sir?'

'Do you think we shall ever go back to gold?'

'How d' you feel about things in general, sir? See any break in the clouds?'

'When's the tide going to turn, Chips, old boy? You ought to know, with all your experience of things.'

They all asked him questions, as if he were some kind of prophet and encyclopædia combined — more even than that, for they liked their answer dished up as a joke. He would say: —

'Well, Henderson, when I was — umph — a much younger man — there used to be someone who — um — promised people ninepence for fourpence. I don't know that anybody — umph — ever got it, but — umph — our present rulers seem — um — to have solved the problem of how to give — umph — fourpence for ninepence.'

Laughter.

Sometimes, when he was strolling about the School, small boys of the cheekier kind would ask him questions, merely for the fun of getting Chips's 'latest' to retail.

'Please, sir, what about the Five-Year Plan?'

'Sir, do you think Germany wants to fight another war?'

'Have you been to the new cinema, sir? I went with my people the other day. Quite a grand affair for a small place like Brookfield. They've got a Wurlitzer.'

'And what — umph — on earth — is a Wurlitzer?'

'It's an organ, sir — a cinema organ.'

'Dear me. . . . I've seen the name on the hoardings, but I always — umph — imagined — it must be some kind of — umph — sausage.'

Laughter. . . . Oh, there's a new Chips joke, you fellows, a perfectly lovely one. I was gassing to the old boy about the new cinema, and . . .

XVII

He sat in his front parlor at Mrs. Wickett's on a November afternoon in thirty-three. It was cold and foggy, and he dare not go out. He had not felt too well since Armistice Day; he fancied he might have caught a slight chill during the Chapel service. Merivale had been that morning for his usual fortnightly chat. 'Everything all right? Feeling hearty? That's the style — keep indoors this weather — there's a lot of flu about. Wish I could have your life for a day or two.'

His life . . . and what a life it had been! The whole pageant of it swung before him as he sat by the fire that afternoon. The things he had done and seen: Cambridge in the 'sixties; Great Gable on an August morning; Brookfield at all times and seasons throughout the years. And, for that matter, the things he had *not* done, and would never do now that he had left them too late — he had never traveled by air, for instance, and he had never been to a talkie-show. So that he was both more and less experienced than the youngest new boy at the School might well be; and that, that paradox of age and youth, was what the world called progress.

Mrs. Wickett had gone out, visiting relatives in a neighboring village; she had left the tea things ready on the table, with bread and butter and extra cups laid out in case anybody called. On such a day, however, visitors were not very likely; with the fog thickening hourly outside, he would probably be alone.

But no. About a quarter to four a ring came, and Chips, answering the front door himself (which he ought n't to have done), encountered a rather small boy wearing a Brookfield cap and an expression of anxious timidity. 'Please, sir,' he began, 'does Mr. Chips live here?'

'Umph — you'd better come inside,' Chips answered. And in his room a moment later he added: 'I am — umph — the person you want. Now what can I — umph — do for you?'

'I was told you wanted me, sir.'

Chips smiled. An old joke — an old leg-pull, and he, of all people, having made so many old jokes in his time, ought not to

complain. And it amused him to cap their joke, as it were, with one of his own; to let them see that he could keep his end up, even yet. So he said, with eyes twinkling: 'Quite right, my boy. I wanted you to take tea with me. Will you — umph — sit down by the fire? Umph — I don't think I have seen your face before. How is that?'

'I've only just come out of the sanatorium, sir — I've been there since the beginning of term with measles.'

'Ah, that accounts for it.'

Chips began his usual ritualistic blending of tea from the different caddies; luckily there was half a walnut cake with pink icing in the cupboard. He found out that the boy's name was Linford, that he lived in Shropshire, and that he was the first of his family at Brookfield.

'You know — umph — Linford — you'll like Brookfield — when you get used to it. It's not half such an awful place — as you imagine. You're a bit afraid of it — um, yes — eh? So was I, my dear boy — at first. But that was — um — a long time ago. Sixty-three years ago — umph — to be precise. When I — um — first went into Big Hall and — um — I saw all those boys — I tell you — I was quite scared. Indeed — umph — I don't think I've ever been so scared in my life. Not even when — umph — the Germans bombed us — during the War. But — umph — it did n't last long — the scared feeling, I mean. I soon made myself — um — at home.'

'Were there a lot of other new boys that term, sir?' asked Linford shyly.

'Eh? But — God bless my soul — I was n't a boy at all — I was a man — a young man of twenty-two! And the next time you see a young man — a new master — taking his first prep in Big Hall — umph — just think — what it feels like!'

'But if you were twenty-two then, sir —' 'Yes? Eh?'

'You must be — very old — now, sir.'

Chips laughed quietly and steadily to himself. It was a good joke.

'Well — umph — I'm certainly — umph — no chicken.'

He laughed quietly to himself for a long time.

Then he talked of other matters, of Shropshire, of schools and school life in

general, of the news in that day's papers. 'You're growing up into — umph — a very cross sort of world, Linford. Maybe it will have got over some of its — umph — crossness — by the time you're ready for it. Let's hope so — umph — at any rate. . . . Well . . . ' And with a glance at the clock he delivered himself of his old familiar formula. 'I'm — umph — sorry — you can't stay . . . '

At the front door he shook hands.

'Good-bye, my boy.'

And the answer came, in a shrill treble: 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . . '

Chips sat by the fire again, with those words echoing along the corridors of his mind. 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . . ' An old leg-pull, to make new boys think that his name was really Chips; the joke was almost traditional. He did not mind. 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips. . . . ' He remembered that on the eve of his wedding day Kathie had used that same phrase, mocking him gently for the seriousness he had had in those days. He thought: Nobody would call me serious to-day, that's very certain. . . .

Suddenly the tears began to roll down his cheeks — an old man's failing; silly, perhaps, but he could n't help it. He felt very tired; talking to Linford like that had quite exhausted him. But he was glad he had met Linford. Nice boy. Would do well.

Over the fog-laden air came the bell for call-over, tremulous and muffled. Chips looked at the window, graying into twilight; it was time to light up. But as soon as he began to move he felt that he could n't; he was too tired; and, anyhow, it did n't matter. He leaned back in his chair. No chicken — eh, well — that was true enough. And it had been amusing about Linford. A neat score off the jokers who had sent the boy over. Good-bye, Mr. Chips . . . odd, though, that he should have said it just like that. . . .

XVIII

When he awoke, for he seemed to have been asleep, he found himself in bed; and Merivale was there, stooping over him and smiling. 'Well, you old ruffian — feeling all right? That was a fine shock you gave us!'

Chips murmured, after a pause, and in a voice that surprised him by its weakness: 'Why — um — what — what has happened?'

'Merely that you threw a faint. Mrs. Wickett came in and found you — lucky she did. You're all right now. Take it easy. Sleep again if you feel inclined.'

He was glad someone had suggested such a good idea. He felt so weak that he was n't even puzzled by the details of the business — how they had got him upstairs, what Mrs. Wickett had said, and so on. But then, suddenly, at the other side of the bed, he saw Mrs. Wickett. She was smiling. He thought: God bless my soul, what's she doing up here? And then, in the shadows behind Merivale, he saw Cartwright, the new Head (he thought of him as 'new,' even though he had been at Brookfield since 1919), and old Buffles, commonly called 'Roddy.' Funny, the way they were all here. He felt: Anyhow, I can't be bothered to wonder why about anything. I'm going to go to sleep.

But it was n't sleep, and it was n't quite wakefulness, either; it was a sort of in-between state, full of dreams and faces and voices. Old scenes and old scraps of tunes: a Mozart trio that Kathie had once played in — cheers and laughter and the sound of guns — and, over it all, Brookfield bells, Brookfield bells. 'So you see, if Miss Plebs wanted Mr. Patrician to marry her . . . yes, you can, you liar. . . . ' Joke . . . Meat to be abhorred. . . . Joke . . . That you, Max? Yes, come in. What's the news from the Fatherland? . . . *O mihi praeteritos* . . . Ralston said I was slack and inefficient — but they could n't manage without me. . . . *Obile heres ago fortibus es in aro* . . . Can you translate that, any of you? . . . It's a joke. . . .

Once he heard them talking about him in the room.

Cartwright was whispering to Merivale. 'Poor old chap — must have lived a lonely sort of life, all by himself.'

Merivale answered: 'Not always by himself. He married, you know.'

'Oh, did he? I never knew about that.'

'She died. It must have been — oh, quite thirty years ago. More, possibly.'

'Pity. Pity he never had any children.'

And at that, Chips opened his eyes as wide as he could and sought to attract their attention. It was hard for him to speak out loud, but he managed to murmur something, and they all looked round and came nearer to him.

He struggled, slowly, with his words. 'What — was that — um — you were saying — about me — just now?'

Old Buffles smiled and said: 'Nothing at all, old chap — nothing at all — we were just wondering when you were going to wake out of your beauty sleep.'

'But — umph — I heard you — you *were* talking about me —'

'Absolutely nothing of any consequence, my dear fellow — really, I give you my word. . . .'

'I thought I heard you — one of you — saying it was a pity — umph — a pity I never had — any children . . . eh? . . . But I have, you know . . . I have . . .'

The others smiled without answering, and after a pause Chips began a faint and palpitating chuckle.

'Yes — umph — I have,' he added, with quavering merriment. 'Thousands of 'em . . . thousands of 'em . . . and all boys.'

And then the chorus sang in his ears in final harmony, more grandly and sweetly than he had ever heard it before, and more comfortingly too. . . . Pettifer, Pollett, Porson, Potts, Pullman, Purvis, Pym-Wilson, Radlett, Rapson, Reade, Reaper, Reddy Primus . . . come round me now, all of you, for a last word and a joke. . . . Harper, Haslett, Hatfield, Hatherley . . . my last joke . . . did you hear it? . . . Did it make you laugh? . . . Bone, Boston, Bovey, Bradford, Bradley, Bramhall-Anderson . . . wherever you are, whatever has happened, give me this moment with you . . . this last moment . . . my boys . . .

And soon Chips was asleep.

He seemed so peaceful that they did not disturb him to say good-night; but in the morning, as the School bell sounded for breakfast, Brookfield had the news. 'Brookfield will never forget his loveliness,' said Cartwright, in a speech to the School. Which was absurd, because all things are forgotten in the end. But Linford, at any rate, will remember and tell the tale: 'I said good-bye to Chips the night before he died. . . .'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

ONE might almost say that **James Hilton** was predestined to write 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips!' Born at the turn of the century, with his first breath he began to soak up the atmosphere of that small world-within-a-world which is the English public school, for his father was a schoolmaster. By the time he was seventeen he had already had his first literary work printed in the *Manchester Guardian*; before he was twenty he was the author of a novel, written while he was an undergraduate at Christ's College, Cambridge. Since then he has published half a dozen books — 'with varying degrees of success,' he says. The present short novel or long story — call it what you will — reveals a mature talent that looks as if it had definitely 'arrived.' Δ When a distinguished British journalist recently remarked that **Frank H. Simonds** ('Austria, the Powder Barrel of Europe') was one American who really understood the intricacies of European politics, he voiced a judgment that cannot be challenged. In Mr. Simonds's long career as a newspaper man he rose to the top rank in his profession, during the World War becoming associate editor of the *New York Tribune*. Of military tactics, his hobby since boyhood, he says: 'When I followed the French armies into Alsace-Lorraine soon after the Armistice, it was the realization of a dream cherished since the days when, on the top of a shelf covering the flour barrel in a kitchen in Bedford, Massachusetts, I refought Bazaine's campaign about Metz with my lead soldiers to give it a happier ending.' Δ The realization of another cherished dream was **James Norman Hall's** voyage in the wake of the *Bounty* mutineers ('The Ghosts of Pitcairn'). The sequel, which turned out to be something of a nightmare, will follow next month. Δ There are two remarkable facts to be noted about the young Middle-Westerner, **Glanville Smith**. The first the reader may discover for himself if he observes the style of 'My Winter in the Woods' and remembers a certain American author living in Paris about whom it has been said: 'Few people read her in the original, but

everybody reads her at second hand, for she has left her mark on all the new writers.' The second fact is even more of a conundrum. 'My trade,' writes Mr. Smith, 'is the designing of tombstones.'

Elizabeth Morrow ('Three Poems') is the widow of the statesman whose early death was a national, perhaps an international, calamity. Δ A few years ago André Siegfried wrote a book to announce that America had come of age. Since then there has been increasing evidence on many hands that as a nation we have really outgrown our care-free youth and have had sober maturity thrust upon us. Straws in the wind, perhaps, are the signs of longing for 'the good old days' which **Ernest Elmo Calkins** ticks off in 'Homesick America.' The clue to our nostalgic mood he discovers in the new-old fashions of current advertisements. On this subject he is a court of last resort, for he has devoted more than a quarter of a century to the presidency of the Calkins and Holden Advertising Agency in New York, from which he has but lately retired.

The 'Personal Letters' of **Gamaliel Bradford** took for their text any topic that his far-ranging mind chanced to light upon; but, like all good letters, however much they may illuminate this subject or that, they play their central beam upon the author himself. By the time of his death, two years ago, Bradford had earned a deservedly high reputation as a biographer and essayist. Now the reader is privileged to know him as a man, with the intimacy that was reserved for a few selected friends. Δ An engineer by profession, **Major R. Raven-Hart** ('Odyssey of a Sixty-Per-Center') served with the British army during the war, was wounded, and as a result returned to civilian life with what the doctors describe as 'a physical disability of 40 per cent.' Though not ill, he is an invalid in the French sense of the word, and, having always been an active man, he stood in need of exercise that would not overtax his strength.

Canoeing met his requirements exactly. Every summer now he goes exploring about Europe in his collapsible boat, preferring the little-known backwaters to the large rivers and lakes. Incidentally, he was a pioneer in developing short-wave radio transmission, and is a master of half a dozen languages. This last he does not mention in his article, but one gathers that a linguistic aptitude must be a very handy thing for an international paddler to carry in his baggage. **Henrietta Ripperger** has long been interested in problems of the colleges. Here ('The Kept Student') she interprets the findings of a nationally known foundation which has had wide experience in making loans to indigent students. Δ Among younger writers **Edmund Wilson** ('The Canons of Poetry') is probably the leading literary critic. Since 1922 he has published a variety of volumes, among them plays, verse, and a novel. His most recent works include *Axel's Castle*, a book on certain aspects of modern literature, and another of 'social-political reporting' called *The American Jitters*.

George Ellery Hale ('Deeper into Space') is a distinguished astronomer. He was the organizer, and is now honorary director, of the Mount Wilson Observatory in Pasadena. **Alan Devoe** ('A Literary Experiment') is a free-lance writer and an ingenious fellow. Another of his experiments was described three months ago in 'Books by the Roadside.' Δ Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York, the **Right Reverend Charles Fiske** ('My Religion — Retrospect and Arrival') is fond of a good joke, even when it is on himself. Thus he likes to tell that his English mail usually comes addressed to 'The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of New York Central.' Δ Old-timers will welcome the return of **Herbert Ravenel Sass** ('A Young King'), whose last appearance in these pages was in 1922. Author of books on two kinds of history, — Southern and natural, — he writes that Charleston still 'has' him both physically and spiritually. 'Those who have visited Charleston will understand and envy him.

It went to his glabrous head.

Dear Atlantic, —

After reading Johnson O'Connor's article in your February number, a major executive addressed his staff as follows: —

'Vocabulary and success, my adjuvants conjoint,
Go hand in hand. In me you see a pukka case in point.

'T is true I labor hard by day and lay awake in bed

When grave agenda lancinate my hot, glabrescent head.

In this you're not different than me. Yet I am president,

While you abide mere acolytes. 'Twixt you and I the ascent

Is gained by appropriating of egregious words a fund.

Shrewdness and industry ain't enough. You gotta be fecund.'

FREDERICK W. HENRICI
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Securities and common sense.

Dear Atlantic, —

I do not believe there is any substitute in the purchase of securities for the principle of Caveat Emptor. Securities, by the nature of our ever-shifting economic life on which they are based, cannot be labeled and sold, as Mr. Bernard Flexner intimates, certified as to contents and guaranteed as to performance. Everyone familiar with the history of investments knows there is no certainty but uncertainty, and that the 'blue chips' of one decade are often the 'cats and dogs' of the next.

It would seem that whenever misfortune befalls the American public the baying of the pack on the trail of the villain inevitably resounds. At the present time it is the banker, and this is no attempt to minimize his culpability in the sorry spectacle of the boom years; but if the people persist in the delusion that theirs was merely the part of the injured and innocent victim, the bitter experience of those years will have taught them nothing.

BERTRAM S. BOOTH
Oakland, California

'Everybody knows . . .'

The following comes from a correspondent who wrote to the *Atlantic* at 'No. 2 Arlington Street,' and was chided for his thrift: —

Dear Atlantic, —

Here are my apologies for giving you only one quarter of your correct street number. The remaining 75 per cent will be cheerfully made up to you anytime, if you will let me know how you want it shipped!

So simple a point is briefly made; still, maybe you have never heard about the signpost in Maine that fell over because a ledge of granite made the soil too shallow to hold it firmly.

The story relates how a motorist relied on this sign to guide him on his way to Bangor. Twenty

Rest for Sick Lungs



"I am one of the lucky ones. Thanks to modern treatment, I was able to come home from the Sanatorium months before I had expected. I am going back to work Monday."

TREMENDOUS progress has been made during the past twenty years in reducing the loss of life from tuberculosis. This success has been the result chiefly of popular education and the development and use of modern methods of treatment.

Yet in spite of the progress made, this disease took more than 70,000 lives in this country last year. In the United States, tuberculosis is today the principal cause of death of persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. The hope for further progress lies in an increasing recognition of the necessity for early diagnosis and in more extended use of modern treatment.

It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms — loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooner the diagnosis is made, the greater is the opportunity for



proper treatment to bring about recovery.

Of the four factors in modern treatment—rest, sunshine, fresh air and proper nourishment—the chief one is rest. Medical science has discovered several ways of aiding Nature, when advisable, through artificial methods for resting an infected lung. The method used depends upon the particular case.

Pneumothorax treatment (lung collapsing), together with other kindred methods, concentrates rest where it will do the greatest good—in the sick lung. The relief from continuous motion and irritation due to breathing or coughing enables the resting lung to heal more rapidly.

The majority of cases of tuberculosis can be arrested when prompt action is taken and the four items of treatment—sunshine, fresh air, proper nourishment and REST—are faithfully and continually observed under medical care.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

miles or so of driving convinced him that he must be on the wrong road, so he returned to the fork where the signpost stood, and was fortunate enough to encounter a man of the region. In the ensuing dialogue it transpired that, for the sake of getting a suitably deep hole, the signpost had been reset on the other side of the road, with the natural result that its arrow pointed in the opposite direction.

The expostulating motorist demanded why any such fool procedure should have been followed, but was met by the drawling twang of the native, 'Oh, everybody knows how to get to Bangor.'

ARTHUR BALDWIN
Paris, France

Nordhoff and Hall Appreciated

Why did Old Quercus grumble and grutch
At books and telephone calls and such?
Perhaps he ate and drank too much.
Soft and peevish, dim of eye
He watched a thousand books go by,
Worried about his waxing paunch,
And then — he read of the *Bounty's* launch.
Bread, two ounces; water, a gill;
Blood of the sea-birds they can kill —
These the rations to keep them fat.
1200 leagues they sailed on that
In storm and starving, kept afloat
Forty-one days in an open boat.
There's a book for the gelatine-spined
Who sit all day on a soft behind.
Frank and true and salt as sin,
This Is Where the Guts Begin.
So read, to cure a bilious flux,
Men Against the Sea (2 bucks).

From the *Saturday Review of Literature*

The plight of the rural teacher.

Dear Atlantic, —

The 'Spasmodic Diary of a Chicago School-Teacher' published in your November issue suggests a comparison between the urban and rural school situations. Although the financial distress of rural teachers is not so actual as that of instructors in the metropolitan area, except in communities crushed by bank failures, the present economic crisis has caused the teaching profession to lose prestige in rural localities.

Because school board members are allowing themselves to be influenced by the more illiterate persons in rural communities, the saving of tax money has become the ultimate criterion for the adoption of all school policies and expenditures. With the appearance of many more candidates for teaching positions than can be assimilated into the public schools, the practice of underbidding has grown up. Candidates themselves often sub-

mit bids to teach for lower 'wages' than those paid the present teacher. In Central Illinois rural school-teachers receive as low as \$40 a month. Village high-school teachers sign contracts at \$90 a month. In one region of Southern Illinois a man reputed to be a school inspector was informing members of high-school boards with whom he came in contact that he could secure for them teachers with master's degrees who would be willing to 'work' for \$600 a year.

The words 'wages' and 'work' have purposely been substituted for 'salary' and 'teach' in order to indicate that the system of underbidding called forth by the present rural screech for economy is sinking the status of teaching from that of a profession to that of a trade.

HELEN HOAR
Bondville, Illinois

Is this gentleman 'all wet'?

Dear Atlantic, —

I am not entirely sure what an Age of Plenty is; it sounds enough like a New Era or a New Deal to make me suspicious. At any rate, David Cushman Coyle's article in the December issue impressed me mainly by the utter inadequacy of the solution it proposes for our plight. It is perfectly obvious that the only real escape is for the Federal Government to begin at once building tremendous whiskey distilleries, and strictly require every citizen to drink his per capita share of the output. Not merely buy it or throw it away, but actually drink it, you notice. The advantages of this plan are so multitudinous that I mention only a few: —

1. It looks productive. This helps get the scheme into popular favor.

2. It uses mainly farm products, thereby remedying the disproportion between farm prices and industrial profits. The railroads will benefit, too.

3. The increased consumption of alcohol will have directly beneficial effects as follows: —

(a) It will lower our productive capacity, because of headaches.

(b) Many people will get drunk and break things, such as automobiles and chairs, which must be replaced. Stationary and locomotive engineers will blow things up, thus helping the capital goods industries.

(c) Many more doctors and nurses will be needed, and they will thus be automatically removed from 'productive' works. More hospitals will help the building industry.

This brief sketch will be enough to indicate the tremendous potentialities of the plan.

FREDERICK W. MORRIS
New York City